

CATHEDRALS ABBEYS AND CHURCHES
OF
ENGLAND AND WALES



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BEVERLEY MINSTER FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

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CATHEDRALS
ABBEYS AND CHURCHES
OF
ENGLAND AND WALES

090

DESCRIPTIVE HISTORICAL PICTORIAL

EDITED BY

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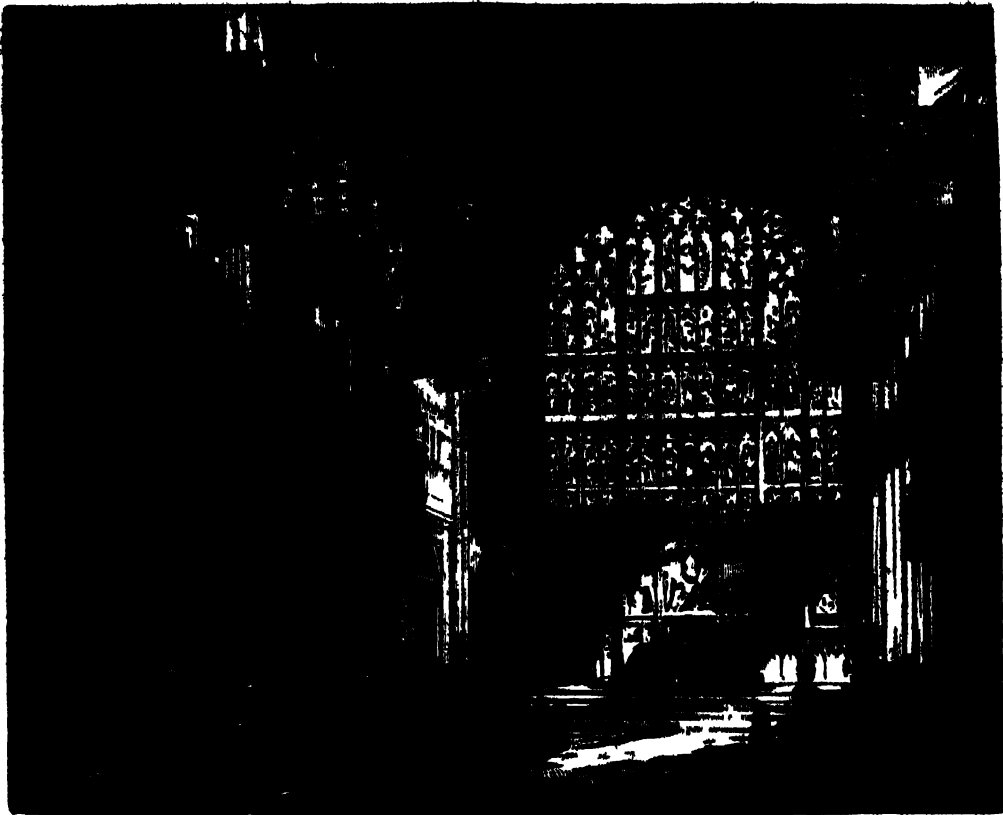
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THE CHOIR.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

THE ENGLISH ESCURIAL

COMPOSITE, heterogeneous, an organic growth rather than a premeditated construction, such is Windsor Castle; at once a palace and a barrack, a bedehouse and a college ecclesiastical. It is no solitary stronghold of military power, no secluded abode of luxurious ease, but is almost a town within a town, inhabited by folk of diverse ranks and callings, who are associated by one common bond of loyal service to the Crown of Great Britain. Thus, like this, it is in touch with the nation; it is the history writ in stone not only of English kings, but also of English men, who in their day have drunk of life's cup of pleasure and of pain within its walls, and now sleep beneath the shadow of its chapel.

As this is an integral part of the castle, the history of the one cannot be wholly dissociated from that of the other, and a few words must be devoted to the early days of the castle before proceeding to the details of the chapel. When the Norman Conqueror first landed in England, neither walls nor towers

were standing here. The site of Windsor was but a wooded, chalky hill overlooking the Thames, on the margin of a forest which extended southward from the river for many a mile. It was a long undulating mound, running for a space parallel with the water. On this side it fell steeply, on the other it shelved down more gently. This part of the forest had been bestowed by the Confessor on his Abbey of Westminster; it pleased the Conqueror, who acquired it by exchange from the abbey, and ultimately decided to build for himself a castle on the hill. Thus Windsor has been a royal residence from the days of the first of the Norman kings.

The Conqueror's castle, doubtless, was much inferior in size to the present great group of buildings. It was enlarged by Henry I., and then probably corresponded in area roughly with the present Lower Ward, being terminated by the Round Tower as its keep. Doubtless there was already a chapel, though probably a small one; but of this nothing remains. The first on record was erected by Henry III., the builder of the abbey at Westminster. This—a building about sixty feet in length—stood to the east of the present chapel, nearly on the site of the Tombhouse, otherwise Wolsey or Albert Chapel. Edward III., when establishing the Order of the Garter, erected a chapel in honour of St. George and for the use of the knights, and founded, in the year 1348, a college of priests, named after that saint. The building is gone, but the institution remains, though modified by change of creed and change of circumstances; and it now consists of a dean, four canons, and the usual establishment of minor officials, with which were connected certain bedesmen called the "Poor Knights of Windsor."

At that time the king abandoned the old royal residence west of the keep to the clergy and garrison, and erected east of it a new palace for himself, which is represented by the present Upper Ward. This chapel of St. George probably stood on the ground now occupied by the eastern part of the existing chapel.* Apparently it was not a good piece of mason's work; for when Edward IV. reigned, it was in such a state of dilapidation that the king determined to rebuild it on a scale more worthy of the palace and of the great order of knighthood. Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury, had the oversight of the work, which was commenced about the year 1474, and was pushed on vigorously, so that in about five years the building appears to have been ready for roofing. At first most of it was covered with wood. The choir and probably the nave were vaulted in the reign of Henry VII. As the former was completed in 1505, the present building, allowing for sundry minor alterations and for restoration, is a record of the latest period of the so-called Gothic architecture, its style being very late Perpendicular or Tudor.

* On this matter, however, authorities are not agreed.

The chapel is rather peculiar in its plan; it is a long, square-ended building with aisles, forming an ambulatory at the east end, crossed by two very short transepts with apsidal terminations. At the eastern extremity of the south aisle is a tall projecting chapel which, to some extent, repeats the form of the transept. At the western end and elsewhere are other side chapels. The hill-top slopes down westward, so that the great door at that end of the chapel is high above the level of the ground, and is approached by a flight of steps, which add much to the dignity of the façade. This looks down into the Horseshoe Cloister, a most picturesque group of buildings in red brick and timber (a restoration or rebuilding by Mr. G. G. Scott), which occupies the site of the cloister built by Edward III. in the form of a fetterlock, one of his badges. The southern flank of the chapel lies open to the Lower Ward, but the view of the northern is more or less interrupted by buildings, while the eastern end is almost blocked by the Tomb-house. But as the architecture, as is usual in buildings of this period, is rather monotonous in conception, the visitor will probably frequent the southern side if he wish readily to comprehend the design, but the northern if he be in search of the picturesque, for on this side will be found some delightfully quaint nooks and corners.

As is the exterior, so is the interior of St. George's Chapel—ornate, but monotonous. There is hardly a square yard which is absolutely free from decoration; but the architect seems to have concentrated his whole faculties on the design of one bay, and then to have written upon the drawing, "Repeat this so many times." St. George's Chapel is larger, but less ornate, than that of Henry VII. in the Abbey of Westminster; it is smaller and inferior in its design to that of King's College, Cambridge, which was commenced by Henry VI. Still, it is no unworthy rival of the latter; for if this claim superiority in the greater richness and grace of its vaulting, and in the grandeur of its huge windows, St. George's may put forward its more varied plan, due to the use of aisles and of transepts.

The nave of St. George's Chapel, were it not for some monuments of interest, would be distinctly monotonous, notwithstanding its architectural enrichment; so that we may pass on into the choir, which is markedly divided from the remainder of the chapel by the rather massive organ-screen and the unusually lofty canopy-work of its stalls. Few places in England are richer in interesting and impressive associations than this; for on every side we are surrounded by memorials of the most illustrious of our own nation, of not a few among the rulers over foreign countries. The massive dark oak seats, which rise as usual on either hand, lead up to a row of stalls, above which are richly-carved canopies. These are terminated by high spire-like pinnacles beautifully wrought in wood. On the top of each is placed a gilded helmet, from which

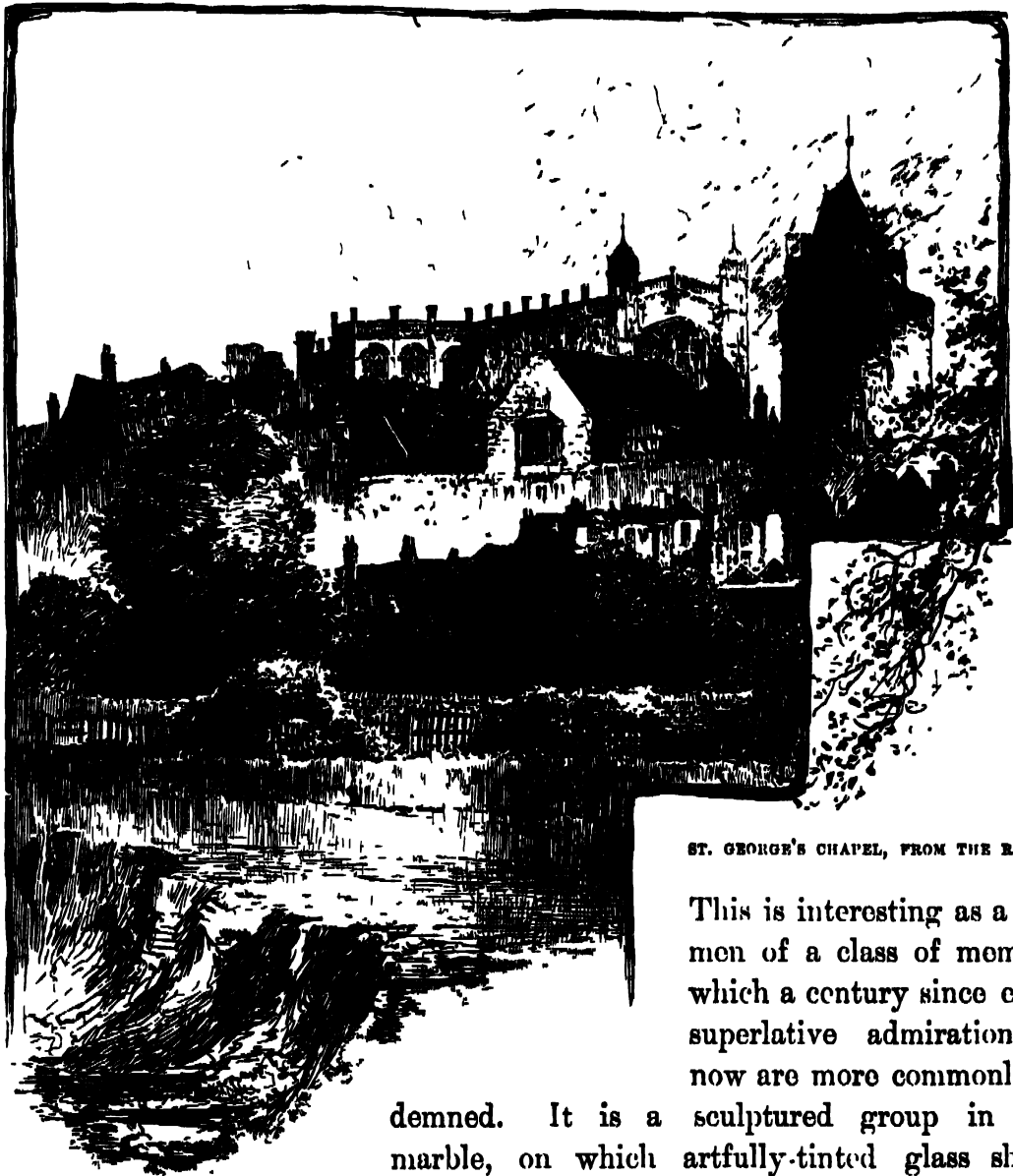
depends a gilded sword, and over each, projecting forward from the wall, hangs a richly-blazoned banner. For this choir is the chapel of the knights of the Order of the Garter, to each of whom a stall is allotted. His name is inscribed on a brass plate, his crest is on the helmet, his arms are blazoned on the banner. At his death, helmet, sword, and banner are taken down; the plate is moved to a higher position on the panelling, thus indicating a vacancy in the Order.

As we pass along through the choir we read the names of men "such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding;" men who "were honoured in their generations and were the glory of their times." Curious, too, sometimes are the collocations into which the names are brought; but over these details we must not linger, though some of the older plates are in themselves interesting as pieces of ancient metal work. At the present time the return stalls at the western end of the choir are occupied by members of the Royal House of England, and those next to them, as a rule, by foreign sovereigns. A handsome modern reredos of richly-carved alabaster and marble has been erected beneath the great east window; and this, which was formerly occupied by very ugly stained glass and debased tracery of the Georgian era, has recently been restored and filled with admirable modern glass, the work of Messrs Clayton and Bell, as a memorial to the late Prince Consort.

But St. George's Chapel is not less interesting as a place of burial than for its memorials of the Order of the Garter. In this respect it is second only to Westminster Abbey, though the interments are far less numerous, and the tombs of members of the royal houses bear a larger proportion to those of illustrious subjects; for the position of the chapel renders it a natural resting-place for the one, but an accidental resting-place for the other. The memorials of greatest interest lie in the eastern part of the chapel. In the nave they are not numerous. On the southern side, near the west end, a handsome altar-tomb commemorates the late Duke of Kent; and in the curious Beaufort Chapel, near to it, are monuments of the Somerset family*—among others, the Marquis of Worcester, noted for his brave defence of Raglan Castle against the Parliamentary forces. On the opposite side, against the western wall—the great window is filled by stained glass, much of it ancient, collected together in 1774 from various parts of the building—is a statue of the late King Leopold of Belgium; and near it, affixed to the wall, an ornamental brass plate, which commemorates "Alamayu, the son of Theodore," who fell into the hands of our forces at the capture of Magdala, and before the completion of his education in England, though not until he had given

* That to the first Duke of Beaufort, which formerly encumbered the chapel, was removed some years since to Badminton.

proof of bright intelligence, and an amiable disposition, died from an attack of inflammation. In an adjacent chapel is a monument to the Princess Charlotte.



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, FROM THE RIVER.

This is interesting as a specimen of a class of memorials which a century since evoked superlative admiration, but now are more commonly condemned. It is a sculptured group in white marble, on which artfully-tinted glass sheds a golden light. Mourners watch a bier on which a veiled corpse is lying; above it, from between a pair of curtains, a female figure soars upwards, supposed to represent the spirit of the Princess quitting the tomb; on either side is an angel, one bearing in its arms her infant. To insert this monument a very interesting screen, erected by the founder of the chantry, Dean Urswick, was, again in strict accordance with the spirit of the age, removed into one of the choir aisles. Against the wall in the north aisle is a sculptured tablet which commemorates the late King of Hanover. To obtain a place for

this, the least felicitous in design of the more modern monuments, the stonework of the wall has been defaced.

The northern transept, or Rutland Chapel, contains numerous memorials, frequently of canons and others connected with the place; but the effigies of Lord Roos and his wife, niece to Edward IV., are of greater interest. In the south transept, also, or Braye Chapel (named after its founder, Sir Reginald Braye, Knight of the Garter in the reign of Henry VII.), are several memorials, the most conspicuous being the beautiful white marble cenotaph to the late Prince Imperial of France, which, as will be remembered, was originally intended for Westminster Abbey.

Monuments of early date are more numerous and more interesting in the eastern half of the chapel. A chantry in the northern aisle commemorates Lord Hastings, Chamberlain to Edward IV., the tale of whose summary execution is familiar to all readers of Shakespeare. From the Wars of the Roses till the days of Elizabeth illustrious heads parted so easily from illustrious necks that one would think the "due conduct" on the scaffold must once have been as needful an item in the finished education of an English nobleman as was formerly the correct performance of *harakiri* to a Japanese. Further east is the tomb of the founder of the chapel, Edward IV. A short inscription commemorates him and his wife, "Elizabeth Widvile." Some very elaborate iron gates, reputed to be the work of Quintin Matsys, which once formed a screen to the tomb on this side, are now placed so as to be visible from the choir; and above it is the "royal pew," occupying two bays, with oriel openings projecting into the choir. On this screen were formerly suspended the king's coat of mail and his jewelled surcoat, but these are said to have been stolen by the Parliamentary troops.

In St. George's Chapel "blended lie the oppressor and the oppressed," for in the southern aisle a black slab covers the remains of Henry VI.; removed hither from Chertsey. Pilgrims for a time came to this, as to a shrine, and found a cure for the headache in putting on an old red hat which the king had worn. Near to his grave another slab covers the remains of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. The tall apsidal chantry at the east part of the aisle bears the name of the Earl of Lincoln, Lord High Admiral to Queen Elizabeth; and near his grave lies Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury, under whose care the chapel was built. At the western end of the aisle a richly-adorned monument has been erected by the Queen to the memory of the late Duchess of Gloucester, and other members of that branch of the Royal Family. Opposite to this is a little chantry which projects into the Lower Ward.

But a plain slab, which intercepts the chequered pavement of the choir, marks a place of yet greater historical interest. In the vault beneath rests the body

of Henry VIII., by the side of Jane Seymour, the best-beloved of his many wives. In this vault—at an epoch widely different—without ceremony and without funeral rites, another corpse was laid, that of the ill-fated Charles I. Fain would he—a Stuart—have reigned as a Tudor king; but the effort only gave him a share in a Tudor's tomb. Such is the irony of fate.

The castle was the last place where Charles was imprisoned before he was removed to London. He quitted it shortly before Christmas, 1648, and on the 7th of February his body was brought back for interment. There it remained all through the next day, while search was made for a resting-place—not an easy task, for the Puritan lamps had been at play in the chapel, and the familiar landmarks were all but effaced. A townsman, however, according to Clarendon, was able to indicate the vault of Henry VIII. Within this the coffin was entombed by a few faithful friends, in the presence of the Bishop of London, who, however, was not permitted to read the service of the English Church. Men did not fail to notice that as the coffin was borne to the chapel the white flecks of snow fell lightly on the black pall, and saw therein



THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

Nature's tribute to the innocence of the "martyr." At the Restoration a loyal Parliament voted a large sum—£70,000—for the removal of the remains to Westminster, and the erection of a fitting monument. Neither the one nor the other was done—for which neglect various reasons were assigned. Clarendon states that the spot where the body was buried could not be identified by the surviving witnesses. This seems very strange, for the position of the Tudor vault could not well be mistaken, as it is in the middle of the choir. Some said that Charles II. was not anxious for the discovery of the coffin, because of a rumour that it did not really contain the royal corpse. This hardly seems a reason for not erecting a monument, and we have never read that he returned the money. The coffin was found and opened in 1813, and an inspection of the corpse left no doubt that this was really the grave of Charles I.

Some distance further east is another royal vault—that constructed by George III. This is really excavated beneath the Tombhouse or Wolsey Chapel; but as its main entrance is from the eastern part of the choir, it may fittingly be mentioned here. In it, according to the list given in “Marshall's



THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE MONUMENT.

Guide to Windsor," are deposited the bodies of George III. and Queen Charlotte, George IV., William IV. and Queen Adelaide, with several other members of the Royal Family, among them being George V., ex-King of Hanover, whose remains were brought from Paris in June, 1878. Here also the body of the lamented Prince Consort rested for a time, until the magnificent mausoleum at Frogmore was completed.

The Tombhouse, Wolsey Chapel—or Albert Chapel, as it has been named since the restoration—is parted from the east aisle of St. George's Chapel by a

narrow passage. This structure has had a chequered history. It was begun by Henry VII., as a place of burial, nearly on the site of Henry III.'s Chapel, the remains of which can be traced in the north wall. The King, however, changed his mind, and erected instead the sumptuous chapel at Westminster. The unfinished structure was granted by Henry VIII. to Cardinal Wolsey. By him the work was completed, and the erection of a sumptuous monument of marble and bronze was commenced. But before this was done came the "nipping frost," and the disgraced favourite was laid in the earth with scant ceremony at Leicester. Nothing more was done till the Parliamentarians sold the bronze for old metal.* Then, as the pendulum swung from Puritan Protector to Papist King, the ceiling was decorated by Verrio, and mass was celebrated in the chapel in the reign of James II. The building was again defaced in a popular tumult, and it remained unused until, as said above, the great royal vault was excavated beneath it during the reign of George III.

Of late years the Tombhouse has been magnificently restored. Venetian mosaics are inlaid in the compartments of the roof and window-space of the western wall. The eastern and side windows are filled with stained glass, the wall below is adorned with serpentine and coloured marbles, in which are framed beautiful examples of "pictures in marble" by the late Baron Triqueti, and medallions. Beneath these an ornamented bench of dark-green brecciated serpentine extends round the building. The floor, also, is paved with marbles of various colours, and in the central part are two marble cenotaphs—the one supporting a recumbent figure—the late Prince Consort—attired as a warrior in plate and mail armour, sheathing a sword—"I have fought the good fight;" the other, of the late Duke of Albany. The interior of this chapel is the most magnificent piece of restoration—or perhaps one should almost say, of adaptation—which has been executed in England since the revival of the study of mediæval architecture.

The passage mentioned above brings us to the Dean's Cloister, a restored work of Edward III.'s age; thence, by a quaintly-cloistered passage to the "Hundred Steps," a steep descent leading into the town, and on the west by a fine portal—a good piece of Perpendicular work—to the space north of the chapel. The Deancery itself dates from the beginning of the sixteenth century, but has been much modernised. North of the chapel is the small Chapter-house, with other apartments; and overlooking the castle wall are a number of interesting buildings, among them the Library, St. George's School for the choristers, and houses of various dates. These form a series of groups which are often interesting and almost always picturesque.

T. G. BONNEY.

* The sarcophagus—as is well known—was afterwards used for the interment of Nelson, and is in the crypt of St. Paul's.



DEEPDALE CHURCH, FROM THE EAST.

DEEPDALE.

A LAY BISHOP'S CHURCH

THERE are two Deepdales in Derbyshire, one on the Staffordshire border of the county, close to Buxton, the other on the Nottinghamshire side, the nearest town of any importance being Ilkeston. The former belongs to the Peak, the latter to the Plain, and they afford a striking scenic contrast. No two places could be more dissimilar. The northern Deepdale is a bleak, narrow valley, winding between bare, sheer precipices of limestone that grudge space for the shepherd's path which climbs to Chelmorton, one of the highest and hungriest villages in the country. The southern Deepdale is the antithesis of its namesake. Green woods grace gentle slopes, lush meadows abound, and the landscape is a pleasant pastoral picture. Among the snug farms a modern Cincinnatus might profitably study agriculture, and a latter-day Virgil revise the "Georgics." The village, which is called "Dale," is a small, secluded hamlet, with quaint houses and a slender rivulet. This idyllic spot has not, at present, been profaned by "progress and civilisation." It is untainted with trade, and has not been startled by the scream of the railway whistle. It is

almost as sequestered now as it was in the days when its first inhabitant took up his abode in this quiet retreat. He was a baker in trade at Derby, who was bidden by the Holy Virgin in a vision to give up all he possessed and spend the remainder of his days in religious retirement. He complied, and was directed to "Depedale," where he hewed for himself in the rock a hermitage. He lived, amidst great privations, the life of a religious. According to a remarkably circumstantial account, told by one of the monks of the fifteenth century in a manuscript still in existence, the devotee was discovered by the owner of the estate, one Ralph Fitz-Goremund, who had come from Normandy to hunt in the Deepdale woods. The forlorn anchorite was in a famished condition. The noble sportsman took compassion on the condition of the poor recluse, and gave him the tithes of the mills of the adjacent village of Borrowash for his support.

To this God-fearing hermit Deepdale owes its unique ecclesiastical history. His piety probably led to the foundation, in 1150, of the Abbey of St. Mary ("De Parco Stanley") by Serlo de Grendon, Lord of Badeley, who established here a prior and five canons from Calke, a house of black canons near Repton. Various vicissitudes marked the history of the abbey. The black canons soon became lax in their religious observances, preferring the enjoyment of sport in the forest to the rigorous discipline of the cloister. They were recalled by their abbot, and, in 1200, white canons were established in the monastery, which was further endowed by William de Grendon.

There is a local legend to the effect that the king gave these canons of the Premonstratensian Order as much land as they could encircle in a day with a plough drawn by deer, and this story receives pictorial illustration on the windows of Morley Church, which were removed from Dale Abbey. These canons, however, do not appear to have prospered, and they returned to Topholm, whence they came. The Lord of Ockbrook supplied their place with canons from Welbeck, but they also deserted the monastery for want of sufficient means of support. Geoffrey de Salicosa Mare then came to the rescue. He procured an establishment of nine canons from Newhouse, in Lincolnshire. They were admitted into the Premonstratensian Order, and settled at Dale Abbey. More fortunate than their predecessors, they met with liberal benefactors, who bestowed upon them lands of considerable value, and the advowsons of Heanor, Ilkeston, and Kirk Hallam. This last foundation took place about the year 1204. The surrender of the abbey to the Crown (1589) found the abbot and sixteen monks in possession.

The history of the erection of the singular little church is somewhat apocryphal, but the connection of the antique structure with the abbey must be regarded as indisputable. Ruined abbey, old church, and the Hermit's Cave are all within the proverbial stone's throw from each other, and there is,

probably, no nook in the Midland counties where so much hallowed interest is concentrated in so small a compass. Many tender legends and traditions cluster around this spot, which have been crystallised by numerous authors, notably by William and Mary Howitt. The Hermit's Cave is still one of the features of



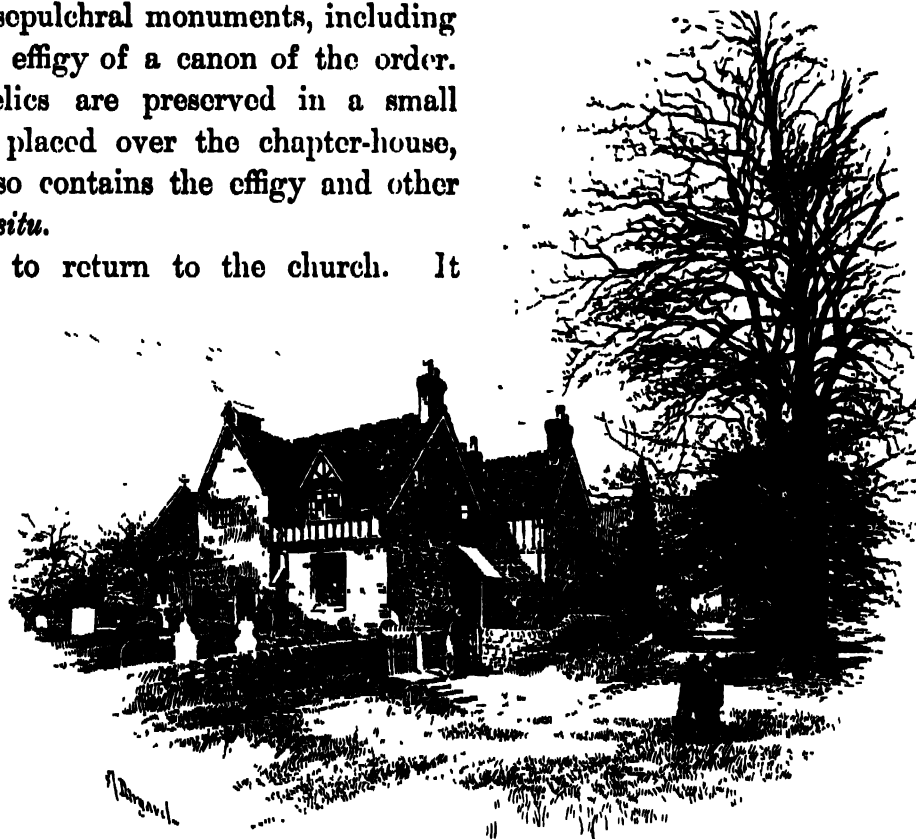
THE CHURCH AND OLD GUEST HOUSE, FROM THE NORTH.

the delightful wood that overhangs the dale. It is scooped out of a sandstone cliff, and has a doorway in the centre and a window opening on each side. Picturesque and perfect it is, although more than seven hundred years have elapsed since it was cut out of the precipice. The religious baker's well still bubbles up in crystal purity, and the old church stands on the site of the hut and oratory where he counted his beads after he removed from his rude, rocky abode.

The glorious abbey shared the fate of other monastic establishments at the time of that particularly eminent theologian, Henry VIII. Only the graceful and lofty arch of the east window of the chancel remains in testimony of what must have been a magnificent building. It is a noble specimen of pointed Gothic architecture. According to the Rev. Dr. John Charles Cox, "it is evident that there were extensive remains of the monastic buildings standing in the last century, but they have since been treated as a convenient quarry of hewn stone. Some few carvings and mouldings, both in wood and stone, in the adjacent farms and cottages, plainly speak their ecclesiastical origin." The Derbyshire Archæological Society, in 1878 and 1879, made elaborate excavations on the site. They were carried out at no little expense and with much intelligence. Most

of the ground-plan of the church, with the chapter-house and cloistral buildings, was laid bare. Examples of Early English, Transition, and Decorated Gothic work were disinterred, together with a great number of encaustic tiles and a series of sepulchral monuments, including a unique effigy of a canon of the order. These relics are preserved in a small building placed over the chapter-house, which also contains the effigy and other slabs *in situ*.

But to return to the church. It



THE CHURCH AND NEW GUEST-HOUSE, FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

was erected by the godmother of Serlo de Grendon, and was really a chapel and priest's house. The church, if not the smallest in the United Kingdom, finds a competitor in its dwarfed proportions only in the miniature edifice on the way from Black Gang Chine to Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. It is principally of the Perpendicular period, with chancel, and nave with south aisle. Archæologists, however, will discover distinct traces of much older work. It was registered as a parish church in 1617. The singing-loft is approached by steps from the outside. The traceried windows are of the fifteenth century, and the interior worm-eaten woodwork and fittings are of ancient date. There is a fine octagon font, with a representation of the Crucifixion and figures of the Blessed Virgin and Child, a relic of the abbey. Before its recovery it was used by a gardener as a flower vase. A notable piece of furniture is the Bishop's throne; for the owner of the manor, Lord Stanhope, is the "lay bishop" of the diocese, so that the diminutive building is not only a church, but a cathedral. A mural tablet has this inscription: "Philip Henry,

Earl Stanhope, of Chevening, in Kent, Lay Bishop of this Church. Died March 2nd, 1875."

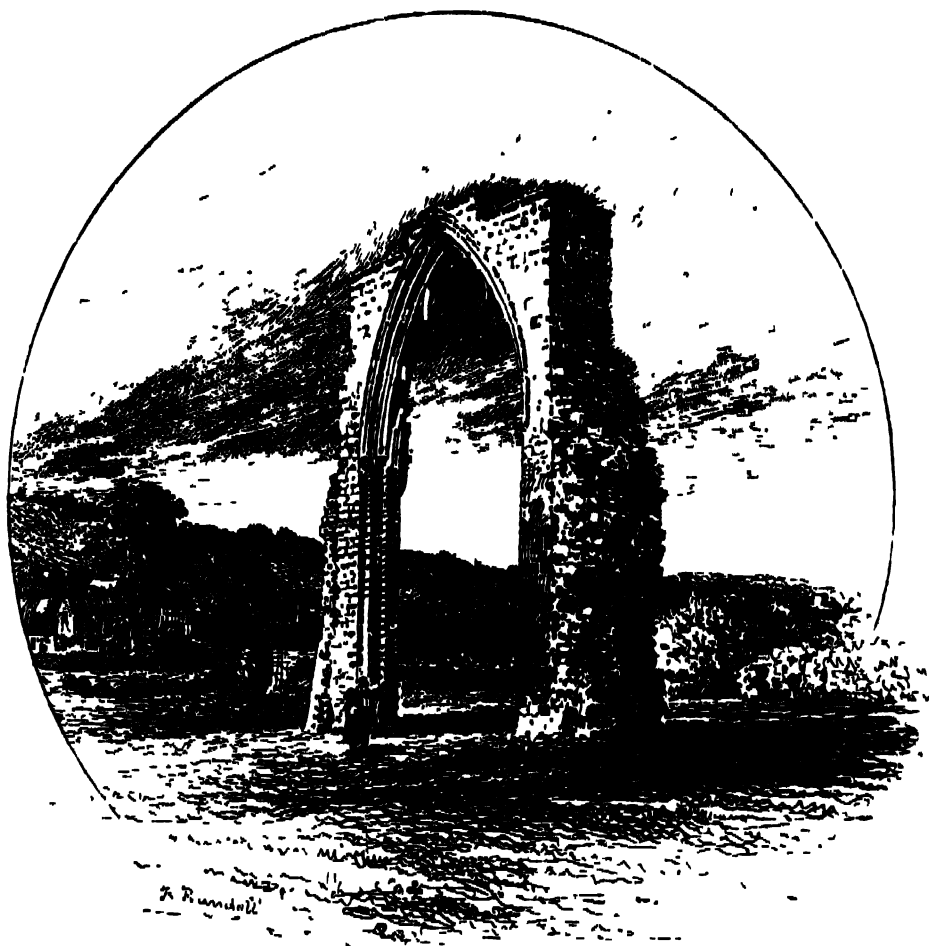
It is most regrettable to write of the priest's house, or "guest-house," in the past tense. It was a curious half-timbered, time-honoured, time-tottering edifice. Roses climbed up its walls; the old-fashioned flowers of Shakespeare's



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.

time bloomed at its feet, in contrast with the ivy that clings to the church—"the only parasite that clings to ruin." It was demolished, owing to its structural insecurity, in August, 1883, by his lordship the "lay bishop," much to the chagrin of all who cherish what pertains to the past. Surely respect for its old age should have preserved such a memorial to succeeding generations. Both guest-house and church were under the same roof, with a door of intercommunication between them. Within the memory of middle-aged people this component part of the church was actually licensed as a tavern, and by opening the dividing door the villager could stagger from his drink to his devotions. This close

proximity of the pot-house and the pew did not increase the spiritual life of Deepdale, and the easy means of communication between parson and publican were very properly closed. The building which has superseded the old guest-house has some pretence to architectural sympathy with the ancient church. It

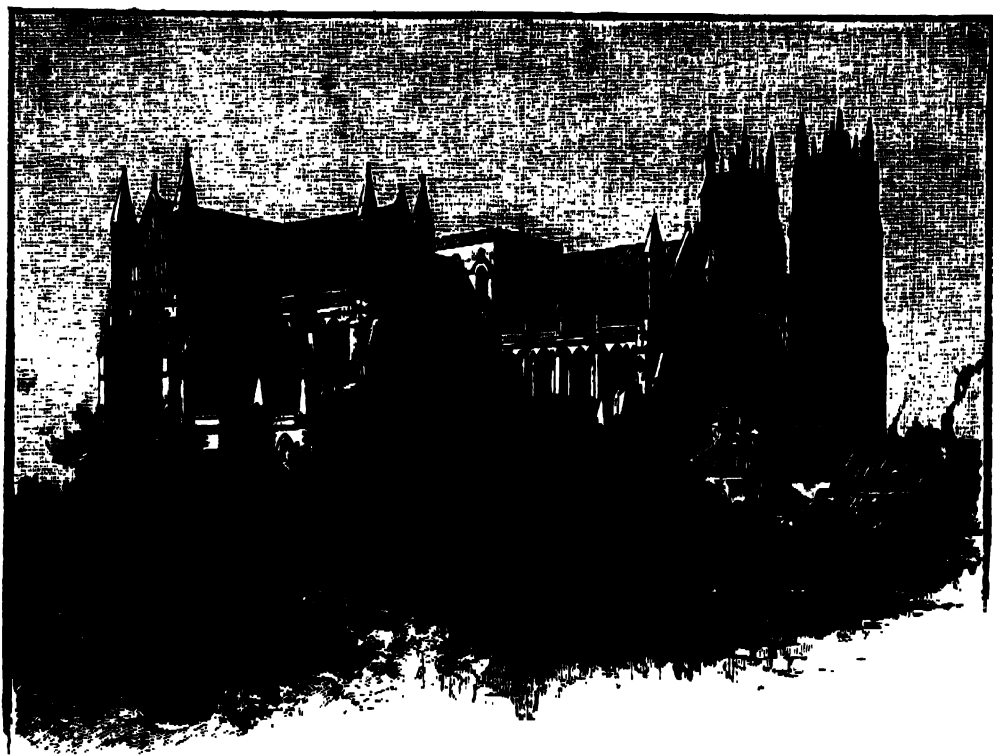


CHANCEL ARCH OF THE OLD ABBEY.

is tasteful in its proportions and chaste in style, but it lacks the venerableness that inspires reverence.

The churchyard is a dreamy, garden-like spot—an ideal “God’s acre;” a place poetic and pathetic, sweet in its melancholy, and restful in its silence. It overlooks the scattered houses of the sleepy village and the remaining arch of the old abbey. At its side is the Hermit’s Well, and on the dusky, wooded heights behind—in summer a paradise of wild flowers—is the Hermit’s Cave.

EDWARD BRADBURY.



BEVERLEY MINSTER, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

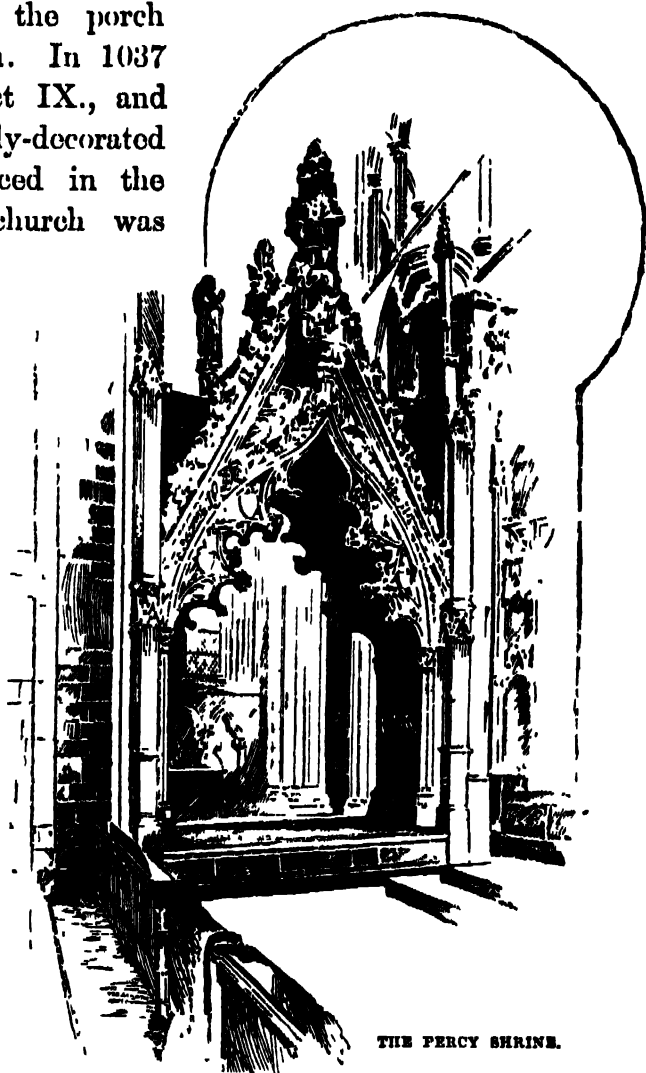
BEVERLEY MINSTER.

THE ancient town of Beverley is supposed to date from about A.D. 700, when the country hereabout, being low and marshy, owing to the frequent overflowing of the river Hull, must have exhibited the alternate appearances of morass and lake; hence, it is said, arose the Saxon name of *Beverlega*, and subsequently *Beverlac*, or Lake of Beavers, which are alleged to have abounded in the contiguous waters. Professor Phillips, on the contrary, states that Beverley is simply *Pedwerllech*, the ancient *Petuaria*. The town, without doubt, owes its importance as a great religious centre to the celebrated St. John of Beverley, the fifth Archbishop of York. This eminent prelate was born about 640, at the little village of Harpham-on-the-Wolds, twelve miles from Beverley. He was educated by Archbishop Theodore, and subsequently in St. Hilda's famous monastery at Whitby, and became a missionary-priest, travelling about to instruct the rude and ignorant people in those turbulent times. For a period he lived in solitude as a hermit, but in 687 was called to the bishopric of Hexham, and was ultimately translated to the primacy of York in 705. He ordained the Venerable Bede, who speaks in affectionate terms of his master's piety and power of working miracles.

St. John founded a monastery on or near the site of the present minster, and endowed it with lands. When increasing years compelled him to resign his bishopric in 718, he retired to his monastery at Beverley, where he died three years later, and was buried in the porch called St. Peter's, within the church. In 1037 he was canonised by Pope Benedict IX., and his bones were deposited in a richly-decorated shrine, supposed to have been placed in the choir. This was lost when the church was destroyed by fire in 1188. In 1197 a search was made for his remains, which were found and then interred in the nave; and in 1644 his sepulchre was again uncovered, "wherein were several pieces of bone mixed with a little dust, yielding a sweet smell; also a pair of silver slippers, a knife, and some beads," with an inscription on lead recording the fire of 1188 and the interment of 1197. The saint's ashes were finally deposited in their former resting-place, in the centre aisle of the nave; and a subsequently-discovered mediæval inscription on the vaulting immediately above identifies the position.

The sacred shrine of St. John of Beverley, like those of St. Thomas of Canterbury and St. Cuthbert of Durham, became the favourite resort of pilgrims from all parts. It is easy, therefore, to understand how the treasury was filled with the gifts of the pious, and the church gradually increased, until the superb edifice assumed its present stately and beautiful proportions.

Athelstane, King of the Saxons, in 937, being on a campaign to Scotland, visited Beverley on his way to York, and offered his prayers for success at the holy shrine. Then, drawing his dagger from its sheath, he deposited it on the high altar as a pledge, vowing that should he return victorious he would redeem it with costly offerings to the saint. Armed with a consecrated banner, the monarch set forth to meet the foe. He was victorious, the rebels flying before



THE PERCY SHRINE.

his host on every side. On his return to Beverley the king amply redeemed his pledge by founding here a college of secular canons, endowing it with lands, and bestowing the privilege of sanctuary, which it enjoyed until the Reformation. The dagger was long preserved as a valued relic, and is believed to have been the knife which was found when the saint's ashes were discovered.

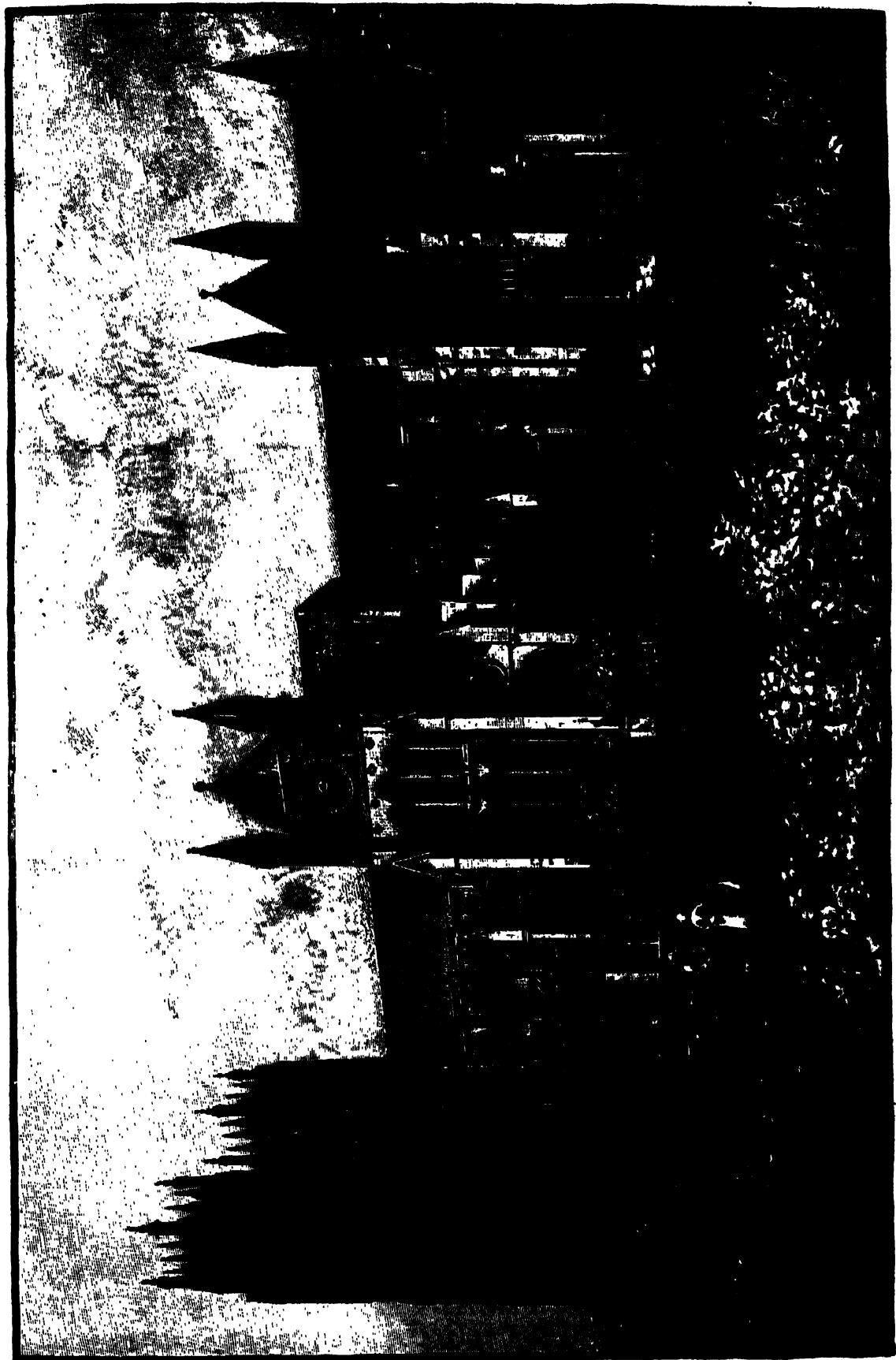
Beverley Minster, like many of our large English churches, has been the work of successive ages, and exhibits most perfect examples of the various styles of Pointed architecture, from the Early English period to the Perpendicular. The plan is that of a double cross, with the eastern transepts smaller than those at the chief intersection. The choir and transepts are of the Early English period, and the nave of the Decorated and Perpendicular. The exquisite proportions of the building, the harmonious grouping of the different styles of architecture, together with the variety and richness of ornament, charm and delight the observer.*

The west front is considered to be one of the finest examples of Perpendicular work in the country. The buttresses are decorated with niches. Of the multitude of statues which probably filled these, but one remains, on the north side of the north-west tower—a noble figure of a warrior in plate armour, bearing the arms of Percy on his breast. It doubtless represents the second earl, the son of Hotspur, who was slain at St. Albans, fighting for the Red Rose. The north tower contains a peal of eight bells which chime; in the south tower is a large funeral-bell. The nave has nine bays indicated externally by buttresses crowned with pinnacles; from these spring flying arches, which cross the parapet of the aisles and abut against the clerestory. The parapet of the aisles contains some curious bas-reliefs; those on the south side seem to refer to the history of Adam and Eve, their fall and expulsion from Paradise.

The north porch is Perpendicular, and of elaborate character; above it is a chamber or parvise, probably the residence of the watchman who admitted fugitives seeking sanctuary during the night. The great transept is Early English, with beautiful lancet windows. The eastern front of the church is also of the same period; but the east window is Perpendicular, having been inserted at a later date. At the intersection of the nave, transept, and choir rises a square basement, of modern work, upon a foundation intended to be continued as a great central tower, similar to that of York Minster.

The interior of the minster has a very imposing effect. There being comparatively little stained glass, it is light and cheerful; and it is maintained in perfect

* The dimensions of the minster are as follow:—Entire length, from east to west, 334 feet; breadth of nave, 64 feet; length of great transept, 169 feet; breadth of transept, 69 feet; height of nave, 66 feet; length of choir, 48 feet; breadth of choir, 28 feet; height of central tower, 107 feet; height of the two west towers, 200 feet.



BEVERLEY MINSTER, FROM THE SOUTH

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order. The great east window is filled with ancient glass taken from various parts of the church, and although the design is, of course, irregular, the effect is wanting neither in richness nor in beauty. The nave has eleven lofty arches; the triforium consists of an arcade of plain Pointed arches, with quatrefoils in the spandrels, fronted by a second arcade of trefoil arches, on light columns of Purbeck marble. The clerestory has a gallery, where the adventurous can walk. Round the walls, beneath the windows of the aisles, is an arcade supported by Purbeck marble pillars, with figures of minstrels, angels, and monsters; some of these last are exceedingly quaint and full of humour, the old work being easily distinguishable from that of later date. The arcade is continued throughout the church, but without the figures. The groined vaulting of the entire building is simple and elegant. The great west window was filled with stained glass in 1859, and contains a variety of figures and groups referring to the history of Christianity in Yorkshire. The subjects of the windows under the north and south towers also refer to the early British Church.

The font, of Purbeck marble, is very large. It is probably older than any other feature of the building. Above is suspended a massive oak cover, richly carved and apparently of similar date to the carvings on the west door. These are of oak, with figures of the Evangelists, and below, their emblems, executed in very high relief; they are of the Renaissance period, and rather grotesque in character. On either side of the south door are two large leaden figures, painted; they formerly ornamented the old organ-screen, and were said to represent St. John and King Athelstane. It is probable, however, that they were purchased abroad, and were not originally designed as a pair, since they do not face each other.

Beneath one of the arches of the south arcade of the nave is a fine canopied tomb dating from about 1330. This is known as the Maiden Tomb. Tradition assigns it to two maiden sisters who are said to have given two of the common pastures to the town of Beverley. On one side of the south door of the great transept is a curious old painting on wood, representing Athelstane presenting a charter of privileges to St. John of Beverley. From the character of this rude picture it may be assigned to the year 1663, the date found upon a painting of the Royal Arms of Charles II., which hangs at the opposite side of the door.

The stained glass in the south window of the transept represents the Tree of Jesse or Genealogy of Christ, and was presented to the church in 1857. Near this is a curious bracket supported by minstrel figures, and projecting from one of the pillars. It is probable that this sustained a statue above an alms-chest; and we find that Roger Rolleston, brother of one of the Provosts of Beverley, by his will (1458), desires "to be buried in the church of St. John, before the image of the glorious Virgin, above the red chest." There are other

references to this red chest in wills of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and there was also a similar red chest under the great tower at York.

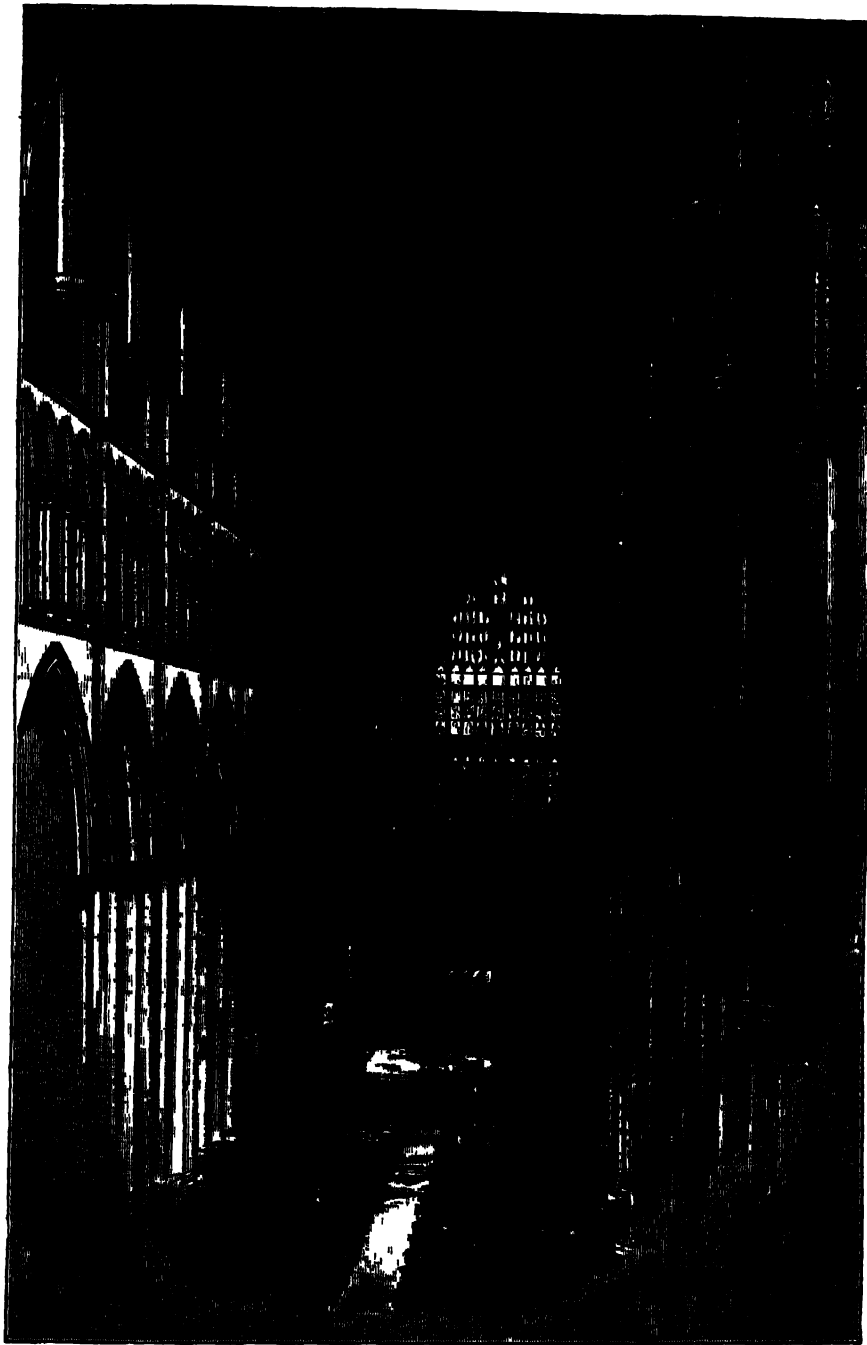
The new organ-screen (which supplanted a former classic one, erected in 1731) has been very finely carved by Messrs. Elwell, of Beverley. The wrought-iron gates are not yet completed. The organ, a magnificent instrument, was rebuilt some twelve years since, and placed on the north side of the choir, in order that the view of the entire church might be uninterrupted. Unfortunately, however, a group of small pipes has been placed upon the screen, presenting but an insignificant appearance.

The choir is fitted up in true cathedral style, with stalls having canopies of delicate tabernacle-work. The misericordes, or carved movable seats, exhibit a variety of symbolic and humorous designs. There is the date 1520 upon one of the seats. Upon a shield in the choir appears the mediæval notion of a Beverley beaver, being an heraldic eagle displayed, with the substitution of a species of dog's head.

The altar-screen, an elaborate and beautiful work of the fourteenth century, had its western face entirely renewed in 1826; its top forms the ancient rood-loft, to which the visitor may ascend by a staircase, and whence a very fine view is attainable. The vaulting over the altar is decorated with fresco paintings of the Evangelists and other figure subjects, somewhat in the style of the early mediæval illuminators.

On the left of the altar is the renowned monument called the Percy Shrine, one of the finest examples of English mediæval sculpture. It is in a marvellous state of preservation, although the tomb itself and the brasses which were bedded in the upper slab have disappeared. The monument is now ascribed on the best authority to Eleanor Fitz-Alan, wife of Henry, first Lord Percy of Alnwick, who died in 1328; it is full of the most beautiful and interesting detail.

Near this is the Percy Chapel, above which hang some tattered military flags, with two ancient helmets. The only tomb remaining is that of Henry Percy, fourth Earl of Northumberland, who was killed near Thirsk in 1489. "Great dissatisfaction having been caused in the North by a subsidy levied for carrying on the war in Brittany, the earl, who was then Lord-Lieutenant, informed the King (Henry VII.) of the state of things, and prayed an abatement. The avaricious monarch replied that not a penny should be abated, which, repeated too frankly to the populace, cost the earl his life at the hands of the rabble, who broke into his house, and murdered him and several of his attendants. He had a magnificent funeral in Beverley Minster, 13,340 poor folks who were present receiving 2d. each, 500 priests 12d. each, and 1,000 clerks 4d. each." The altar-tomb is fairly perfect, but the effigy and canopy have disappeared. Round the tomb are



THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

shields of arms, and many niches in which silver statuettes ("weepers") were formerly placed.

At the entrance to the Percy Chapel stands the fridstool, which, with the font, is earlier than any other part of the building. It is a rude and perfectly plain stone chair, and is said by Spelman to have borne this inscription:—

"Hæc sedes lapidea Freedstol dicitur, i.e., Pacis Cathedra, ad quam reus fugiendo perveniens omnimodam habet securitatem." ["This stone seat is called Freed Stool, i.e., the Chair of Peace, to which what criminal soever flies, hath full protection."] "The privilege of sanctuary doubtless gave considerable importance to this church, and was of greater extent than usual. From an account of the liberties of St. John of Beverley, it appears that the privilege extended from the church a mile every way; that the outer and second boundaries were marked by richly-carved crosses; that the third boundary commenced at the entrance to the church; and that the last included the high altar and the fridstool, which, placed near it, conferred the greatest security. Penalties were imposed on such as should violate the privilege of sanctuary, increasing in proportion to the degree of holiness ascribed to the successive distances. The seizure of a fugitive seated in the fridstool was inexpiable."

The minster, as a whole, appears to have suffered little from the lapse of time and the vicissitudes and needful restorations* which have befallen it, though many beautiful and interesting works have no doubt been lost. Standing at the west end of the church, looking up the long vista, and marking the sunlight playing upon the rich carving and delicate work of the choir, listening to the powerful tones of the organ, the spectator feels that a more beautiful picture can scarcely be presented to his view. But could he have seen the building just before the Reformation, when it was thronged with a constant stream of worshippers, pilgrims and votaries, priests and monks, with other ecclesiastical dignitaries, and contemplated its glowing walls - rich with colour, its decorated roofs, many altars, and all the gorgeous magnificence of the ancient faith, he would not have marvelled at the importance which the old poet attached to his pilgrimage when he wrote—

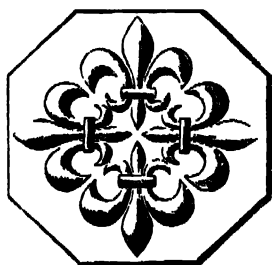
"Come ye from the east, or come ye from the west,
Or bring relics from over the sea,
Or come ye from the shrine of St. James the Divine,
Or St. John of Beverley."

M. C. PECK.

. The writer is indebted to the several local histories, and particularly to a thoughtful and valuable paper by Mr. John Bilson, architect, of Hull.

HADLEIGH.

A MARTYR'S CHURCH.



CROSS ON THE FOURTH
BELL.

AMONG the various small streams which feed the Suffolk and Essex Stour is one on the left bank dignified by the name of the Breton or Bret, and the title of a river. Its junction with the Stour is just above the ancient ford in the parish of Stratford St. Mary, near to which was the Roman station *Ad Ausam*, on one of those great routes still pondered over in the pages of Antonine's Itinerary. The traveller may go from the ford by another ancient road to the east of the river for some six or seven miles, when he will find himself in one of those little East Anglian towns that savour so strongly of the Middle Ages. A somewhat long street slopes down towards the water. Then there is a westward bend, you are across the small bridge, and may follow up your way to Bildeston, Ixworth, and Thetford.

A place so situated could hardly fail of becoming a local centre. Here, according to William of Malmesbury, lived Guthrum the Dane, after that Alfred the Great had allotted him the district of East Anglia, "that he might, by a due allegiance to the King, protect those countries which he had before overrun with rapine and plunder." Here, according to the same authority, he died in the year 889, and here he was buried. In course of time the town became incorporated, two weekly markets and two annual fairs were established, and, like many a sister town in Norfolk and Suffolk, it had an ample share in the prosperity attendant on the development of the woollen trade in the reign of Edward III.

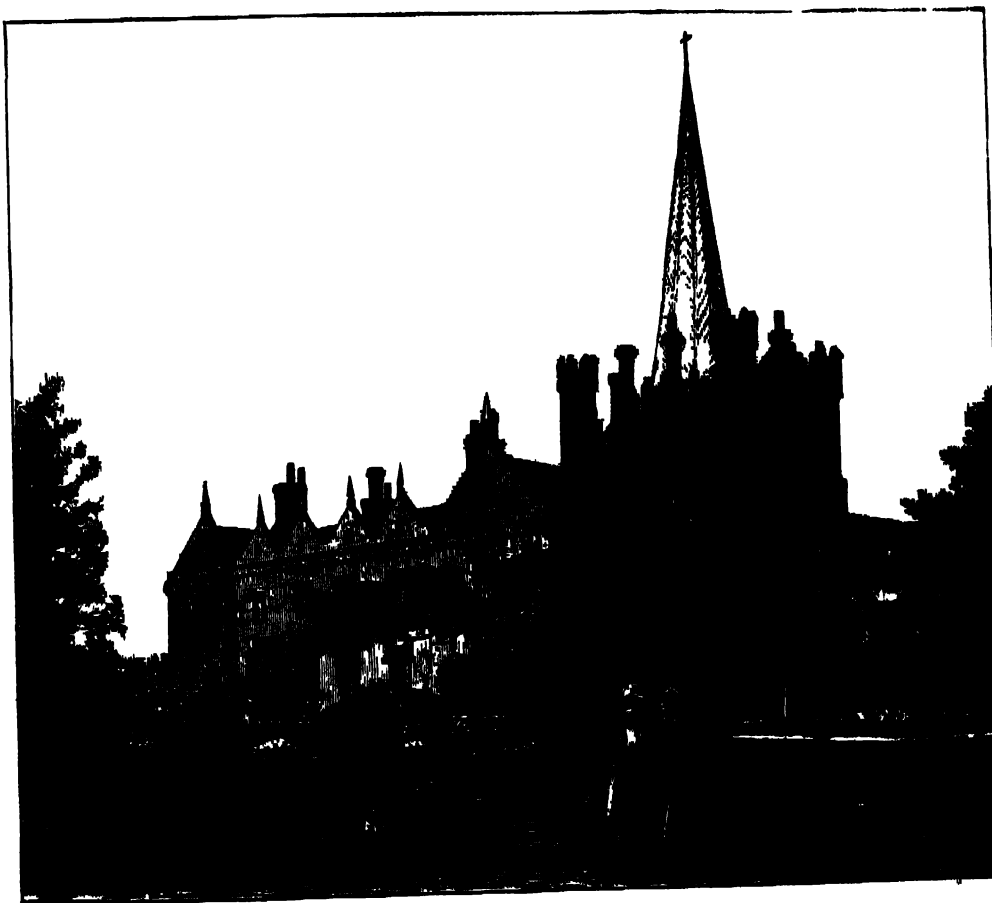
About a century after the death of that monarch, William Pykenham, Arch-deacon of Suffolk and Chancellor of Norwich, built the massive gateway, entirely of red brick, called the Rector's Gateway, which, in spite of a few modern touches, still retains its fine character. The nave and aisles of the parish church belong almost exclusively to the same period, or to that which followed it. It is one of those grand Perpendicular structures for which all the land between the German Ocean and the Midlands is noted, and possesses the reputation of having the largest ground-plan of any Suffolk church, the dimensions being 143 feet by 63 feet. The tower appears to be of earlier date than the rest of the church, the windows being of a plain geometrical pattern, generally assigned to about 1320. The spire, of timber covered with lead, is elegant and symmetrical; and on the

east side, some way up, hangs the clock-bell. The aisles open out from the nave by five lofty arches of a late Perpendicular pattern, which give to the church that light and airy character which belongs to the style. The chancel aisles have two arches each between them and the chancel. The openings into the rood-loft still remain, as well as a small portion of the rood-staircase, and those parts of the screen which belong to the chancel aisles. The groined roof of the vestry is very good. In the east window, of seven lights, with a transom, is some good modern glass representing scenes in our Lord's history, from the Annunciation to the Ascension. These have been given in memory of members of the Rand, Grimwade, Robinson, Hudson, and other families. The organ, by Father Smith originally, but, of course, added to, has a fine carved case, of the style of the last century. A little old glass remains in the east window of the north chancel aisle, chiefly armorial bearings of several Archbishops of Canterbury. The font, which has been judiciously restored, possesses a certain elegance from its recessed panels. In the south aisle is a remarkably beautiful sepulchre, of clunch, terminating in a finial of excellent character. Nothing is known about its history. In the south chancel aisle is a bench made mainly from two old ends, one representing the wolf which, according to tradition, discovered King Edmund's head at Hoxne, and reverently carried it by the hair. Ascending the tower we find the east and west windows supported by strong relieving arches. The bell-chamber contains a ring of eight fine bells, the tenor weighing by repute 28 cwt., and cast by Miles Graye the younger in 1680. The clock-bell already spoken of was no doubt the Angelus bell, as it is inscribed with the Salutation, in Longobardic characters, but set all backward. Another of the bells, the fourth, sounded from Hadleigh tower long before Rowland Taylor's days. It bears the legend "Sit Nomen Domini Benedictum" ("Blessed be the Name of the Lord"), with crowned capitals, a shield with moon and stars, and two crosses, of which we have given a representation of the first.

To the south of the church stands the ancient timbered hall of the Guilds of Hadleigh, dating probably from the time of Richard II. There are other interesting domestic remains in the town, and it is not difficult to picture what Hadleigh must have been at the time of the Reformation.

To this place a new rector had been appointed in 1544. The ground had already been broken for him by the previous preaching of Bilney. The patronage lay then, as now, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Cranmer's choice fell upon Rowland Taylor, with whose reputation he must have been familiar in his Cambridge days. Like Ridley, Taylor was a native of Northumberland, having been born at Rothbury in that county. But whereas the heroes of the Reformation are generally claimed by some college—as Cranmer by Jesus, Ridley by Pembroke, Latimer by Clare—Taylor remains unappropriated, having no doubt

been a member of some hostel, possibly Borden Hostel, of which he became Principal about 1531. His turn was for the Law, in which faculty he had graduated, commencing LL.D. in 1534, and probably entering on the duties of a domestic chaplain to the Archbishop about the same time. The year of Taylor's institution was one of great peril to Cranmer and Cranmer's friends;



THE CHURCH AND VICARAGE.

but Henry VIII. had a soft place in his heart for the Archbishop, and the cloud passed away. Next year we find things mending, and the Rector of Hadleigh acting with Goodrich, Bishop of Ely, Peter Martyr, and others, in a Commission for the revision of the Canon Law. His legal knowledge rendered him peculiarly qualified for this work, and in the following reign we find him serving on two similar Commissions. Pluralities, apparently, did not seem so objectionable in the days of Edward VI. as they are felt to be in the Victorian era, Taylor receiving the Archdeaconry of Exeter, a Six-preachership in Canterbury, and a Canonry in Rochester Cathedral, in or about 1551. But Hadleigh, after all, is the place with which his name is inseparably connected, even as it is recorded on the

brass plate in the church, placed to his memory in the days of Queen Elizabeth, in lines more forcible than elegant:—

“Gloria in altissimis Deo
Of Rowland Taillor's fame I shewe
An excellent devyne
And Doctor of the civill lawe
A preacher rare and fyne.
Kinge Henry and Kinge Edward's dayes
Preacher and Parson here
That gave to God contynuall prayse
And kept his flocke in feare.
And for the truthe condempned to die
He was in ferye flame
Where he received pacyentlie
The torment of the same.
And strongly suffred to thende
Whiche made the standers by
Reioice in God to see their frende
And pastor so to Dye.
Oh Taillor were thie myghtie fame
Uprightly here inolde
Thie doedes deserve that thie good name
Were siphered here in gold.
Obiit Anno dni. 1555.”

He must have been married before he became Rector of Hadleigh, for he had nine children, of whom we know nothing, save that the name of one son was Thomas; and that a daughter, named Ann, married William Palmer, Chancellor of York. Of his life at Hadleigh not much is recorded, except that, from the generally high estimation in which he was held, he was a faithful and loving pastor. After Mary's accession, his well-known opinions, which had been expressed at times in strong language, marked him out for early attack; and he was cited before Gardiner, then Lord Chancellor, for heresy in general, and in particular for having tried to hinder the performance of mass in his church. As to the offence given by his condition as a married man, anyone who is acquainted with mediæval documents will know that sacerdotal celibacy, enjoined for the first time by the Council of London in 1102, was never universal in England. No writings of his remain, and the records of his ministry in Hadleigh are only to be gathered in a fragmentary form by means of allusions in the epistolary correspondence of the times, and from the account of his martyrdom in Foxe's “Acts and Monuments.” When he came to Hadleigh he found there one Richard Yeoman, a Cambridge Bachelor of Divinity, considerably older than himself, who, perhaps, had been curate to the previous rector. He is spoken of as devout, learned, and one that gave godly exhortations to the people. Yeoman was dispossessed of his curacy by Newall, Taylor's successor,

and after wandering from place to place, exhorting the persecuted ones to stand firm in the faith, he betook himself into Kent for fear of his enemies, leading the life of a pedlar, selling laces, pins, points, and the like. After a narrow escape from detection, having been set in the stocks by a Justice of the Peace, he returned to Hadleigh, where his wife is said to have secreted him for a year in a chamber of the town-house, the Guild hall already spoken of. Here he supported himself by carding wool which his wife spun. till Newall discovered his hiding-place, and had him put in the stocks in the cage, together with one Dale, a weaver. Thence they were sent to Bury gaol, where Dale died. Yeoman was finally burnt at Norwich on the 10th of July, 1558, thus surviving his old rector more than three years. Drakes, some time deacon to Taylor at Hadleigh, and afterwards rector of Thundersley in Essex, was burnt in Smithfield in 1556. But we must return to the history of the rector.

From the language of a Declaration sent out of prison by Bishop Ferrar, Taylor, Bradford, and others, it may be inferred that they were committed to custody in the autumn of 1554. This document states that they heard that they were to be sent to Cambridge or Oxford to take part in a disputation, and that, except before the Queen and her Council, or before the Parliament, they would only dispute by writing. Among their reasons for taking this course they say that some of their number had been in prison these eight or nine months, having no books, no paper, no pen, no ink, no convenient place for study. Their memories, however, stood them in fair stead, though the dates of the Councils are a year or two out, according to our reckoning. Early in 1555 these prisoners were brought out and arraigned on January 29th in the church of St. Mary Overy in Southwark. Bradford and Taylor were kept there in the revestry, after the arraignment, all day, apparently uncalled for; but on February 4th Bonner came to the Compter in the Poultry to disgrace Taylor. The formalities of degradation from the priesthood having been completed, Taylor was handed over as a heretic to the civil arm, to be dealt with according to the well-known statute of Henry IV., *de hæretico comburendo*.

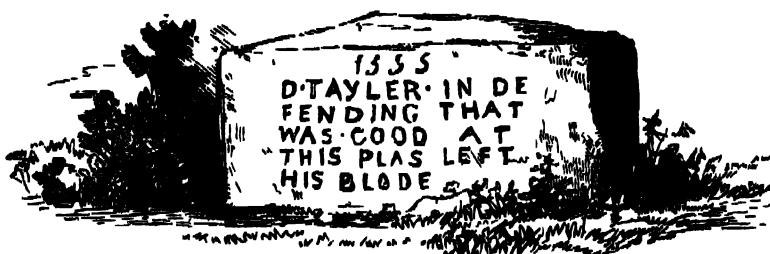
"This day, I think, or to-morrow at the uttermost," writes Bradford on February 8th to Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, "heartly Hooper, sincere Saunders, and trusty Taylor, end their course and receive their crown." It was the morrow, February 9th, that saw the simultaneous departure of the three heroes—at Gloucester, Coventry, and Hadleigh, respectively. The place selected for Taylor's martyrdom was on what is called Aldham Common, though the exact



TAYLOR'S MONUMENT.

site, marked by a stone, is within his own parish. On his way from London to Hadleigh he is described as "very merry, as one that went to a banquet or a bridal;" his jocularity on one occasion running on his own corpulence, and the grim subject of the disappointment of the worms in Hadleigh churchyard at the manner of his death. Within two miles of the place he desired to alight. "And being down," says Fuller, "he fet (fetched) a frisk or two, saying, 'God be praised, I am now almost at home, and have not past a mile or two, and I am even at my Father's house.'" At the town's end a poor man with five children met him, crying, "O dear father and good shepherd, God help and succour thee, as thou hast many a time succour'd me and my poor children." The streets were full of his parishioners and neighbours bewailing his loss. To the poor among them he gave away his money, his last alms apparently passing to two blind people. On the common he was not allowed to speak to the assembled throng, but maintained his firm and cheerful demeanour, kissing the stake; and when the fire was kindled he commended his soul to his Maker, saying, "Merciful Father of Heaven, for Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake, receive my soul into Thy hands." Yet he died not by fire, for as he stood still without moving, one with a halberd struck out his brains.

J. J. RAVEN.



THE MARTYR'S STONE.



THE EXTERIOR, FROM THE EAST.

CIRENCESTER.

A TYPICAL COUNTRY TOWN.

PLEASANTLY embosomed in an undulating Gloucestershire vale, amid the headwaters of the mighty Thames, Cirencester will impress the most casual visitor as a clean, quiet, but prosperous-looking country town, a type of the placid ease of English rural life; and the impression is deepened if he happens to light upon the comparative bustle of market day, or sees from the latticed window of his hostelry the huntsmen and the hounds of the Vale of White Horse pack trotting up the street. The width of the market-place affords a foreground which brings into full relief the square and solid grace of the tall tower and the rich late, but pure, Perpendicular ornament of the exceptional south porch of a parish church such as few towns of the size can boast. Cirencester, however, is not linked in history with the fortunes of any great family—the earldom of Bathurst was not created until 1772; and it has never been the scene of any great and memorable event in the nation's history, although Robert of Cirencester, an early English chronicler, was born here, Sir Robert Atkins, one

Gloucestershire historian, represented the borough in Parliament, and Samuel Rudder, the other, is buried in the church. Yet an examination of the records and relics of the past shows Cirencester again in the light of a type, this time as an exceptionally favourable illustration of a somewhat paradoxical truth which researches in English local history constantly establish—the close continuity of the life of the people. The more obvious and popular deduction is the vanity of human ambitions, the mutability of human things, in the passing away of structures and institutions which their designers dreamed would last for ever. So here there was once a rich and powerful abbey, which has vanished, leaving not a wrack behind, for even the site of its buildings cannot now be determined. These changes, however, affect only the more the stately scenes and the leading actors in the world's drama; the ordinary stream of life flows on with singularly small change from century to century and from age to age. No Cato has doomed an English Carthage to extinction.

The second part of the name clearly indicates that Cirencester was a Roman station, and conjecture naturally suggests that the conquerors were guided to the spot by the experience of older inhabitants. Be that as it may, *Corinium* was an important military centre, for here four great roads—the Fosseway, the Icknield, Ermine Street, and Ackman Street—intersected; and, bearing out what has been said, it may be mentioned that the present highways in the neighbourhood still follow the lines laid down by the Roman engineers. Remains which have been found in and around Cirencester (including tessellated pavements of very great interest) prove that those who came as invaders eventually settled down peacefully and in considerable numbers in the pleasant neighbourhood of *Corinium*, as they did in that of *Aquæ Sulis*. Though these villas were overwhelmed in the troubles which followed the withdrawal of the Imperial troops, Cirencester did not cease to be a place of human habitation, for it is casually mentioned during the wars of King Alfred, certain Danes being given permission to reside here. The date of foundation of the religious house here cannot be stated, for the monks, according to the custom of their race and for the usual object, claimed a much greater antiquity than there is any evidence to establish. All that can be said is that the abbey of regular Augustinian canons—the same order as Fitzhardinge established at Bristol—founded by Henry I. in 1133, replaced a college of secular canons. Unquestionably, we must attribute to them the beauty and extent of the parish church, and to their influence the donors who contributed to its erection and to founding of chantries within it. But they got into very bad odour with the townspeople for their greediness in seizing upon the temporalities of the church, while they immediately set to work to cut down the spiritual duties. With great audacity they claimed the rectory, to which they had no legal right; but at last Abbot Hereward obtained in 1344, by payment of £300, a

confirmation from Edward III. of his claim, to the confusion of "devil-stirred folk," as the laity of the place were called. The canons thus got the whole of the revenues of the church, the high altar was served by one of their own body, and there never came a period of avoidance when the profits went elsewhere. So completely did they overshadow the parish, that, although at the dissolution it is spoken of as a vicarage, the right of presentation was never exercised; and the charge was held as a perpetual curacy upon licence from the bishop, until the Act of 1868 made all perpetual curates into vicars. Cirencester Church was the biggest prize, but many smaller ones round the district shared the same fate; and the facts show that there was some sort of reason for the dissolution, and probably explain why the men of Cirencester have not preserved a trace of the abbey. It is known to have stood on the north of the parish churchyard, where are the ancient house and grounds of Mr. T. W. C. Master, who, like his son, Colonel Master, has represented the borough in Parliament.

But whether the abbey stood or not, life in the town held on the accustomed tenour of its way, receiving only ripples of excitement from the great world outside. In the first year of Henry IV. the town did good service to the newly-seated King by crushing a revolt headed by the Earls of Surrey and Salisbury, and, as a reward, was decreed an annual present of four does and six roes from the Forest of Bradon, and two hogsheads of wine from the Port of Bristol. In the Civil War the town went strongly for the Parliament, but in 1643 Prince Rupert marched from Bristol and captured it by surprise, though it was subsequently re-taken by Essex. The church registers bear witness to the completeness with which the method of civil marriage, before a justice of the peace, after publication of the banns at the High Cross, which was then ordained, was followed out in Cirencester, "soe that was but little to be done in churches." In 1688 the sympathies of the townsfolk had changed about, and they captured Lord Lovelace on his way in force to join William of Orange, and sent him to Gloucester Castle instead. Passing to the peaceful revolutions of more modern times, Cirencester stood on the old high road from Gloucester to London. When the era of railways carried the traffic in other directions, it quietly continued its principal business of marketing the corn grown in the country round, until the spreading system of the Great Western Railway restored it to civilisation, so to speak, by making it the terminus of a short branch line; and now it is to be a point on a cross-country through service from Cheltenham to Andover. It owes, moreover, much of its present importance to the Royal Agricultural College, established in 1854 under the patronage of the Prince Consort.

The parish church of St. John Baptist, not to be confounded with the Abbey Church of St. Mary the Virgin, which has disappeared, is mainly Perpendicular

in character, though there are remains of an earlier building in the chancel and side chapels, and, as often happens, the rebuilders followed to a considerable extent the ground plan of their predecessors. There is a very lofty western



THE TOWER, WITH THE "VICE."

tower, in three stages, surmounted with battlements, and the angular buttresses terminating in pinnacles. A slight settlement seems to have early manifested itself, for the tower is supported by huge flying buttresses both north and south. The nave is also surmounted by a pierced battlement, with pinnacles, which marked the latest stage of pure Perpendicular architecture. All round the drip courses at the base of these battlements there are carved on the bosses a series of figures, some of them grotesque, said to represent a Whitsun ale or merrymaking. Of the same date is the great south porch, which is practically distinct from the church; this had originally two storeys above (now made into one), and was very ingeniously constructed so as to obscure only one

window of the church. These rooms communicated directly with the church, and there can be no reasonable doubt that they served as meeting-places for the guilds or brotherhoods, of which there were three at least here. The principal was the guild of Holy Trinity, founded in the reign of Edward III., which held two feasts every year, wore a guild dress once a year, and maintained two priests from their yearly contributions, until in 1382 they founded a perpetual charity. There was a church tavern against the side of this building, with possession of cellar beneath, which apparently furnished the social gatherings of the guild.

After the dissolution of the guilds the structure remained unoccupied until 1672, when Bishop Nicholson gave it over for a town-hall. In his faculty for the purpose he mentions its local name, and the ingenious explanation current as to



THE NAVE.

the meaning of the term. He speaks of "the noble frontispiece of the Parish Church, commonly called the 'Vice,' that is, the device, because, as it is said, this frontispiece so greatly adorns such a magnificent structure, and stretches itself out into such a grand propylæum, while only darkening one window of the church."

In the interior the great height of the clustered columns upon which the arches of the nave rest is very remarkable, and gives it quite a stilted appearance. At the spring of the arches are figures with shields, bearing the arms of contributors to the building. The chancel is Decorated in style, but the piers on the south side were Early English, and, judging from the appearance of one of them, have been worked down from larger Norman columns. When the church was restored

by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, between 1865 and 1867, at a cost of fourteen thousand pounds, this and other interesting indications of its architectural history were most carefully preserved. The fine chancel arch shows where the rood-loft formerly stood, and the staircase is utilised to give access to the organ, which is in the form of a cross, from a design by Sir Gilbert Scott, more curious than admirable.

On the south side of the chancel is the Chapel of St. John Baptist, and on the north side is the Chapel of St. Nicholas and St. Catherine, a fresco depicting the latter saint and St. Christopher being still traceable on the wall. This chapel was lengthened in the fifteenth century and its walls were raised after the dissolution of the Abbey to receive a portion of a rich fan-tracery roof, bearing date 1508, and probably constructed for the cloisters of that establishment. It closely resembles similar work in the cloister at Gloucester and at Bath Abbey, and was evidently not constructed for its present position. To the north of this chapel is the fifteenth century Lady Chapel, with a charnel-vault beneath of much earlier date, into which the bones were removed when the churchyard became too full. To modern ideas, in this country at any rate, enlarging the latter would be preferable. To form a choir-vestry in the north-eastern corner of this chapel, a fine oak screen has been removed from the south-east corner of the nave, where it enclosed the Chapel of Jesus. The oak chancel-screen is also old work, and the stone pulpit is probably of the same date as the nave. On the north side of the nave aisle is the Chapel of the Holy Trinity, extending along under three of the six bays of the nave, and built about 1440. Its services were of course maintained by the guild which bore its name. Its altar-steps and sedilia still remain, while on the screen in the rear of the latter is a curious row of tilting shields. On the north wall is a fresco of the martyrdom of St. Erasmus, which has faded away, although when uncovered it was distinct, and was copied. As it depicts the gruesome method of his martyrdom, its comparative disappearance is not so regrettable as might otherwise be the case. Between these chapels are several squints or hagioscopes, one of which is of very curious construction.

It is scarcely necessary to add that there were numerous bequests for the maintenance of chantry priests. The Rev. E. A. Fuller, who has most laboriously investigated the history of the church, points out a curious circumstance in connection with one of these. "John Jones, who died in 1507, had calculated, as many people did in those days, how long it would be necessary that mass should be said for him, and had settled the period at sixty years, after which he appointed other uses." The dissolution came at the end of fifty years, and the result was that instead of the property being alienated, the other uses came into force at once, and the churchwardens still hold the tenements for church purposes.

The church has been very fortunate in preserving its memorial brasses, of which there are a considerable number, now collected in the Lady Chapel and the Chapel of the Holy Trinity. They are principally of merchants and their wives, and do not afford any illustration of military costume. One represents Reginald Spycer, a merchant of the town, who died in 1442, and his four wives, Margaret, Juliana, Margaret, and Joan, who are grouped two on each side of him.

There are one or two points of interest about the communion plate. Two magnificent cups of 1570 were made by the same London goldsmith who fabricated the earlier cups of St. Margaret's, Westminster, which are of 1552, and are perhaps of a pattern long established in his workshop. The flagons date from 1570, and represent the earliest form introduced after the Reformation. There is likewise a chalice of exceptional shape, which is of unique interest, as it must have been made for some member of the Boleyn family, probably for Queen Anne Boleyn herself, for it is surmounted by the badge of her family—the crowned falcon and sceptre, and its date is the year before her execution. It was probably a New Year's gift from her daughter, Queen Elizabeth, to Dr. Richard Master, physician to the Queen, and grantee of the abbey lands.*

In a petition to Archbishop Laud, in 1539, the church is made to say, "I was founded with rich coulured glass, such as is in Fayreford Church, noar me in the same dioces." What little was left in 1800 was arranged by Samuel Lysons, the antiquary, in the east window.

HAROLD LEWIS.

* W. J. Cripps, Bristol and Gloucestershire Arch. Trans., 1877-8.

THE CHAPELS IN "THE TOWER."

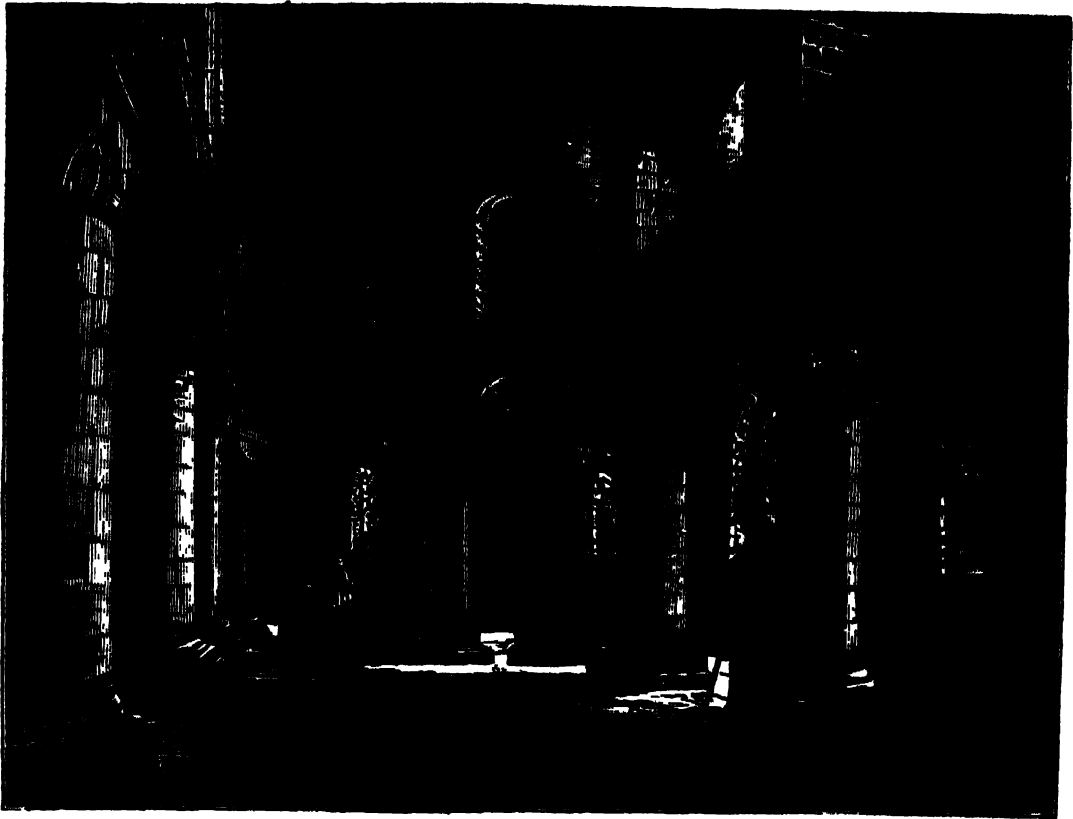
FOR KING AND CAPTIVE.

WILLIAM the Norman was not long in discovering that his seat on the throne of England was anything but secure. So, being a man of much practical ability for that time, he put more faith in physical coercion than in moral suasion, and built not a few strong castles to overawe his new subjects. London itself was not too conspicuous for loyalty, so just outside its wall, on the bank of the Thames, he founded a fortress, in a position which at once secured his communications with Normandy, and cut off the city from the sea. The construction was entrusted to Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester, some of whose work yet remains in his cathedral, and possibly—though this is doubtful—in the keep of the castle. Evidently he was a man in whose presence the modern jerry-builder would have found a short shrift and a long rope. He built here, as at Rochester, a work which time could scarce injure, and no fair usage of man destroy. The huge block of masonry now called the White Tower was the keep of his castle. It has been "uglified" by Wren, has been damaged or restored, at various times, in its details, especially externally; but both internally and in its main features it still remains as the tower of William the Norman and Gundulf the bishop.

The latter was careful that the garrison should not be deprived of spiritual comfort, so he constructed a chapel which occupies the south-eastern angle in an upper storey of the building. Its floor is on the same level as the great hall or dining-room of the keep, beneath which are the apartments designed more especially for the king's use. Mounting a narrow staircase—a staircase at the foot of which the two royal lads, Gloucester's victims, were hurriedly buried—we enter the chapel through a small door on the south side of the western wall. Its plan is simple, but effective. Its architecture, in keeping with the rest of the building, is of the plainest kind. On either side a narrow aisle is separated from the small central nave by massive circular columns, from the capitals of which spring strong semicircular arches supporting a triforium gallery. This has large, yet more simple, arched openings, one in each bay. The chapel terminates in the east in an apse, round which the aisle and triforium are carried. It would hardly be possible for the architecture to be plainer; the arches are relieved neither by moulding nor by order; the walls are of coarse masonry; the barrel vaulting of the roof, and the simple groining of the aisles, are rougher than the walls. An arch turned in the western wall, the circular columns, the rudely-carved capitals above, and the stilted arches in the apse—a necessary consequence of the nearer position of the columns in this part—are the only

approach, and it is but an approach, to ornament. Most of the windows have been subsequently enlarged, but when all were in their original condition, the building must indeed have been gloomy.

The apse mentioned above is visible from the exterior, projecting from top



THE INTERIOR OF ST. JOHN'S.

to bottom from the eastern front of the Tower, and encrusting, in a rather unusual fashion, one face of the corner turret. The aisles enable us to appreciate the massiveness of the construction. Beneath them, all is solid to the ground; the columns are supported by one side, the outer wall by the other, of an enormous mass of masonry, some sixteen feet in thickness. Thus for its two lower storeys above the ground the White Tower was as if it stood on rock. Against such a mass of masonry darts and missiles would be futile, fire and battering-ram inoperative. It was in those days impregnable.

It was dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, and was used as the chapel of the Court when the Tower was a royal residence, so that many of our kings and queens, many of their subjects great in State or in Church, must have worshipped within its walls. The royal party, it is said, generally occupied the triforium, entering it from the well-known "Council Chamber," which is on the

same level, and is over the dining-hall. As time went on, the royal visits became fewer and fewer—for the Tower must always have been too much of a fortress to be a commodious residence, and since Elizabeth no sovereign has

sojourned within its walls. But no traditions of importance centre around this chapel, unless we so reckon this—that here Northumberland, in the days of Queen Mary, professed himself a member of the Church of Rome the day before his execution.

After the Civil Wars the chapel was desecrated. It was used as a receptacle for papers and rubbish; was whitewashed, plastered, and injured so far as such a solid structure could be; but a few years since, after the removal of the documents stored up there, it was thoroughly and carefully restored. A table of stone—perhaps of doubtful legality—has been erected in it. It is seated with chairs, and occasionally used for service,



A CAPITAL IN ST. JOHN'S.

and is now even lighted by incandescent lamps.

The other chapel stands on Tower Green, near the north-west angle of the fortress. It is dedicated to "S. Petrus ad Vincula," a very unusual title for the saint.* The older part of the present building was erected by Edward I., but it replaced an earlier one, which probably was the work of Henry I., and certainly is mentioned in documents of the age of John. This chapel was adorned, as we learn from a royal warrant, by Henry III., who bestowed upon it, among other things, "two fair cherubim with cheerful and pleasant countenances," which were to be placed "on either side of the great crucifix." Fire and dilapidation had much injured the later chapel by the reign of Henry VIII., so it was then partially rebuilt. Of this date are the windows, except that over the west door, the arches of the nave, and the roof; so that at first sight the chapel appears

* Mr. Doyme Bell, whose valuable memoir has been followed in this article, states that he only knows of another instance, 'S. Pietro in Vincoli,' at Rome, where the reputed chains of the saint are exhibited.

to be a rather plain structure of Tudor age. In plan it is a two-aisled building, with a rather low-pitched roof, and a small belfry turret. The chancel is at the end of the southern aisle. Beneath the northern (at the east end of which is a small vestry) is a crypt, which probably belonged to the earlier chapel. This is not accessible to visitors, for it is nearly filled with coffins, but it is said to be a very plain structure.

Externally, St. Peter's Chapel offers little to attract. One or two tombs against the southern wall are indicative of the old burial-ground, which once extended for some distance towards the east, the site of which is now in part occupied by barracks. But on our way to the western door we turn aside for a moment to glance at a small enclosed area in the court, for it is the scene of more than one tragedy. Here was raised the scaffold for execution within the walls, and here perished Anne Boleyn, Katherine Howard, and Lady Jane Grey.

St. Peter's Chapel shared the usual fate of ecclesiastical buildings during the eighteenth and the early part of the present century. It was "beautified" with high pews, galleries, and plaster ceilings. Some changes for the better were made in 1862, but in the year 1876 a thorough and careful restoration was undertaken. The galleries and heavy wooden boxes were cleared away, the building was entirely refitted, the chancel was adorned with a reredos and a pavement, and many other improvements were effected. In Mr. Doyne Bell's work are pictures of the interior of the church before and after the restoration, which certainly do not tempt anyone to "bless the old and ban the new."

There is little to describe in the architecture of St. Peter's. It is a rather plain church, broad in proportion to its length, divided into two aisles of about equal width by a row of four-centred arches; the southernmost being prolonged into a chancel without any dividing arch; in the east wall of the nave are the remains of a piscina and hagioscope, and there are two monuments worth notice—one, the alabaster altar-tomb to Sir Richard Cholmondeley, Lieutenant of the Tower in the reign of Henry VII., and to his wife, now placed in the north-east angle of the chapel; the other, the great monument to the Blounts in the chancel. But its main interest—we might say, its whole interest—centres in those who lie beneath the shadow of its roof in nameless graves. *Væ victis!* might have been inscribed over its door, for the graves of those who had perished on the scaffold or died in the dungeons of the Tower were crowded beneath its floor. No apology need be made for quoting the words of Macaulay, for they express eloquently what all must feel, however imperfectly, while standing in this church:—"In truth, there is no sadder spot on earth. Death is here associated—not as at Westminster and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with

everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities, but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, and the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends; with all the miseries of fallen greatness and blighted fame. Thither have been carried—through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following—the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of Courts.” Thither, too, have been carried, the historian might have added, the bodies of “tender and delicate women,” nobly born and carefully nurtured, once the brightness of a home, and even idolised by a king; for the axe spared neither youth and beauty nor the grey hairs of venerable age; and even the steps of the throne sometimes proved the ascent to the scaffold.

The intra-mural interments had been so numerous, and, in some cases, so carelessly performed, that at the restoration of the chapel it was considered advisable, both for the security of the floor and for sanitary reasons, to dig up the earth within the walls of the nave. By Her Majesty’s express command the greatest care was taken in this work; the coffins which were still perfect were removed to the crypt, the scattered bones were collected into cases and placed in the same receptacle. A brass plate was affixed to the western wall, giving a list of those who either died in prison or perished on the scaffold, and are known to have been buried within the chapel.

The chancel, however, is the spot of saddest memories; for beneath its floor lie the most illustrious among the victims of the axe. The first intention was not to disturb this resting-place, but to cover the old rough slabs in its eastern part with an ornamental pavement. But this part also of the floor was found, on examination, to be insecure, so that an investigation of the underlying ground became necessary. The earth was excavated in the eastern half of the chancel, between the great mural monument of the Blounts on the one side, and the brick vault on the other, which was constructed in 1871 to receive the body of Sir John Fox Burgoyne, once Constable of the Tower. A full and interesting account of this investigation will be found in Mr. Doyne Bell’s work. Later interments, carelessly performed, had disturbed the older graves. The bodies evidently had been buried, as a rule, without coffins, and in some cases had even been covered with quicklime.* They had, indeed, been laid in consecrated ground, but “with the burial of a dog,” as if they had been the lowest of malefactors. At most, only portions of the skeletons were found; but these, in some instances, were identified with fair certainty. The remains were placed separately in thick lead coffers, which were enclosed in strong wooden cases,

* The corpse of Anne Boleyn was “thrown into a common chest of elm-tree that was made to put arrows in, and buried in the chapel before twelve o’clock.”

and then re-buried beneath the new pavement of parti-coloured marble, on which the names of the dead have been engraved.

As now arranged, a low step parts the floor of the chancel from that of the nave, and at about half its length a second similar step bounds the parti-



coloured marble pavement, on which the communion table is placed. The north chancel-wall is occupied by a grand monument of alabaster and marbles, erected to the memory of Sir Richard Blount and his son Sir Michael. This forms four arched compartments, beneath which are groups of kneeling figures. One half—that commemorating the father—was erected immediately after his death in 1564, the other just before the end of the same century; but the whole practically forms one monument. It is an exceptionally fine example of the sepulchral memorials

of the Elizabethan age; but, unfortunately, it suffers by being much too large for the chapel.

By careful consideration of the incidental references in history, it has been found possible to indicate, with more or less certainty, the resting-places of the fifteen illustrious personages who were buried in this chancel; all but two of them after death by the axe. Immediately under the communion table—placed, like it, north and south—was laid the weak and ambitious Duke of Monmouth; the rest were arranged in two rows, the division between them being roughly indicated by the present change in level. Below the upper stage, to quote the chronicler's words, "there lyeth before the high altar in St. Peter's Church two Dukes between two Queens—to wit, the Duke of Somerset and the Duke of Northumberland, between Queen Anne and Queen Katherine—all four beheaded." To the north of Anne Boleyn's grave, it is believed, was that of her brother, Lord Rochford; to the south of Katherine Howard lay Lady Rochford, and beyond her the venerable Countess of Salisbury. In the lower row it is generally thought (though there is no direct evidence) that Lord Guildford Dudley was placed near the northern wall on the right hand of Lady Jane Grey, against whom was buried the Duke of Suffolk. By his side was the Duke of Norfolk, next to whom came his son, the Earl of Arundel, who died as a prisoner in the Tower; then the Earl of Essex; and, lastly, Sir Thomas Overbury, poisoned while in prison.

What a list of the blood-stained pages of English history! What a grim significance there is in the juxtaposition of some of these unfortunates! Somerset and Northumberland, rivals through life, made equal in their manner of death, united in their graves. Queen Anne Boleyn, whose guilt or innocence may be counted among the problems of history, but of whom it must at least be admitted that "Cæsar's wife was not above suspicion." Katherine Howard, in whose case it is to be feared that charity can do little even to extenuate; and Lady Rochford, her companion in guilt and in execution. The name of the Countess of Salisbury recalls one of the greatest crimes of the greatest English tyrant, and the unprecedented scene at her execution, for "she would not die, as a proud dame should, decorously." To what extent the blood-stained beginning of Queen Mary's blood-stained reign is recorded on this floor is not quite certain, but it is probable that the graves of Lady Jane Grey, her husband, and her father, were in the chancel; and if so, they could hardly have been in any other than the place indicated. Norfolk, Arundel, and Essex are memorials of the rare severity of Elizabeth, which, in the case of two at least, was forced upon her, while Overbury recalls the weakness of the foolish pedant, her successor.

But many another victim of the axe was laid within the walls of St. Peter's.

Bishop Fisher, for whom neither old age nor saintly life could plead; More, among the wisest and wittiest of men; Cromwell, their destroyer, more ruthless than his master, the man of "blood and iron," who at last went the way on which he had sent so many; Thomas Seymour, Lord High Admiral, who had married the widow of one king, and aspired to mate with the sister of another; Stafford, the last victim of the "Popish Plot," done to death by perjured knaves. Jeffreys also, judge of the "Bloody Assize," whom the Tower sheltered from popular vengeance, was for a time laid within these walls, and the list of "notable prisoners" is closed by Kilmarnock and Balmerino, and Lovat—all executed for their share in the rebellion of 1745.* With the last of these ends the catalogue of the victims of the axe in England. So strong even by that time had the feeling against political executions become, that it needed a second rebellion to bring so many high-born offenders to the scaffold, and it is now safe to prophesy that blood will never again be thus shed in England.

T. G. BONNEY.

* They were buried in coffins, but those, at the time of the restoration of the chapel, were found much damaged by later interments the metal coffin plates were then removed, and are fixed against the neighbouring west wall.

OLNEY.

A HYMN-WRITERS' CHURCH.

OLNEY CHURCH, whose tall bulging spire shows high above the trees, is something more than a prominent object in a flat country; it is a landmark in a period of church history which, in the light of modern revivals, we are in these days accustomed to consider stale and flat, and to some extent unprofitable. Along with the fire kindled by Wesley and Whitefield arose a wind which moved the valley of dry bones; and no less strong than sweet were the contributory breezes wafted from this unimportant Buckinghamshire parish. In a double sense, Saint Peter and Saint Paul's at Olney is the typical hymn-writers' church. John Newton and Cowper, hard by, held intimate counsel together, the hymn-writing minister and the hymn-writing poet being for many years inseparable in their walks, in their homes, and in the House of Prayer for which both laboured. The church, with its spiritual influences, was the very centre of their lives; and in all the English-speaking world never a Sunday probably passes without an echo of the songs of Zion that, in the form of the Olney hymns, had their origin under the shadow of the

"Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear."

There is at the northern limit of Olney, and at least half a mile from the church, the gnarled and hollow remnant, still living, of an elm tree supposed to be 600 years old. From time immemorial it has been known as the "Church-yard elm," and this name is held to be good evidence that the tree marks the site of the graveyard of an ancient church built about the time of Canute. The present edifice was under repair at the beginning of the century, and an inscription found upon a beam indirectly corroborated the theory. Olney Church—in all material respects as Newton and Cowper saw it, and in general features as we may see it to-day—was erected between 1325–50. The fine roof of the nave and small clorestory of the Perpendicular order disappeared ninety years ago, and the remnants of latticed screens which stood at either end have since been removed. There is a porch on the north side, supposed to occupy the site of an older one of greater age; and Mr. Thomas Wright, whose admirable "Town of Cowper" is a model of what such a work should be, explains its peculiar situation by suggesting that, at some period, there was a southern porch, as well.

The nave of the church is separated from the aisles by a line of five substantial arches, and the architecture is consistently that of the Decorated style. The interior has been to some extent modernised, and the only gallery remaining, erected by John Newton, and containing the pew habitually used by



THE CHURCH, FROM THE OUSE.

Cowper, is marked for removal. Its gracefully bold steeple is the characteristic feature by which the visitor will best remember Olney Church. The tower has octagonal pinnacles at the corners, from which the spire rises from an ornamental cornice to a height of 185 feet. The bulging sides are pierced with four lights, having canopied heads crowned by a cross. During the restorations which have been proceeding during the last twenty years, the chancel was restored at the charges of the Earl of Dartmouth, the stained-glass window at the east end was given by Mr. T. Revis, and the restoration of the west end was taken in hand by Sir Gilbert Scott. The top of the steeple was restored as recently as 1884; and the great weather-cock, taken down for re-gilding, was found to be inscribed with the date 1829, and the name of the vicar, the Rev. H. Gauntlett, father of the eminent composer of church music, who, as a lad of nine years of age, was the first organist at Olney. There were also the initials of three churchwardens, and a triplet through which a bullet had apparently been shot. This modest proof of the poetical impetus bequeathed to

Olney by Newton and Cowper (who had long since finished their earthly career) was in these words:

"I never crow;
But stand to show
Whence winds do blow.

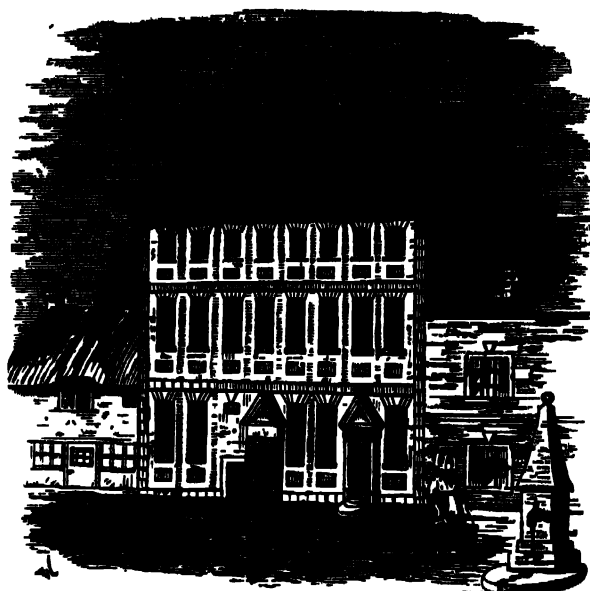
The churchyard contains many old gravestones, some of them carved by the James Andrews who was Cowper's "Michael Angelo." This village artist taught the poet drawing, and, as we learn from a letter to Newton, complimented his pupil upon his success. "I draw mountains, valleys, woods, and streams, and ducks and dabchicks," he wrote; "I admire them myself, and Mrs. Unwin admires them, and her praise and my praise put together are fame enough for me." There was quite a notable triumph of gravestone art near the porch; the corroding effects of weather have marred the delicate lines, but in the days when the Olney children ascended to the room in which Sunday school was held above the porch, the component parts of the farmyard scene chiselled in the stone must have been in clearest cut. Mrs. Newton's father, the Rev. Henry Gauntlett, and Dr. Langley, both vicars of Olney, are buried here; and there is a tablet on the chancel wall to the memory of Moses Browne, who was an absentee vicar during a portion of Newton's curacy. He, too, was a poet, and after some flirtation with the worldly muse, and a literary connection with the *Gentleman's Magazine* under Cave's management, came out from the world, and became one of the preachers of that evangelical party to which the atmosphere of Olney was so stimulating. Moses Browne began life as a pen-cutter, and it was while writing poetry for the *Gentleman's Magazine* that he made the acquaintance of Dr. Watts, who was as famous a hymn-writer as Newton. He was also author of "Piscatory Eclogues," and the editor of a Bowdlerised Walton.

Olney Vicarage was a large and comfortable residence for the curate, John Newton, after his friend Lord Dartmouth had extended and improved the ancient parsonage house. A dense shrubbery, since considerably cleared, surrounded what Newton himself described as "one of the best and most commodious houses in this county." To understand the influence of the Olney days upon this extraordinary man, it is necessary to glance at the leading incidents of his previous career. It was quite romantic at the start. Born in London in 1725, losing his mother as a child of seven, and left to the care of a father who was a ship's captain trading to the Mediterranean, and a stern disciplinarian, his boyhood was neither bright nor happy. Sent to a boarding school at Stratford, he learnt Latin, and was severely treated. At the age of twelve he went to sea with his father, and so spent the next five years of his youth. But for an honest love affair in Kent, he would have gone to Jamaica when his father gave up the ~~manager's~~ calling. This project failing, he was next impressed for the navy, but through

influence was enrolled amongst the man-of-war's midshipmen. He was often in disgrace, deserted the ship, was brought back, put in irons, flogged, and sent before the mast. On his way to India he got himself transferred to a ship bound for the Guinea Coast. On shore he entered the service of a slave-dealer, by whose wife he was treated little better than one of the slaves. Released from this bondage, a profane and loose-living waif, he took a serious turn while reading "Thomas à Kempis" on the voyage home, and his thoughts about religion were accentuated by danger of shipwreck. As mate of a ship, Newton now engaged in the slave trade, as to which, in those days, there were few qualms of conscience.

At twenty-five years of age he married the Koutish lady who had first engaged his affections, and made voyages to Guinea as commander of a merchant ship, the work of conversion gradually proceeding under the reading of such books as "Hervey's Meditations," and the once popular "Life of Colonel Gardiner." Abandoning the sea for a tide surveyorship at Liverpool, he devoted his leisure to systematic study, and determined to enter the ministry, at first inclining to the Nonconformists. He became personally intimate with both Whitefield and Wesley, and preached for six weeks at the Independent Chapel at Warwick as a probationer, but decided at last in favour of the Established Church, and at the age of thirty-nine was admitted to orders, and presented by Lord Dartmouth to the curacy of Olney. In the church which was to be the scene of his ministrations for the next sixteen years, he preached his first sermon on the 27th of May, 1764, and thus entered upon the peaceful sphere of Christian usefulness which found him steadfast to the end, at the summons of death, in his eighty-third year. Having assumed the ministerial calling by pressure of conviction, after a career of stormy adventure, the worldling sailor, changed into an earnest minister of the Gospel, ripe with varied experience and fired with zeal founded on rock-fast faith, laboured diligently in his sacred calling. Many autobiographical glimpses indicate the nature of his work outside the services of the Church. Alike in Molly Mole's cottage prayer meetings, and at the services held in "the Great House," the curate led the way. He preached in barns and out-houses, lectured to poor people in their humble tenements, taught the little children, and found time amidst all his engagements to indulge in that practice of letter-writing which afterwards so largely swelled the list of his published works.

At the time of Newton's establishment as curate of Olney and tenant of the vicarage house, William Cowper, who was seven years his junior, had passed through many troubles, and suffered from the lamentable affliction which there-
~~after, at~~ intervals, overwhelmed him with the black clouds of insanity. He
~~had written~~ a few ballads, and some hymns, and had retired to the quiet of



COWPER'S HOUSE.

Huntingdon. The hymn, "Far from the world, O Lord, I flee," was a literal record of his determination, and the reference to "The calm retreat, the silent shade" becomes inexpressibly pathetic if we recall the circumstances by which it was inspired. After Mr. Unwin's death, his widow and Cowper, in singular companionship, cast about for some sequestered place where they could sit under the ministry of an evangelical clergyman. In the midst of their inquiries John Newton, in obedience to the request of a common friend, called upon them, and

they eventually decided upon residence at Olney. Newton engaged for them the house in the Market-place, then called Orchard Side, now known as Cowper's House; but pending repairs and alterations, the poet and Mrs. Unwin lived for three months at the vicarage, newly renovated. This was in 1767, and for the next twelve years Cowper resided at Olney. The poet used to assist the curate in his prayer meetings and cottage services; and Newton has left it on record, "For six years we were seldom separate when at home and awake." An apple orchard divided the vicarage garden from Cowper's grounds, and a doorway was made so that the two hymn writers might visit without passing into the unattractive main street. It was upon Newton's proposal that the Olney hymns were undertaken, the suggestion being made in the hope that Cowper's brooding malady might be averted by the occupation. The burden of the work ultimately fell upon Newton. Thus some of the most precious hymns in the English language were written, and Cowper's familiar

"Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings"

was a heartfelt outburst of gratitude following his recovery from an interval of mental derangement. Another of his popular hymns, "Jesus, where'er Thy people meet," was written for the service held in the "Great House"—a mansion used as an informal chapel-of-ease, and for the first meeting at which Newton wrote a special hymn, dedicating the place in the lines—

"As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray."

This mansion was an old house of Lord Dartmouth's standing near the church. It was pulled down sixty years ago, and the gateway piers, terminated by weather-stained balls of stone, now at the entrance to the churchyard, are its sole remains.

The life of Cowper is a sad chapter, but on the whole the Olney period had its many happinesses. In that plain-fronted, conventional-windowed residence in the Olney Street he played with his hares, made boxes and tables, delighted in the bees that came to his garden, and in his continuous rambles abroad looked upon all the landscape with a poet's eye. The country around Olney, well watered and pastoral, is pretty in the summer, and the view from Clifton hill is lovely; but it cannot be called picturesque. Cowper, however, makes the most of it, and touches it with beauty even in its winter aspects. There are still pilgrims to Olney who are interested in the parlour with the shutters that were closed, what time the fire was stirred and the curtain let fall to "welcome peaceful evening in;" and the little rustic, almost rude, summer-house where "John Gilpin" and a portion of "The Task" were written. The sketch beginning

"Yon cottager who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store"

was a familiar scene from the life of many a humble lace-maker at Olney in those days; and even now, when other industries have arisen, it need not be sought in vain. The bridge across the mill-stream, over which the postman of "The Task" came with twanging horn, has long lost its many-arched continuation that bestrode the wintry flood, and the Ouse, slow-winding through its "level plain of spacious meads," has not changed its sinuosity or its sluggishness.

While Cowper sat in his favourite position at that second window from the front door, or in the greenhouse converted for the summer season into an *al fresco* study, John Newton in the vicarage beyond used a room at the top of the house, reminded daily by texts, inscribed upon the panel over the mantelpiece, that he was once a bondman in the land of Egypt, "and the Lord thy God redeemed thee." In this upper chamber Newton wrote his share of the "Olney Hymns"—280 out of the total of 348. This leaves sixty-eight for Cowper; and it should not be forgotten



PORTRAIT OF COWPER.

that Newton in his preface is careful to explain that the scheme was prompted by a desire, firstly, "to promote the comfort and faith of sincere Christians," and, secondly, to "perpetuate the remembrance of an intimate and endeared friendship."

The separation of the friends was as painful an experience for strong, sturdy John Newton as for the often trembling friend who leaned upon him. Newton was the first to leave Olney, disheartened that, after all his efforts to reclaim them, the looser sort of Olney rowdies proved so incorrigible that, at one of his weekly lectures during a Fifth of November debauch, he was obliged to send out money to the mob to preserve his house from violence. His friend, Mr. John Thornton, presented him with the living of St. Mary Woolnoth, in the City of London, and he preached his last sermon as curate of Olney on January 11th, 1780. He was rector of the City church for twenty-eight years, dying in 1807. Their most important literary work was done by both Newton and Cowper after this separation. The year following Newton's departure, Cowper made the acquaintance of Lady Austen, who thereafter became one of the Olney worthies, and it was at her sprightly challenge that "the Sofa" was selected as a promising subject for the poet's muse. On leaving Olney in 1786 Cowper went to Weston Underwood, and lived there ten years; thence to Norfolk, where, a broken, gloomy man, who never smiled, and who believed that good and evil spirits haunted his couch every night, he died in 1800.

WILLIAM SENIOR.

SCARBOROUGH AND FILEY.

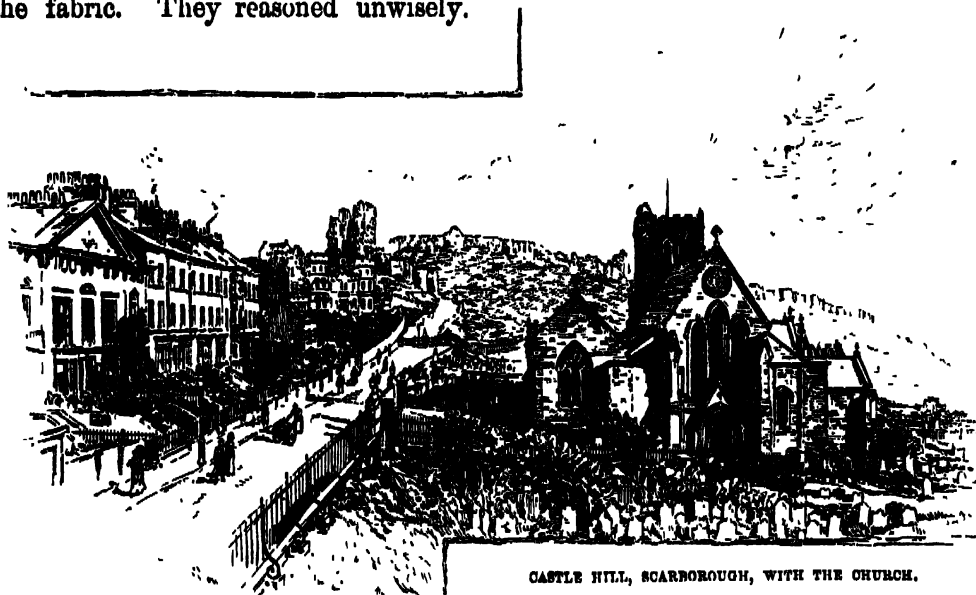
TWO YORKSHIRE HEALTH RESORTS.

THE ~~name~~ Scarborough is found strangely varied in the spelling. The derivation is usually traced to the Saxon Scarburg, carrying with it the meaning of a fortified place upon a rock; but there is a belief also that one of the early Vikings, by name Skartha (hare-lip), built a stronghold here. Hither, it is certain, came Tosti, that doughty Northern Count, on a plundering expedition, and found himself well repaid for the venture. Harold Hardrada also "lay at Scardeburg" and "fought with the burgesses," and ascending the hill, threw fire-brands into the town. But, although we have these and other early references to the place, Scarborough, for some reason that cannot be satisfactorily explained, is omitted from the Domesday record. One theory is that the place had then been laid waste; but if this be so, it must have speedily advanced to importance, for it has a charter of incorporation dating back to 1181, in the reign of Henry II., and it was one of the few towns in the country—and the only one in Yorkshire—to send members to the famous Parliament summoned in the year 1262, during the reign of Edward I. The present castle dates from Stephen's time. Its builder was the mighty lord of Holderness, William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle; who seeing the scar, with its area of table-land, "to be a convenient plot to build a castle upon, helping Nature forward with a very costly work, he closed the whole plain of the rock with a wall, and built a tower within the very straight of the passage." That there was a stronghold of some kind on the scar before this period seems borne out by the fact that in the reign of Henry I. a chapel was built in what was called the Castle Yard, and dedicated to Edward the Confessor.

In connection with this Castle Yard chapel we get one of the early references to the parish church (St. Mary's). Thus in a deed executed in the 13th of Edward I. it is found that a grant of this and all other chapels within the limits of the town, including the Church of St. Mary, was confirmed to the Cistercians. Of the exact date of the foundation of the church there is no trace, but mention of it is found as far back as 1189, in the reign of Richard I. It was then a vicarage of the value of twenty marks, and was in the gift of the king, who seems to have given the advowson to the Abbey of Citeaux in Burgundy for the support of the general chapter. In the reign of Henry IV. the church was given to the Prior of Bridlington, and there was little further change as regards ownership until the Reformation.

St. Mary's stands on the inner side of the promontory, and rises as

conspicuously above the old town as the castle itself. It is the survivor of a number of old churches that have left no trace save the names of certain streets in the town. Its builders, contrary to the ordinary monastic choice, left the valley for the height at Scarborough — believing, no doubt, that the castle close by would be a sufficient protection for the fabric. They reasoned unwisely.



CASTLE HILL, SCARBOROUGH, WITH THE CHURCH.

The church, being on the line of attack, suffered at the successive sieges of the stronghold; and we find it to-day a much less pretentious structure than it was in its early history. In one sense, however, its founders builded better than they knew. Formerly, the town lay wholly below the church; now, St. Mary's is an ideal parish-church as regards position. Standing between the new town on the north beach, and the new town that stretches inwards and southwards, and the old town below, it forms a point from which Scarborough diverges on every side.

The church has many interesting features. Originally it was cruciform, and consisted of a nave, with north and south aisles that terminated in western towers; a central tower, with transepts; a choir, with north and south aisles; and there were cloisters to the south-west. The choir, which was a magnificent feature of the church, and had a length of 115 feet, was destroyed during the siege to which the castle was subjected at the time of the Commonwealth. In its present condition the church consists of the nave, with clerestory, two north aisles, a south aisle with four side chapels and a parvis porch, a central tower, and the bases of the two original western towers. The central tower was so

injured by the siege which destroyed the choir that it fell four years afterwards. It remained a ruin for ten years, when it was rebuilt as it now stands. The building shows Norman and Early English features. Of the side chapels, one, dedicated to St. Nicholas, adjoins the porch, and projects equally with it. The



SCARBOROUGH: THE INTERIOR.

other three are recessed and on a line, and are dedicated to St. James the Great, St. John the Baptist, and St. Stephen. These chapels open from the bays in the south aisle, and are walled up from each other. They have each a sepulchral recess, piscina, and aumbry, and being Early English in character, must have been erected soon after the completion of the original building. The windows are recent. The extra north wall was added when the central tower was rebuilt. There being now no choir, the chancel is formed under the tower, and is lighted by a Decorated east window. The west window is of three lancets, with wheel above. The church was restored in 1850 at a cost of £8,000. A convenient resting-place on the way to the castle, many persons linger round the old fabric, and enjoy the noble view inland and seawards. Many, also, make pilgrimage to the churchyard, to visit the grave of one of the Brontë sisters—Anne ("Acton Bell"), the authoress of "Agnes Grey;" who died at Scarborough on May 28th, 1849.

The town lies on two sides of the promontory, and each side has its beach and distinctive attractions. Scarborough is really two watering-places in one, and the visitor may choose between mild and bracing situations. The Scarborough of the north side is wholly modern. On the south side it consists of the old town, lying tier on tier on the slope of the Castle Hill, and clustering around the harbour; but stretching inwards and southwards, on the heights running round the fine sweep of the bay, is the town of yesterday also, imposing in grand hotels, terraces and crescents of lodging-houses, trim villas, and no lack of greenery. Through the southern part runs a ravine, prettily laid out, and in no sense spoiled by art. Crossing the ravine where it opens to the sea is a high level bridge of over four hundred feet in length, across which visitors find their way to the Spa Grounds and promenade. Below this bridge, and extending westwards, is a subterranean aquarium, whose contents are chiefly British, but whose setting is unmistakably Oriental. To descend into it is to pass for the time being out of Yorkshire into India, the gateways, the corridors, the successive chambers being copies from Akbar, Agra, Bunderabad, and other places in Hindostan famous for architectural wonders.

The Spa promenade gets its name from the two wells of mineral water—one saline, the other chalybeate—situated there; but the wells are its least attraction. The walks here, with their ranges of buildings in the Italian style, the fine ocean view from the sea-wall, the life on the sands at low water, the provision made for refreshment and recreation—this it is that brings beauty and fashion in such force to Scarborough in the mellow days of the Indian summer. When London is said to be empty, Scarborough is said to be full, and although “empty” is a figure of speech as regards the metropolis, the other word is literal fact at this particular part of the year in the town that, in the north of England at least, is proudly regarded as “the Queen of Watering-places.”

Some seven or eight miles further south lies Filey, hidden from Scarborough by headlands; but the Filey visitor, standing on the famous “brigg” when low water permits this, has Scarborough well within view. Except the sea, the two places have little in common. Filey knows nothing of old charters of incorporation, and has never enjoyed Parliamentary privileges in its own right; but the Romans, on the other hand, found here a secure place for settlement, and the town has distinct mention in the Norman survey. There is nothing of the fashionable life at Filey that characterises Scarborough, but its great charm to the visitor who favours it lies in its quieter surroundings and the scenic attractions that are within easy reach. It has a bay with a grand sweep, one extremity running into the mighty cliffs that go out to Flamborough Head; the other losing itself in that great wonder of the Yorkshire coast, the famous “brigg.” The cliffs to the

north are of clay, and at the point where they terminate that side of Filey Bay the "brigg" begins, as the hard rock rises to the surface. It is a projecting reef, covered here and there by huge boulders, and forming a natural breakwater. Scattered over this—"the finest sea-walk in England"—are pools in water-worn basins, and shelving recesses abounding with the treasures of the sea-shore. Running into the sea from the "brigg" in a southerly direction is another ridge, known as "The Spittal," which has been conjectured to be the remains of a Roman breakwater. As with a good many other natural wonders, there is a tradition associating Filey "brigg" with Satanic agency. The arch-enemy is said to have laid violent hands on a huge breakwater that here stretched into Filey Bay, and the tradition accounts for the unfinished nature of the demolition by stating that the hammer, with which the uncanny operator was working fell out of his grasp into the sea and was lost. The fisher-folk at Filey add a story to the effect that in groping in the water for the missing tool the Devil caught a haddock instead, and left thereon the thumb-mark which has since been the distinguishing feature of the fish. That the Romans did more than utilise the existing "brigg" has been doubted. They, however, had a sort of Pharos on the headland, as recent explorations have shown. Here, it is claimed, was the Portus Felix of Ptolemy, Flamborough Head being the Ocellum Promontorium. There is no harbour; and when the fishing vessels sail away, as they usually do, on a Monday morning, the bay is clear of craft, and the whole beach, from the "brigg" to Specton Cliffs on the way to Flamborough Head, is practically given up to the visitors.

The church is dedicated to St. Oswald, the Northumbrian king and martyr. It lies on the "brigg" side of the bay, on the level land above the clay cliffs, a ravine separating it from the town. It has been called "a cathedral in miniature," and was given by Gilbert de Gant to the Priory of Bridlington in the reign of Henry I. It is cruciform in plan; is in the Transition Norman and Early English styles; and consists of chancel, clerestoried nave with aisles, north and south transepts, a low but massive central tower, and vestry. The nave, which is the oldest part of the edifice, is divided from the aisles by Transitional arcades; the piers being alternately circular and octagonal, except the two westernmost, which are clustered, and may at one time have supported a tower. The tower is low, and has a massive look. It has on each face a coupled lancet window within one containing arch at the level of the belfry. The walls here are four feet thick, and the chamber is twenty-one feet square. The original notch-head corbel table remains in the tower, but the parapet work is of later date. There are three seventeenth century bells, of different dates—1675, 1682, and 1700—but all from the same foundry, and bearing the maker's initials, "S. S., Ebor," on a shield in an ornamental hand. The building has suffered

much from want of attention, and from rash alterations at the hands of former generations. Many fine details, however, remain to give Filey Church an interest of its own. Particularly worthy of notice is the fine late Transition portal in the north porch, giving entrance to the nave, and showing a circular arch of four orders, with shafts at the angles. The clerestory windows, one above each bay, are deeply splayed. Rich Early English arcading will be found under the west window in the south transept, and very fine Early English work is shown also in the triple sedilia and piscina in the chancel. A piece of rude sculpture, representing a female, and said to belong to the time of Edward I., has a place in the wall of the south aisle. The churchyard surrounds the building. Many of the tombstones are to mariners, and the inscriptions in numerous instances tell how, in the language of the fisher-folk when speaking of their dead, "the sea gat" the lads and men whose memorials are here.

W. S. CAMERON.



FILEY, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.



GENERAL VIEW OF GREAT BRINGTON.

GREAT BRINGTON.

GRAVES OF THE WASHINGTONS AND SPENCERS.

PERCHED upon an eminence, some seven miles from Northampton, Great Brington looks out across a pastoral valley to historic Holmby, on the wooded hill beyond. Below, in the vale itself, lies Althorp Park, the residence for nearly three centuries and a half of the house of Spencer. This quiet village in the heart of the shires has made history in its day, and no stranger can visit its fine old church without being powerfully impressed by the memories which cling to it. The story of the Washingtons is one of the strange romances of family history, and around it cluster all the fascinations of genealogy. With the exception of Cromwell, Washington was the first man in modern times who rose from a position of mere gentility to an unsceptred throne; and the attraction of his life is increased by the mystery, not yet wholly dispelled, which long surrounded his ancestry.

The massive tower of Great Brington Church crowns the high ground at the very entrance to the village from the Althorp side. Every approach to it is pleasant; one is majestic. The short cut from Althorp is a very pretty summer walk, for it crosses pasture fields and skirts Lord Spencer's park. This walk debouches upon a typical bit of the old English village. In an angle of the road lies what remains of the ancient green, with the shaft of the stone cross which once raised its arms there: a reminder, in its eloquent symbolism,

of other matters than the streamered Maypole, the lusty wrestlings, and the games of skill which diverted youth when that cross was new. Behind, there rises up a magnificent old elm; on the one hand is the grey church, on the other the massive stone-built rectory, gabled and towered.

The other approach, from the high road, or from Althorp Park, is even more picturesque. An elm avenue stretches for some hundreds of yards up to the gates of the churchyard; just such an avenue, indeed, as one gives in fancy to the typical old country house which no Charles Surface has ever despoiled of its amenity. The tower of St. Mary the Virgin stands out square and embattled between the elms. The church is mainly Decorated; but the chancel, which was finished only between 1500 and 1520, is entirely Perpendicular. These late additions are said to be the work of the architect of Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, Hermitage, the rector of the day, being in a document of the period designated superintendent of the King's works at Westminster. The exterior of Brington Church can hardly be said to be picturesque. But there is that within which passeth show, and few are the "Houses of God" which are richer in human interest than this.

The great south door by which we enter possesses an exceedingly curious lock, all, like the door itself, of massive oak, save the steel bolt, which is of unusual length. The interior of the church has been much disfigured by the whitewash of a less tasteful age; and the fine west window is completely blocked by the gallery built in that same age of whitewash. The open benches, which have happily never been replaced by pews, are a most interesting survival of the time before the Reformation. They are of extraordinary massiveness, the seats being about three inches thick, while the oak is black with age. The bold end-ornaments are of the poppy-head pattern, roughly but effectively wrought. Below the poppy-heads are a series of shields carved with the simple heraldic charges, such as the fesse and the saltire. They are probably at least as old as the year 1450, to judge from the character of the workmanship and the massiveness of the material.

The first Washington tomb to which one comes (the second in point of date) is in the main aisle of the nave, about half-way up towards the chancel. It is entirely hidden by the matting, to which no doubt is largely owing the clearness of the inscription. Into a long stone slab are let two brasses, one at the head, the other near the foot. Upon the first is the following inscription, very sharply cut, and not in the least worn down:—

"HERE LIES INTERRED Y^e BODIES ON ELIZAB. WASHINGTON WIDDOWE WHO CHANGED THIS LIFE FOR IMMORTALITIE Y^e 19TH OF MARCH 1622. AS ALSO Y^e BODY OF ROBERT WASHINGTON GENT^r HER LATE HUSBAND SECOND SONNE OF ROBERT WASHINGTON OF SOLGRAVE IN Y^e COUNTY OF NORTH. ESQR. WHO DEPTED THIS LIFE Y^e 10TH OF MARCH, 1622. AFTER THEY LIVED LOVINGLY TOGETHER MANY YEARS IN THIS PARISH."

The somewhat larger brass beneath the inscription bears the armorial coat of Robert Washington; *argent*, two bars *gules*; in chief three mullets of the second. That is to say, in language understood of the people, two red bars and three stars upon a silver ground. Very curiously, the workmen who incised the brass erroneously made the bars gold. There can scarcely be a doubt that the charges upon the Washington arms suggested the stars and stripes of the American flag, for the President wore these arms upon his ring (although it is said that, properly speaking, he was not entitled to this particular shield), and from that ring the "star-spangled banner" was devised.

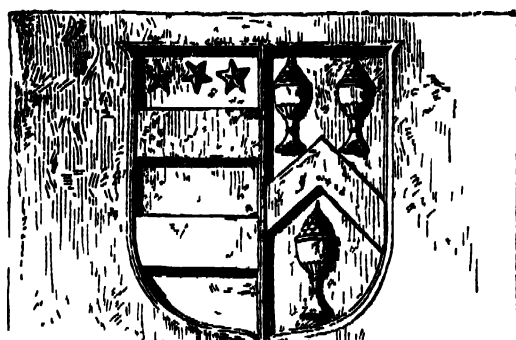
The second tomb is in the chancel, near the north chapel, and is protected by a hinged wooden flap, so that the slab is never trodden upon, and is, indeed, somewhat difficult of access. Here both epitaph and arms are cut in the stone, and cut so deeply that a finger will almost lie in some of the depressions:—

" HERE LIETH THE BODI OF LAVRENCE
WASHINGTON SONNE AND HEIRE OF
ROBERT WASHINGTON OF SOVLGRAVE
IN THE COUNTIE OF NORTHAMTON
ESQUIER WHO MARRIED MARGARET
THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM
BUTLER OF TEES IN THE COUNTIE
OF SUSSEX ESQUIER WHO HAD ISSU
BY HER 8 SONES AND 9 DAUGHTERS
WHICH LAVRENCE DECEASED THE 13
OF DECEMBER A.DNI 1616
THOSE THAT BY CHANCE OR CHOYCE
OF THIS HAST SIGHT
KNOW LIFE TO DEATH RESIGNES
AS DAYE TO NIGHT
BUT AS THE SUNNE RETORNE
REVIVES THE DAY
SO CHRIST SHALL US

Beneath are the impaled arms of Washington and Butler. It will be observed that Laurence (who, according to the parish register, was buried on December 15th, 1616) was the elder brother of Robert. It is from Laurence Washington and Margaret Butler that the illustrious first President of the United States was descended. His own grandfather was a Laurence, who was Mayor of Northampton in 1532, and again in 1543, and obtained at the dissolution of the monasteries a grant of the manor of Sulgrave, not many miles from Brington. Some twenty years after his death, in 1584, the family fell upon evil days; Sulgrave manor house had to be sold, and Laurence and Robert came to live at Brington, to be near their powerful relations the Spencers. Laurence had a large family, and two of his sons were knights. The eldest, Sir William Washington, for a

time repaired the fortunes of his house by marrying the half-sister of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Another Washington entry in the register is

this: "1620: Mr. Philip Curtis and Miss Amy Washington were married, August 8th." Yet another records that a child of Laurence Washington, named Gregory, was baptised and buried at Brington on January 16, 1607. The picturesque old house at Little Brington in which the Washingtons are supposed to have lived is still in good preservation. Above the door is the inscription:



HERE LIETH THE BODY OF LAURENCE
WASHINGTON SONNE OF PHILIP
WASHINGTON OF NEWCASTLE

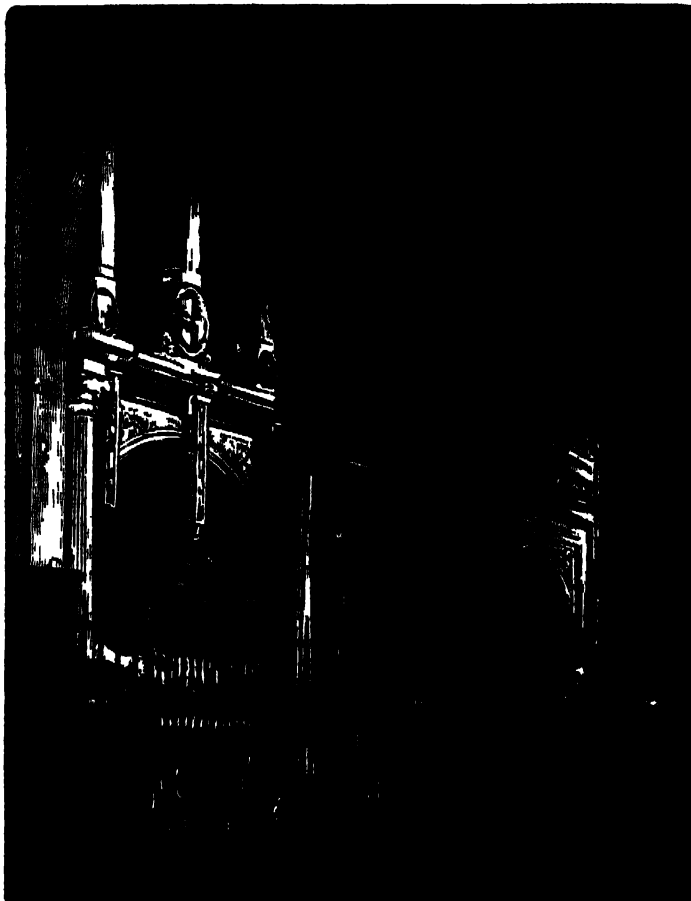
ESQ. ON THE WASHINGTON TOMB.

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away,
Blessed be the name of the Lord.
Constructa 1606."

The connection of the Washingtons with America commenced by the emigration, in 1659, of John Washington, great-grandfather of the first President. He was accompanied by his brother; and it has been ascertained, after much research, that they were the sons of the Rev. Laurence Washington, Rector of Putleigh, in Essex, but ejected from his living during the Commonwealth. Shortly after settling down in Virginia, John Washington's wife and two very young children died, and were buried upon his own plantation. Before long he married, secondly, Anne Brodhurst, *née* Pope, the daughter of a planter who had emigrated from England some years previously, and had given his name to Pope's Creek, likewise in Virginia. This lady, who became the great-grandmother of George Washington, was the widow of Walter Brodhurst of "ye parts beyond the sea," son of William Brodhurst, gentleman, of Lilleshall, in Shropshire, by whom she was left a legacy. Her great-grandchildren by her first husband were thus second cousins of George Washington.

The north or Spencer chapel of Brington Church was, like the chancel, built by Sir John Spencer. It is divided from the chancel by three pointed arches, each filled by a great altar-tomb. From the time of Henry VII. to the present day this chapel has been the burial-place of the Lords of Althorp, although it happens that no monument has been raised within it since Carolinean times. Peopled vaults echo to the tread, but the dust beneath is unnamed above. Yet these vaults contain the heart of the gallant Henry, first Earl of Sunderland, brought from the fatal field of Newbury, and the remains of the two succeeding Earls, his son and grandson, Robert, the famous Secretary of State to James II., and Charles, the eminent Minister of George I. The visitor who possesses any

considerable acquaintance with the sepulchral monuments in our old churches is struck by the very remarkable preservation of these tombs. Every one is complete and perfect; some have not so much as a scratch upon their marble, and the most modern of the series, carved more than two centuries ago, is crisp and clear-cut as though its "figures strange and sweet" had but yesterday



THE SPENCER TOMBS.

come from the chisel. The chapel is lighted by the rich heraldic windows of an apse built by the fourth Earl Spencer in memory of his father George John, second Earl; of his mother, and of John Charles, third Earl, better known as the famous Lord Althorp. The windows contain a number of the quartered and impaled coats of the Spencers and their alliances, and medallion portraits of the second and third Earls.

Taking the Spencer tombs in order, as they stand within the iron grille which separates the north chapel from the chancel, the first is that of Sir John Spencer and his wife, Isabella Gaunt, of Snitterfield. Sir John was the first Spencer who lived at Althorp, and the builder of this mortuary chapel. He

died in 1522, and his marble effigy, with that of his wife, lies upon an altar-tomb beneath the first arch. He is harnessed in full plate armour, and his tabard is charged with the ancient and now discarded arms of Spencer. Dame Isabella is in a scarlet gown, with a rosary hanging at her girdle, while across her bosom is looped a rich heraldic mantle. The tomb is covered with an arched canopy of freestone. The centre arch contains the sumptuous monument of Sir John Spencer, who died in 1586, and his wife Katherine, daughter of Sir Thomas Kitson, of Hengrave, in Suffolk. When this tomb was first put up it was elaborately, and, we should say now, gaudily painted and gilt; but time has subdued and softened the once brilliant tints, until now they are sober and russet. The third arch is filled with the sarcophagus altar-tomb of Robert, first Baron Spencer of Wormleighton, and his wife, Margaret Willoughby of Woolaton. On the opposite side of the chapel is the low plain altar-tomb of Sir William Spencer, who died in 1532, and his wife, Susan.

The most beautiful, and by far the most chaste, of the Spencer tombs is that of William, second Baron Spencer, and his wife Penelope Wriothesley, daughter of the Earl of Southampton. It was erected in the time of Charles I., is entirely of black and white marble, and is one of the most meritorious works of Nicholas Stone. In an angle of the chapel is a curious bust of Sir Edward Spencer, who died in 1655. The east window of the chapel is built up by a large mural monument carved by Nollekens, from a design by Cipriani, in memory of John, first Earl Spencer, who died in 1783. Below it is Chantrey's exquisite tablet to Georgina, Countess Spencer. In 1643 the third Baron Spencer, after the battle of Edgehill, was by Charles I. created Earl of Sunderland. He was the husband of Lady Dorothy Sidney, better known in literary history as the "Saccharissa" to whom Edmund Waller addressed so many of his amorous effusions. Lady Sunderland in her girlhood contemptuously refused to listen to Waller's protestations of love, and in after years he took a somewhat mean revenge. The two met when they were both old. "When will you write some more fine verses about me, Mr. Waller?" asked "Saccharissa." "When you are as young, madam, and as beautiful as you were then," was the extremely ungracious answer.

There is a tradition at Brington that Charles I., while confined at Holmby House, frequently knelt at these altar-rails to receive the Communion; but I am afraid tradition is the only warrant for this statement. Brington Church can, however, afford to dispense with the doubtful distinctions of tradition. As the resting-place of the forbears of a man who moulded another and a more spacious England, it is a point of reverend pilgrimage for all who speak the Saxon tongue.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.

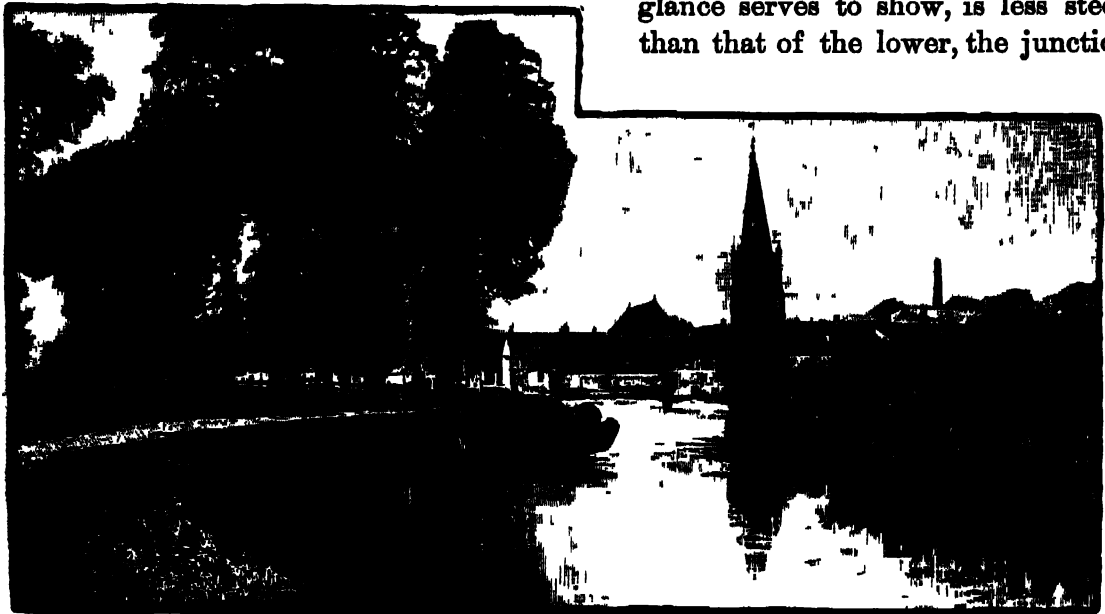
ABINGDON.

A CHURCH OF MANY AISLES.

UNTIL a few years ago the Church of St. Helen at Abingdon possessed the singular interest of consisting of five parallel aisles, nearly equal in length, breadth, and height, and no nave—St. Helen's in the centre, with Our Lady's and Jesus on the north (in the order of proximity), and St. Catherine's and Holy Cross on the south. But then it had to endure restoration, and although when it emerged from the ordeal, in 1873, it still enjoyed the paradoxical peculiarity of being slightly greater in breadth than in length, it now found itself with a nave and four aisles, the roof of St. Helen's aisle having been considerably heightened, and the walls pierced for a clerestory. That the church was greatly the gainer in point of symmetry must of course be admitted; and it may further be urged that the transformation was only a carrying out of the original design, which, whatever it may have contemplated, could scarcely have intended a naveless church. The plea will not find favour with those who hold that restoration and improvement are not interchangeable terms, and that veracity is as obligatory in the restoring of churches as in the writing of history. But why, after this liberty had been taken, it was deemed necessary to renew and perpetuate the debased rounded heads which disfigured several of the windows, and which could not have been the work of the original builders, since the most recent of the aisles is not later than 1540, is utterly incomprehensible, and would be astonishing if one did not know already how mysterious are the ways of church restorers. These things apart, however, the restoration was a worthy enough work. The barbarous high pews and galleries were swept away, many of the dispossessed images were restored, the old tombs and tablets and other ancient features of the church were carefully preserved, and no effort was spared to make St. Helen's worthy alike of its history, of its standing as the Mother Church of Abingdon, and of its agreeable situation beside the placid waters of the winding Thames. It is, as might be supposed, a spacious building, with sitting accommodation for 1,200 persons, and while certainly not free from the defects of the style to which the body of it belongs, it has in abundant measure the lightness and airiness which are its compensations.

The parapetted tower, placed at the north-east angle of the church, with a high-roofed porch in the lower stage, and terminated by an octagonal spire, supported by tiny flying buttresses springing from crocketed turrets at the angles, is Early English, and, with the exception of a few traces of the

same style, in the north wall, is the only part of the structure not in the Perpendicular. The spire is of unusual design, for the slope of the upper portion, as anything more than a cursory glance serves to show, is less steep than that of the lower, the junction



ST. HELEN'S, FROM THE THAMES.

between the two slopes being marked by a band of enrichment. Notwithstanding this irregularity, the general effect of the spire is distinctly pleasing. In the number and richness of its porches, St. Helen's is rather above the average even of Perpendicular churches. In addition to the one in the tower, there are a north, a west, and a south porch, all of goodly proportions, and all ornamented in the fashion characteristic of the style. The renovation of the tower was only effected in 1885, when also the porches were taken in hand—one of them at the charges of Christ's Hospital, an institution of which there will be something to say presently. The north porch exemplified another peculiarity of Perpendicular porches, since over the low oak roof is a little chamber, or parvise, known as "The Exchequer," where the register and other parish documents are kept. Of the interior of the church, perhaps the most notable feature is the fine timbered roof of the nave and of the two north aisles. That of Our Lady's aisle is especially remarkable, enriched as it is with figures of prophets, saints, and kings, painted at the instance of Nicholas Gold, one of those to whom a charter was granted for the incorporation of the Guild of the Holy Rood in the reign of Henry VI., and still easily traceable, though greatly faded. In this aisle is

another specimen of the same art, in the form of a large detached picture of Christ bearing the Cross. The choir is marked off from Our Lady's aisle on the one hand, and from St. Catherine's on the other, by two corresponding arcaded screens, partly of oak, partly of stone; a screen of somewhat similar design, and extending as far westwards, but all of stone, separates Our Lady's from the Jesus aisle; and the division between choir and nave is effected by a handsome but somewhat obtrusive screen of oak, with a huge cross of the same material rising from the centre.

While the two south aisles are clearly later than the rest of the church—the arches being more depressed, the lines of the windows more rigid, the roofs more obtuse and of rougher workmanship—it is equally clear that the more southerly of the two—Holy Cross—is somewhat later than the other. It dates, in fact, from the year 1539, when it was built by and for the special use of the guild whose name it bears. This fraternity was not, as has been represented, connected with the ancient Abbey of Abingdon, which was dissolved the year before the aisle was built, but was a direct offshoot of the church itself. It is said to have been already in existence in the reign of Richard II., though the charter granted in the fifteenth century by Henry VI., authorising William, Bishop of Sarum, and others, “to make and ordain a Brotherhood or Gylde in the Parish Church of St. Elyn, in Abingdon, which should be called the Master, Brethren, and Sisters of the Fraternity or Gylde of the Holy Cross of Abingdon,” while not irreconcilable with the statement, lends it no countenance. By the beginning of the sixteenth century the brotherhood so founded or revived had fallen on evil days, and it may be that, in adding a fifth aisle to St. Helen's, it was animated as much by a desire to justify its existence in this workaday world as by more exalted motives. If so, its pains were not well rewarded, for the year 1547 witnessed at once its dissolution, and that of the king of whose rapacious policy it was a victim. It was, however, revived in the reign of Henry's pious successor as a charitable corporation under the title of Christ's Hospital, and endowed with about three-fourths of its old possessions, which at the time of its suppression yielded an income of £85 16s. 6d. The charter of resuscitation bade the governors provide food and lodging for fourteen poor persons, keep in repair the four bridges over the Thames and the Ock, and devote any surplus revenue to such further charitable uses as they might determine. The line of picturesque arcaded buildings which abuts upon the churchyard represents their work; but since their day the funds have been greatly augmented by generous bequests and in other ways, until now, not only are they able to maintain some three dozen indigent persons, but a public park has been given to the town, and the Free Grammar School rebuilt.

The aisle of the Holy Cross was not the only architectural memorial of the brethren upon which Henry VIII. laid his heavy hand. The original Market Cross in the centre of the town was erected by their generosity. Whether or not it was designed by Chaucer's son, Thomas, who was a member of the guild, it seems to have been an uncommonly fine piece of work. Leland speaks of it as "a right goodly cross of stone, with fair degrees and imagerie." Elias Ashmole is very bold, and roundly declares that it was "not inferior in workmanship to any in England." But, he adds in his rhetorical yet concise fashion, "Triumphant Rebellion has left no remains of it," and forthwith quits the subject as one too painful for the loyal and antiquarian mind. The figure, interpreted, means that in 1644 Waller's men marched over from Wantage and destroyed the cross, ostensibly as "a superstitious edifice," but not improbably by way of punishing the townspeople, the place having previously been occupied by the Royalists. The present cross, which is really a large and imposing covered market, was built on the same site in 1667, from designs by Inigo Jones; it was restored in 1853.

The intimacy which has always marked the connection between the town and the Church of St. Helen is further illustrated by the Corporation seats in the fore-front of the nave. They are seven in number, and the front bench is flanked by a shield-bearing lion at one end, where sits the mayor, and a similarly-burdened unicorn at the other, which is reserved for the ex-mayor; in the centre is a stand, in which the beadle, when the civic procession has completed its march up the aisle, solemnly fixes the mace. A framed inscription at the inner end of the front seat informs all and sundry that "These seven seats, were rebuilt at the charge of the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Burgesses of this Corporation, in the Year, of Our Lord God, 1717. Matthew Hart, Gentleman, Mayor." At the corresponding end of the seventh seat is another tablet—if the term may be used—put up at the restoration, an exact copy of the older one, even to the eccentric punctuation, except that for Bailiffs we have Aldermen (a change due to the Municipal Act of 1836), that John Tomkins, Gentleman, appears in place of Matthew Hart, and that the date is changed to 1873. The pulpit, though Jacobean, is not uncomely; it is inscribed with the legend, "*Ad hæc idoneus quis, 1636.*" The organ, enclosed in panelled oak, is ingenuously adorned with a small figure, carved in the same material, of King David wearing a gilded crown, and playing a harp to match. Of the marble font, the work of a local sculptor, the effect cannot be said to be proportionate to its dimensions. The east and west windows of the nave, and several others besides, are filled with stained glass, but most of it is quite recent, and none of it ancient. An old copy of Foxe's Book of Martyrs and ancient Bibles and Books of Homilies, with the chains still hanging from them that once guarded

them from covetous hands, are preserved in the vestry, which forms the south-east angle of the church; and through its quaint little window a pleasant glimpse can be had of the Thames as it glides close by in a queenly curve.

Of the many memorials of the dead in St. Helen's the most interesting is the altar-tomb of John Royse, eminent among the benefactors of Abingdon as the founder of the Free Grammar School in the year 1563, some eight years before his death. It lies under an arch beneath the screen that divides Jesus from Our Lady's aisle, and bears his shield of arms, formerly placed above it, consisting of gules, a griffin segreant, with crest and mantling argent. The upper slab was brought by his injunction

from the summer arbour of his garden in London; and his desire was that from it, as from a table, twelve old widows should each receive, every Sunday, a loaf of bread, "good, sweet, and seasonable," saying as they did so, "The Blessed Trinity upon John Royse's soul have mercy." The bread is now dispensed in the Hall of Christ's Hospital, and what was formerly a picturesque ceremony has, within the last few years, degenerated into a mere distribution of doles. John Royse, like his contemporaries in general, had a frank delight in coincidences, and forasmuch as the Grammar School was established in the sixty-third year of his age and of the century, it pleased him to endow it with funds, derived from "two messuages in Birchin Lane, London," sufficient to educate three score and three boys "in sæcula sæculorum."

In the north-western corner of Jesus aisle is a small altar tomb to Richard Curtaine, "a principall member of Christ's Hospital," at the expense of which institution it was repaired in 1826. So obvious an opportunity for punning as



THE TOWER.

was afforded by his name could not, of course, be neglected by his sorrowing survivors, and so we read—

“Our Curtaine in this lower Press,
Rests folded up in Nature's Dress.”

followed by a couplet embodying a yet bolder conceit, still less to the taste of



THE INTERIOR, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST (HOLY CROSS AISLE).

a fastidious generation. At the foot of this is a brass inserted in a large slab of Caen stone, commemorating Geoffrey Barbur, merchant, sometime Bailiff of Bristol, and “a chief benefactor of this town,” who died in 1417, and was buried in the abbey, whence his remains were brought at the dissolution. In finding a resting-place in the parish church this worthy was more fortunate than those many others, “eminent for their Quality, Learning, and Virtue,” of whom Ashmole speaks as having been interred in the abbey, “one of the Glories of England and Reproaches of Sacrilege,” for of them all memorials were destroyed “by the Enthusiastick Fury of the Times of Reformation, when this Monastery fell a Sacrifice to Lust and Avarice, and,” he adds in anti-climax, though it was a natural enough transition to his artless mind, “was rated at £1,876 10s. 9d.”

In the same aisle is an enormous mural monument by Hickey, crowded with portrait figures and busts in marble, intended to represent the grief of men and angels at the death, in 1786, of Mrs. Elizabeth Hawkins, with incidental reference to certain of her relatives, and to one who was very near becoming a relative—the Rev. Walter Hart, to wit, Vice-Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, who pre-deceased her by eighteen years, dying on the eve of their intended marriage. The lady who suffered this cruel disappointment thought herself justified in setting apart a sum of no less than £400 for the perpetration of this monument, of which the most that can be said in the way of praise is that it does no injustice to the taste of the time. At the end of the same aisle is a much more modest memorial of one who seems to have had greater claim upon the gratitude of his contemporaries and the remembrance of posterity. It consists of a portrait, on panel, of one William Lee, who, dying in 1637, at the mature age of ninety-two, might very well have reflected that he had not lived in vain, since, in addition to serving his generation by five times filling the office of Mayor of Abingdon, and six times holding the mastership of Christ's Hospital, he “had in his Lyfe Tyme Yssue from his Loynes 200 lacking but 3.” And should any suspect that this claim to distinction partakes of the licence of ordinary tombstone literature, there is a genealogical tree to substantiate it.

Many other more or less ancient memorials there are, among them a mural tablet to Edmund Bostock (*ob.* August 3, 1605), put up by his “only beloved brother” Lionel, “as an eternal monument of his love,” and a brass, illustrated with an effigy of its subject, in academic robes, immortalising William Heyward, Doctor of Holy Theology, vicar of the parish, who died in 1501, and is certified to have been “Zealous in religion, just in his dealing, loving to his children, charitable to the Poore, and courteous to all.” More eminent by birth, if not for his perfections, was a much earlier vicar—Aymer de Valance, half-brother to Henry I., and afterwards Bishop of Winchester. In 1084 the Conqueror kept Easter at the Abbey here—even then, they say, a venerable institution—with great pomp and festivity, and when he departed he left behind him in charge of Robert D'Oyley, the baron-abbot, the son whose education was so well directed by the monks of Abingdon that he came to be known among men as Beaucherk. It was no doubt owing to this circumstance that the list of vicars of St. Helen's includes one whose veins ran with royal blood.

W. W. HUTCHINGS.

WREXHAM AND GRESFORD.

TWO GREAT WELSH CHURCHES.

“THE Church of Wrexham is the glory, not only of the place, but of North Wales, being a magnificent pile erected in the time of Henry VII.” Thus wrote the famed antiquary of a century ago—Thomas Pennant. And in the proverbial list embracing the “Seven Wonders of Wales” is included, as the first wonder, “The Tower of Wrexham Church,” while another of the wonders is “The Bells of Gresford.” Thus the above title is fully justified when applied to Wrexham and Gresford Churches; both are great in antiquity, in architectural design, in monumental adornment. The history of both churches dates from about the same period. Archdeacon Thomas, in his able “History of the Diocese of St. Asaph,” clearly proves there was a church at Wroxham in 1186, because a moiety of it at that early period was granted to the Abbot and Convent of Valle Crucis. It stood upon the site of the present structure, and its tower is recorded to have been blown down in 1330 or 1331. About this period the whole church seems to have been rebuilt. The present noble pile contains much of the “fourteenth-century church” material. The arches and piers remain, and Mr. Alfred N. Palmer, a local archæologist, is clearly of opinion that a bit of the east end of the south aisle and its piscina “are relics of that church.” There is a further tradition that the tower and the church itself were burnt down in 1463. It is certain, at any rate, that during the latter half of the fifteenth century the structure was again almost entirely rebuilt, and further extensive additions were made at the beginning of the sixteenth century. At this period were laid the foundations of a tower that was to become the finest in North Wales. There is an ancient “englyn” in Welsh which assigns the erection of the present tower to 1508. This majestic piece of work, however, was never built in one single year, and this is proved in a document of undoubted genuineness, which states that in the year 1520 it still remained unfinished. When completed, the tower had twenty-nine niches on its faces and angles, all of which were doubtless filled with statues; most of these still stand, though much decayed. It is still possible, so says Mr. Palmer, to recognise the figures of St. Lawrence, St. Giles, St. Barbara, St. James of Compostella, St. John the Baptist, St. Peter, St. Andrew, and St. Catherine. St. Giles (apparently identified with the Welsh St. Silin, of whom there are no fewer than three statues on the tower) has been the patron saint of Wrexham since at least the end of the fifteenth century.

The prevailing character of the architecture is Perpendicular, but, of course,



WREXHAM, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

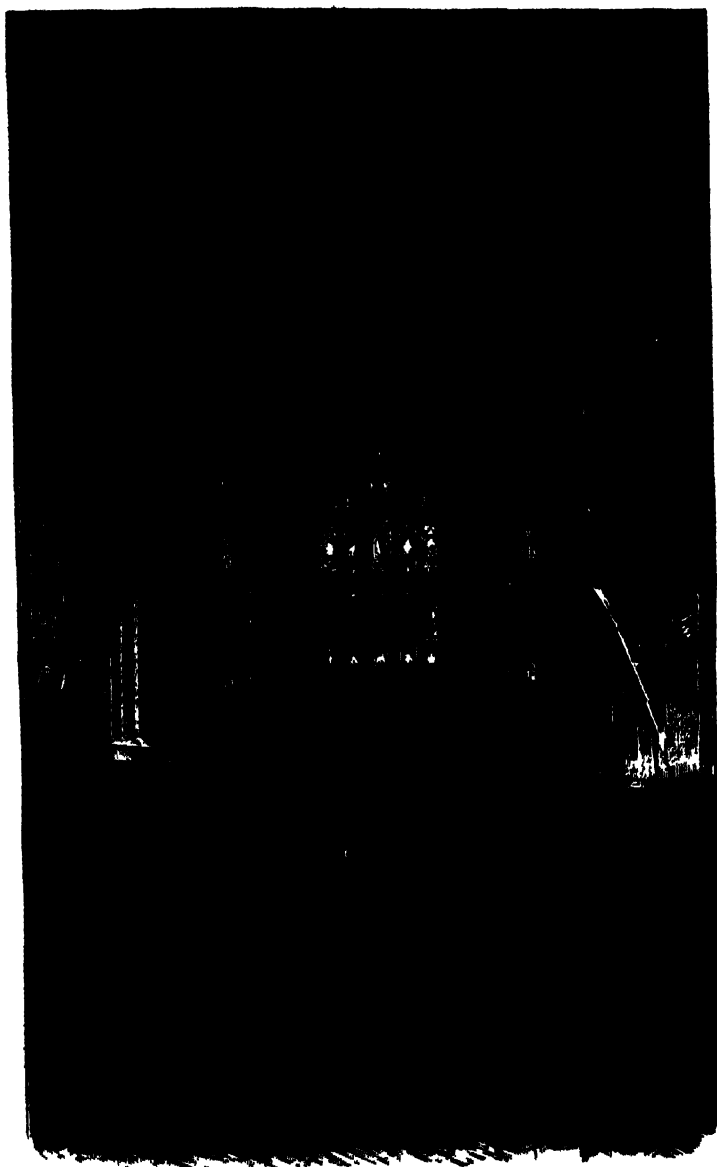
its most important feature is the magnificent tower. There is one circumstance that makes Wrexham church-tower unique among the church-towers of our land, which is that its statues survived both the Reformation and the Great Rebellion. We are told that the reason why two of the niches of the tower are deserted of their saints is owing to the fact that one day they were walking from their pedestals "to take the air," and fell down and were broken! The height of the tower is 135 feet, and a winding stair terminates at the top of the north-west turret. It contains a fine peal of ten bells by Rudhall, of Gloucester, set up in 1726. There is also an older saints' bell.

The interior of the church calls for little special notice. The last "restoration" was in the year 1867. Heavy galleries that formerly ran the length and breadth of the two aisles contained pews which were of a "vested interest" character, for, when built in 1820-1 "by virtue of a faculty from St. Asaph," they were offered in lots at a public auction, and "conditions were to be submitted at the time of sale!" The internal decorations embrace a large picture of King David (on the south wall, near the tower), doubtfully said to be by Rubens. It was brought from Rome by Elihu Yale, founder of Yale College, U.S.A., who lies in the adjoining churchyard. Yale, who was a former Governor of Madras, was buried here on the 22nd of July, 1721. The lectern in the chancel is dated 1524, as an entry in the famous Hengwrt MS., in the handwriting of the no less celebrated author of the same, Robert Vaughan, Esq., fully testifies: "John ap Griffith ap David gave an eagle of brass, price six pounds, for the highest altar in Wrexham Church." It is strange that the baptismal font did duty at a neighbouring mansion (Acton Park) as an ornamental garden basin for some years, and there still remains at Acton a finial, plainly a piece of Wrexham Church, upon which is carved the date 1320.

There are four painted windows in the church, representing Scriptural subjects, and the handsome pulpit was presented by Mr. Peter Walker, Mayor, in the year 1867, having cost £200. The heads on the corbels, right and left at the entrance to the chancel, are said to be those of the Earl and Countess of Derby of that day, who owned large estates near Wrexham. The pair of tattered banners in the aisles are the old colours of the Forty-second Regiment, and bear the honoured names of Alma and Inkerman. The oldest piece of church plate here is a pre-Reformation paten and chalice, attributed by Mr. Wilfrid Cripps to the fifteenth century, and described as a "specimen of great rarity." The registers go back to 1618.

The monuments in the church include an important fourteenth-century effigy of an armoured Welsh knight, Cynwrig ap Howel (now in the porch); an effigy in the chancel of Hugh Bellot, first Bishop of Bangor, who died in 1596, and is here represented, as described by Mr. Bloxam, wearing his academical habits

over his post-Reformation vestments; a curious monument at the end of the south aisle to Sir Richard Lloyd (1676); a monument now in the north aisle,



WREKHAM: THE CHOIR.

by Roubiliac, to Miss Mary Myddelton, daughter of Sir Richard Myddelton, of Chirk; and medallions, also by Roubiliac, of Rev. Thomas Myddelton and his wife. The brass to Mr. Humphrey Lloyd (1673) is by Sylvanus Crue, the well-known engraver. The Viscount Primerose whom another brass commemorates,

was a member of the family to which the present Lord Rosebery belongs. Yale's monument in the churchyard we have already mentioned, and in the fanciful inscription we are informed that he was—

“Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa travelled, and in Asia wed,
Where long he lived. At London dead.”

Fuller, in his “Worthies,” says of the organ in Wrexham Church that it could not be matched “for beauty, bigness, and tuneableness.” In a *Gazetteer* of Charles II.'s reign we read that “at Wrexham is ye rarest steeple in ye 3 nations, and hathe had ye fayrest organes in Europe, till ye late warres in Charles ye First his raigne, whose Parliament forces pulled him and them downe, with other ceremoniall ornaments.” In 1617 Fynes Moryson tells us that “Wrexham was beautified with a most faire tower, called the Holy Tower, and commended for the musically organes in the church.” Archdeacon Thomas refers to Green's organ, erected in 1779, which was reckoned the finest parish-church organ in the diocese at that time.

It should not be overlooked that Dr. Joseph Priestley was married at Wrexham Church on June 23rd, 1762. And Bishop Heber's beautiful missionary hymn

“From Greenland's icy mountains”

was composed at Wrexham Vicarage, and sung on a Whit-Sunday morning some sixty years ago, under local historical circumstances which space forbids us to reproduce.

The church of Gresford is noted for its sweet peal of eight bells. With much more reason could the words of the old national ditty, “The Bells of Aberdovey,” be applied to and verified at Gresford (which *has* chimes that charm), rather than at Aberdovey, where the bells are simply insignificant. The vale of Gresford is beautiful beyond description: “The little river Alun winds playfully through it, here and there glancing through the foliage, like a coy-beauty through her curls, then tripping to its sylvan retreat. The bold background of the Welsh hills, and the affluent dairy lands of the vale royal of Cheshire, with the quaint old city in the distance, give grandeur, profusion, and picturesqueness to the view.” The church of All Saints was founded by “Ithel, son of Eunydd, son of Gwenllian, daughter of Rhys ap Marchan,” styled the heiress of Dyffryn Clwyd. This Ithel had six sons, who jointly gave the land whereon the parish church is built; and the sepulchres of his grand-children, according to Browne Willis, “are in Gresford Church.” Gresford Church, like Wrexham, appears to have been enlarged and beautified at different epochs. The main body of the church belongs to the middle of the thirteenth century,

and is, no doubt, the work of the warrior whose tomb formerly occupied one of the recesses at the base of the tower, and now rests in the wall of the south aisle, with a lion rampant on his shield, and the legend, "Hic jacet Madoc ap Llewelin ap Griffri." He died in 1331. An earlier tombstone to an equally celebrated Welsh chieftain was found in a farnhouse barn herabouts a few years ago, and has now been replaced in the church.

The church-tower, to the height of its first band, appears to have been next added towards the end of the fourteenth century, and the chancel lengthened. This is supposed to have been the work of another Welsh chieftain, "Gronow ap Iorwerth ap Dafydd," whose flat memorial stone is now somewhat concealed by the organ on the north side; it is elaborately sculptured. Towards the end of the next century the church was in a great measure rebuilt—the upper part of the beautiful tower added, the elaborate rood-loft and handsome screen erected, the fine Perpendicular roof put up, the chantries completed, and the windows filled with rich painted glass. In 1543 Vicar White wrote to Bishop Wharton: "That many offerings had been brought to this church from divers parts of the country, by reason of which it was strongly and beautifully made crecte and builded; and also, all manner of ornaments and necessities for the replenishing and furnishing of the said church was bought and provided." In 1807 the church was thoroughly restored by Mr. G. E. Street, R.A.

With the exception of the pillars of the nave, arcading the lower portion of the tower, and the graceful Decorated window of the south aisle, the general character of the architecture is late Perpendicular. Archdeacon Thomas observes: "The most striking feature externally is the handsome tower; whilst internally, the opening view from the west door embraces at once the fine roof, the beautiful rood-screen, and the rich east window." The tower is set off with pinnacles and battlements, and upon the latter, as well as upon the face of the buttresses at the angles, stand carved figures of angels, warriors, and kings. Traceried bands, quaint gargoyles, and hollow cornices adorn its four sides; and these last are carried round the entire church, and represent, as at Mold and elsewhere, a chase of cats, mice, dogs, and grotesque creatures. It may be mentioned that the communion chairs are carved out of one of the beams of the roof, which was broken through by the fall of one of the pinnacles of the tower during a storm in 1850.

There are many interesting monuments in this church, viewed either from an artistic or a genealogical standpoint. The family monuments embrace Gulielmus Madocks de Llay Hall (1749), Johannes Madocks (1794), and John Madocks of Fronyw and Glanywern, M.P. for the Denbigh Boroughs (1837). These are in the Madock Chapel or Llai Chantry. John Madocks was an eminent Chancery barrister in the last century. Llay Hall once belonged to the

Puleston's, and of one of them, "Catherine, ye Lady of Sir Roger Puleston, of Emral, Knight," it is recorded that on the 27th of June, 1685, she was "wrapt in linen and buried." A curious four-light east window in this chapel, dated



GRESFORD: THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

1498, is filled with fine old glass, illustrative of the legend of the Virgin, with portraits of the donors in two of the lights; it has recently been restored at the cost of Col. Madocks. In the Trefalyn Chapel, divided from the chancel and aisles by screens, are monuments to John Trevor of Trefalyn (1589)—a recumbent effigy in plate armour—with a long pedigree in Welsh tracing him through successive generations back to Tudor Trevor, Earl of Hereford, and with twenty-three shields of arms. Another monument on the north wall has two kneeling figures, representing Sir Richard Trevor, knight (1638), son of the preceding, and dame Catherine, his wife (1602), daughter of Roger Puleston, of Emral. In the chancel, among several modern memorials of the dead, are a tablet and bust by Chantrey to W. Egerton, of Gresford Lodge, who died in 1827.

In a memorandum preserved in one of the parochial registers we are told that on the 22nd of November, 1778, a certain Amy Thomas did open penance in the church, in the presence of the churchwardens and parish clerk. What offence Amy Thomas had committed does not appear.

Gresford has had three or four famous vicars. Vicar Hughes, a native of Carnarvon, became Bishop of St. Asaph in 1573. In 1579 Hugh Bellot, D.D., was vicar; he became Bishop of Bangor in 1585, and was translated to Chester ten years later. His effigy is in Wrexham Church. He was one of the early English Bible translators. His successor at Gresford, in 1592, was Richard Parry, A.M., who became Dean of Bangor the same year, and Bishop of St. Asaph in 1604. In 1620 he was instrumental in bringing out a new edition of Bishop Morgan's Welsh Bible, which is practically the standard version of the present day. In 1689 Narcissus Marsh, D.D., was Vicar of Gresford, but only for one year, he being translated in 1690 to the See of Ferns and Leighlin; he became Archbishop of Cashel in the same year; of Dublin in 1694; and of Armagh in 1702. Archbishop Marsh built and endowed a noble library near the Palace of St. Sepulchre, Dublin, and did much church restoration work. He was an author of repute, and gave to the Bodleian Library a large number of Oriental MSS.

It should be added that Samuel Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year" and "The Diary of a Physician," was born in the parish of Gresford.



GRESFORD: THE TOWER.

EDWIN POOLE.



PERIVALE.

ST. LAWRENCE AND BONCHURCH; PERIVALE; BEMERTON.^a

SOME TINY CHURCHES.

THERE are many tiny parish churches to be found in different parts of the country, but, generally speaking, they are buildings that have done the work which they had to perform in the more primitive circumstances of other days. They are still held in reverence, but are chiefly regarded as interesting curiosities. The claim for the apparently enviable distinction of being the very smallest parish church in the kingdom has been hotly disputed from time to time, but since it was shown that the small Sussex church of Lullington, alleged to be only 16 feet square, was after all but the chancel of a much older building (though there were only sixteen parishioners, or just one square foot per head), St. Lawrence, in the Isle of Wight, has been acknowledged to deserve the pre-eminence in this strange category. Of all the small churches this must indeed be the smallest, for its precise dimensions until recently were 20 feet long, 12 feet broad, and 6 feet high to the eaves—dimensions which would leave much to be desired even in the dining-room of a private household. At Pilham, in Lincolnshire, a parish church was built for a congregation of fifty-eight, and the builders were so economical of space that they dispensed with a chancel, putting the Communion table in an apse $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep. Without this

recess the church would not be 27 feet long. In Somersetshire and Dorsetshire, placed where in olden times they would serve the needs of the scanty scattered populations upon the sheep grazing downs, there may still be found an occasional church of wondrously small dimensions, whose fame even for this type of lowliness has never been noised abroad. As these little houses of prayer were in their prime in the three-decker days, so to speak, when the parson and the clerk were inseparable, and when high enclosed pews wasted what little space there was for use, it is easy to understand that the arrival of a few children home for the Christmas holidays would make all the difference between an ordinary and a crowded congregation. The Chilcombe parishioners, for example, numbered, a short time since, twenty-one persons, and in the absence of a belfry or any other tower, the congregation were summoned by a small bell suspended from the arch at the west end of the church. Culbone Church is 34 feet by 12, and has the further distinction of being so romantically situated deep down in a cove or gully that the sun never reaches it during three months of the year.

It is sometimes only by the merest accident that the public becomes aware of the existence of these curious little places of worship, as for example when, in 1882, a correspondent in *Notes and Queries*, happening to drop into a church in the Lake district, was able to picture a congregation of half a dozen, the choir consisting of the clergyman's wife and small daughter, reinforced, when they paused for want of breath, by the clergyman himself. Everything seems to have been on scale; the sermon was quite in proportion to the size of the church, being not more than four minutes long. But the palm, as I have said, must on the whole be awarded to St. Lawrence, in the Isle of Wight; though, having quoted the original measurements in the foregoing paragraph, it should at once be added that the late Earl of Yarborough added 10 feet to the chancel, increasing the total length to 30 feet, and provided a new porch and turret. The modern church, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, is generally attended alike by residents and by visitors to the famous Undercliff of the Isle of Wight; and, even as a curiosity, pointed out to tourists along with the coves, chines, downs, and rocks of that healthy coast, the church of St. Lawrence has declined considerably in importance.

The introduction of railways into the Isle of Wight has not perhaps wrought so marked a change for the worse as sometimes happens when the old has to give place to the new in a holiday land; but there are many changes nevertheless, and the Undercliff has not escaped their touch. The tiny church of St. Lawrence retains but few of the features by which it was known when the friend of Dickens and Forster, the Rev. James White, and John Sterling, the friend of Carlyle, lived in peaceful retirement at Bonchurch, a little further



ST. BONIFACE, BONCHURCH.

along towards the east. In those days the marine villa at St. Lawrence had its Inigo Jones gateway brought from Hampton Court, but the villa, if it has not lost its glory, has parted with some of its once familiar characteristics; gone too, with the opening of a new road, is the St. Lawrence's Well of ice-cold water

at which the thirsty traveller drank. The Church of St. Boniface at Bonchurch, illustrated on the previous page, is so delightfully small that many hasty excursionists confound it in the matter of size with St. Lawrence, and ever after imagine that it was the smallest parish church in the kingdom which they beheld from the green little churchyard overlooking the English Channel.

Having briefly introduced these neighbouring tiny churches to the reader's notice; taking him to the southern shores of the Isle of Wight for the purpose, it will be probably not a disagreeable change to select the next example from within the Metropolitan area. So much is nowadays said, and said truly, of the extension of Greater London in all directions, that many persons might reasonably be surprised to hear that there is a parish quite near London, which, in its seclusion and meagre proportions, occupies a unique position among the class of churches now under review. This is the parish of Perivale, seven miles from the Marble Arch, consisting of 626 acres of land, having only thirty-four inhabitants and five houses. Well might its rector, writing to the *Times*, claim for his parish the distinction of peculiarity and the rank of "the smallest parish in the diocese of London and one of the smallest in all England." The narrow Brent, which tries so hard in its meanderings through the undulating scenery of the Middlesex borders to become a respectable river, touches many an unsuspected bit of pretty rural scenery, but between its source, near Barnet, and its diffident travels by Finchley, Hendon, Kingsbury, and Twyford, it washes nothing so absolutely out of the hurly-burly of London as this five-housed parish, and its toy-like church. Mr. Walford, in Vol. I. of "Greater London," suggests that the parish was formerly known as Greenford Parva, and that it has borne its present name only since the sixteenth century.

The smart villas that abound in the pleasant district which lies between Ealing and Castle Hill are, however, advancing gradually and surely northwards, and the individuality of Perivale will doubtless be soon swallowed up. From the outposts of the line of advance, the church, parsonage, and picturesque farm-houses still mark a peaceful retreat across the winding Brent, still surrounded by trees, bright green fields, and leafy hedgerows of hawthorn and willow. The staring red pillar letter-box, close to the churchyard gate, inscribed with hours of collection, seems to be placed as a direct warning to the low, old-fashioned, half-timbered house, the rick-yards and farm-buildings, and the very quaint church, shadowed by a large elm on one side, and a venerable yew on the other. It suggests railways and telegraphs to follow in due course. The church which serves this little parish is apparently a fourteenth century building, but portions have been restored. No tower could be more primitive than this square

construction, which is not only of wood, but of weather-boards that even a colonist in the bush would consider rude in construction. The dumpy, tiled spire is quite as simple in its architecture, and a sun-dial half-way up the tower is in excellent keeping with this simply interesting edifice. The ivy covering the south wall, and clinging around the wooden porch by the weather-board tower, makes a pretty contrast to the warm red tiling of the roof, and just across the gravel walk there is a high square tomb thickly hung with ivy. Athwart the fence the Brent ripples over shallows, and is crossed by a long foot-bridge leading to a path across the meadows in the direction of the extending suburbs of Ealing.

The interior of Perivale Church is a ~~decided~~ admixture of the old and the new. There are evidences of considerable ~~age~~ along with the most modern methods of ornamentation. The roof is whitewashed, and the crossbeams and perpendicular supports are of dark, timeworn timber. The walls, however, are painted with a pattern not inconsistent with the New Testament pictures, the deep purple embroidered altar-cloth, the seven swinging lamps, tall candles, and other appointments in the choir behind the iron rails. The font at the other end is said to be even older than its cover, which bears the date 1665; and in the chancel there is a brass to the memory of a parishioner, who having, according to the records, had two wives and fifteen children, must have supplied a large proportion of the population of his day, nearly four centuries ago. There are two or three notable monuments in the church: one, dated August 1st, 1748, refers to its subject, "John Gurnell, Esq.," as "an honest and worthy man." On the south wall a chubby child in marble reclines weeping upon a skull, and this is in memory of a young gentleman of six-and-twenty, who died in 1711, and who is mourned as one "whose many good qualities of heart and mind rendered him an honour to his family and delight of his friends, and promised to make him an ornament to his country." A couple of memorials in this tiny interior remind us that even the world itself is not so very large, for there is a painted window to the memory of Henry Condell, the first and second mayor, and first member of the Legislative Council of Melbourne, Victoria, and near the font is a small tablet to the memory of a Canadian colonist. It may be added that Perivale will be found about two miles north of Ealing Railway Station; and the walk itself, being an extremely pleasant one, opening up as it eventually does a view of the favourite Harrow Hill country, is a popular ramble for worshippers who like to combine a little Sunday morning exercise with passing attendance at an interesting place of worship.

About a mile and a half from Salisbury to the left of the Wilton road—faded outside and in, and no doubt with site as unhealthy as it was two hundred and fifty years ago, partly disused but still a church where the wayfarer may rest

and pray—stands Bemerton Church, of which the sainted George Herbert was rector for the short period that remained to him of life after his induction. A more modern church, dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, and intended as a memorial building to George Herbert, has been built higher up the road for the use of the parishioners, who have increased as the suburbs of old Sarum have extended. The old and forlorn-looking little place, referred to by Izaak Walton as the “more pleasant than healthful parsonage of Bemerton,” comes upon you suddenly as you descend a steep hill on your way to the river Wiley. It surely invites meditation, for, although the bells of the cathedral city come faintly to you across the intervening water meadows, you are, in Bemerton churchyard, amongst the whispering of trees and singing of birds, out of the world, and unmindful, as George Herbert probably was himself, of the unwholesome damps of the valley.

Both the parsonage and the church were restored by Herbert himself, though all too short was the career vouchsafed to the restorer, who was buried beneath the altar-rail within five years of the day when he was shut into the church to toll the bell alone as the law required him. The building is about forty-six feet long by eighteen feet wide, and forty or fifty would be a very good congregation. The church was restored a few years since, and is still used for early prayers. A window on the south side of the chancel is reputed to be very ancient. The old Decorated windows and the Early English font give some idea of what the church was, but there is little other interest attached to Bemerton Church than its association with the worthy whose life was so prettily written by Izaak Walton. This hero-worshipper in his old age gravitated quite naturally to cathedral cities and cathedrals; and no doubt knew Salisbury almost as well as he knew Winchester, where, at last, he found his burial. There are touches here and there in the biography which convince one that he was personally well acquainted with the charming country around the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, and the valleys and meads watered by the Avon and its sister streams; and the walks which Herbert took to Salisbury—where he went, with tolerable regularity, twice a week for private musical exercises—were, undoubtedly, familiar ground to the famous London citizen, who, recent biographers have discovered, was not a haberdasher (as was always declared), but an ironmonger.

Whatever his calling in active life may have been, Izaak Walton, the retired tradesman, tells with mingled pathos and dignity the story of George Herbert's life; albeit, one smiles when one reads, “The third day after he was made rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical cloak, he returned, so habited, with his friend Mr. Woodnot, to Bainton; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her—‘You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house

as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know, that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place, but that which she purchaseth by obliging humility; and I am sure places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, that I am so good a herald as to assure



BEMERTON.

you that this is truth.'” The previous rector was a wise man in living at a better parsonage house, though it was many miles away from his parishioners, allowing the rectory to fall into disrepair. George Herbert was too conscientious to follow his example, though the parsonage was notoriously unhealthy. He had to rebuild three parts of the deserted house before he could live in it, and this he did all at his own charge; patching up the church also, and beautifying a little chapel standing near the house. The rules he laid down for his guidance as a clergyman we can read in his “Country Parson;” but there was surely something almost prophetic in his inscribing, over the chimney-piece in Bemerton parsonage hall, these lines:—

TO MY SUCCESSOR.

“If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost;
Be good to the poor
As God gives thee store,
Then my labour's not lost.”

WILLIAM SENIOR.

FAIRFORD.

SOME FAMOUS WINDOWS.

MANY churches have attached to them, in current local talk, superlative appellations, which bespeak a commendable measure of pride in the finest building in the neighbourhood, but a noteworthy ignorance of what may exist in other parts of the country. Thus the largest and the finest parish church in England may be met with more than once, and the smallest or the oldest even more frequently. Indeed a careful collation of these vainglorious titles would, if it were worth the trouble, make a collection as amusing in a smaller degree as the schedule of relics compiled by the Commissioners of King Henry VIII. Among the titles on the list would be that of "the Lantern of England." But if any church can claim to be called a lantern, a glowing, coloured lantern of sacred art, it must be the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, in the sequestered Gloucestershire petty sessional town of Fairford. No doubt in mediæval times much pains and expense were bestowed upon filling our churches with these

"Storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light,"

of which the great Puritan poet sings. But the fragility of the medium has made them suffer more from the fury of the iconoclast and from the effacing hand of Time than other embodiments of the piety of our ancestors, and all that are usually preserved are a few fragments, or at most the main portions of one or two windows. Here in Fairford, however, we have a series of mediæval windows, which there is justification for saying were designed for their present situation, which illustrate a harmonious and practically connected succession of subjects, and which, notwithstanding all they have suffered from injuries and ignorant handling in times gone by, are perfect in comparison with anything of the kind to be found elsewhere. There are crudities in the drawing, of course, as in the bed whereon the Virgin's mother lies, for it is at such an angle that in reality she would slip off it in a very few moments. But though their designer may not have been acquainted with the laws of perspective, his was the mind of a master; he could make his characters and scenes eloquent to eyes that gaze upon them centuries after he has mouldered in a forgotten grave. He may not have been able to design a horse, but the diabolical expression he could give to the eyes of a grotesque fiend, and the many varieties of devils he could imagine, is something marvellous. But most enviably inimitable of all

is his glorious colouring; his glass does not merely present a surface of a certain hue, but glows with it and sheds it in all directions, particularly the gorgeous reds, of which he knew no less than three brilliant shades. He could also interpret the restful green of the fields and the pale blue of the skies. It is not to be wondered that local pride in these beautiful works of art attributed them to such a famous genius as Albert Dürer, though the theory cannot be sustained. They are undeniably Flemish or German, but in their architectural and other accessories follow the conventional treatment, whereas Dürer was a realist and reproduced actual contemporary details.

Much learned care has been bestowed upon the description of these Fairford windows and upon the elucidation of the subjects they represent. But they are like Naples, they must be seen; no words can express the influence they exert upon the mind of the beholder. Passing up the broad market place, which has never since been so lively as it was when the London and Gloucester coaches dashed through it, the visitor comes to the parish church where he is prepared to find it, opposite the entrance gates of the Park, round which the town has grown up, and near the banks of a very good trout stream, the Colne. The building is a handsome specimen of late Perpendicular architecture, consisting of a chancel, nave with aisles and western tower, the lateness of the work being indicated by the pinnacles at the various stages of the angular buttresses of the tower, as well as by the termination of the latter. The nave and chancel have embattled parapets, but that of the tower is of a bold and handsome open work, which could yet be matched elsewhere. As much might be said of the church, as it has been seen so far; there are scores of churches in England architecturally as good and as interesting. But when one crosses the threshold of the porch all is changed, and the mind surrenders at discretion to the spell of the wondrous windows. They do not merely attract attention; they are the dominant and pervading influence. The sensation may be likened to that with which the stranger to Paris, after passing through the new-looking courtyard and galleries of the Palace of Justice, suddenly steps within the radiant light of the rich-hued, ancient stained glass windows of Sainte Chapelle.

The subjects of the Fairford windows are, of course, Biblical, though mediæval artists did not work directly from the sacred volume but from some such collection as the "*Biblia Pauperum*," where they found the facts with a legendary embroidery which adapted them better to their purpose, and which was, of course, more familiar to the people of their time than Holy Writ itself. It is also not surprising to find that the arrangement of subjects in Fairford—the life of our Lord in the chancel and its chapels, Old Testament subjects in the nave, and the Last Judgment in the great west window—follows an accepted rule, which we know from French records was well understood at least two hundred years



FAIRFORD, FROM THE COLNE

before these windows were wrought, and has not altogether lost its influence yet. Three open wood screens still remain; the centre one divides off the chancel, that on the north side separates the Lady Chapel from the nave aisle, and that on the south the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. Naturally the windows in the Lady Chapel illustrate the history of the Virgin Mary, commencing with the traditional incident of the meeting of her parents Joachim and Anne outside the golden gate of the Temple; then the birth of the Virgin, her self-dedication to the service of God, the espousal of Joseph and Mary, the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, the Purification, and the Presentation of Christ in the Temple. The centre light of the east window of this chapel is the Assumption of the Virgin, with the Flight into Egypt, and the Massacre of the Innocents on one side, and the Child Jesus with the Doctors in the Temple on the other. In the nave the next window to this chapel is filled with what were considered to be Old Testament types of the Virgin—the Temptation of Eve, Moses at the Burning Bush, Gideon and the Fleece, and the Queen of Sheba offering gifts to Solomon, but where the symbolism is not apparent it scarcely calls for explanation.

The upper part of the great east window of the church is occupied with a representation of the Crucifixion, but the central figure has been shattered. Most of the actors in the scene are mounted on horseback, although the horses are not at all well drawn. In the lower lights are represented the Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem (wherein the boys above the gate, with a scroll of music in their hands, commemorate the old custom of singing in the church tower on Palm Sunday the hymn, “Gloria, Laus et Honor”), the Agony in Gethsemane, the Judgment of Pilate, Jesus scourged, and Christ going forth to Calvary. The window on the south side of the chancel depicts the Descent from the Cross, a very beautiful work, the Entombment, and Christ preaching to the spirits in prison. Although injured, this is a very interesting light, for it shows how mediæval imagination revelled in ideas of the nether world, and how the designer of these windows could use his lurid red glass. It is astonishing to see how much expression he has imparted to the faces of the routed fiends who are descending into the flames of hell, in the midst of which is one human face in the agony of everlasting torment. In the south chapel the story is carried on to the descent of the Holy Ghost. The centre of the window above the altar portrays the Transfiguration, which was so treated as to be emblematical of the doctrine of Transubstantiation. On either side of it are Christ appearing to the Virgin, and Christ appearing to the holy women. Then comes the supper at Emmaus, with a very quaint table, and the unbelief of Thomas. The appearance of Christ at the Sea of Tiberias includes a representation of the draught of fishes which is very curious, and has attracted

special attention for at least two centuries. The Ascension is the most crude and inartistic work of the whole series; the Mount of Olives, with the impress of the feet of Christ upon the summit, is drawn up into the shape of a distorted

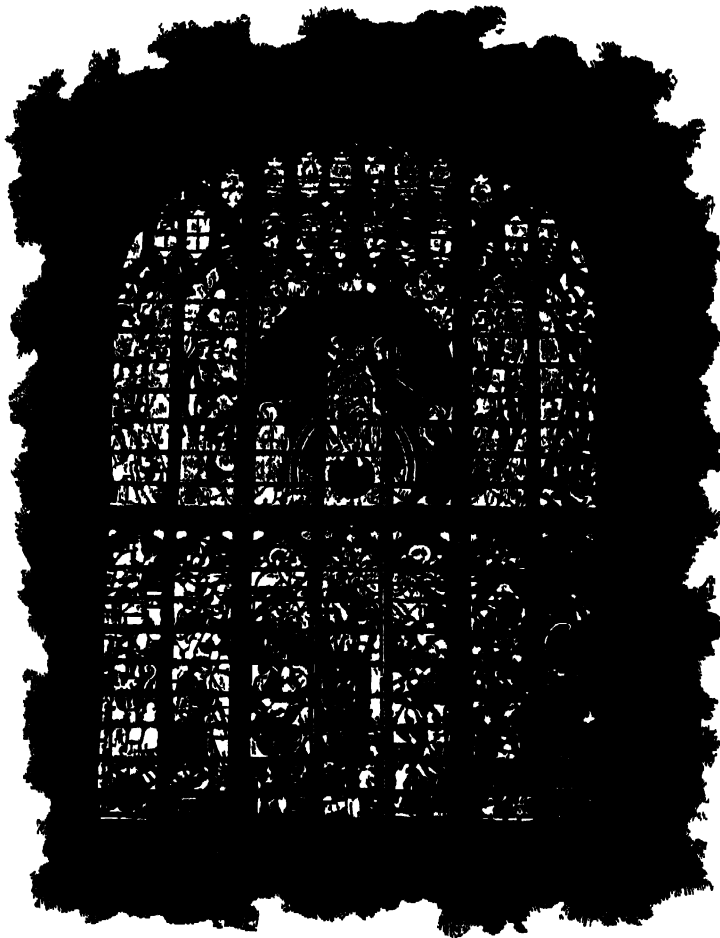


THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

cone, and that there may be no mistake as to the subject of the picture, the feet are seen up in the clouds. This is like the mediæval sculptor who having on Bath Abbey to represent angels ascending and descending, as in Jacob's dream, put some head downwards so as to make it perfectly clear that they were coming down!

In the nave will be found another series of subjects. In the three four-light windows on the south side are represented the twelve Apostles, and although they have been a good deal damaged, the beauty of the figures is clearly

evident. Each bears a scroll containing a clause of the Creed which goes by their name, for it was a mediæval tradition that this declaration of faith was composed between them, each of the twelve contributing one portion of it. But this fanciful idea was carried still further: to correspond one by one with the



THE GREAT WEST WINDOW.

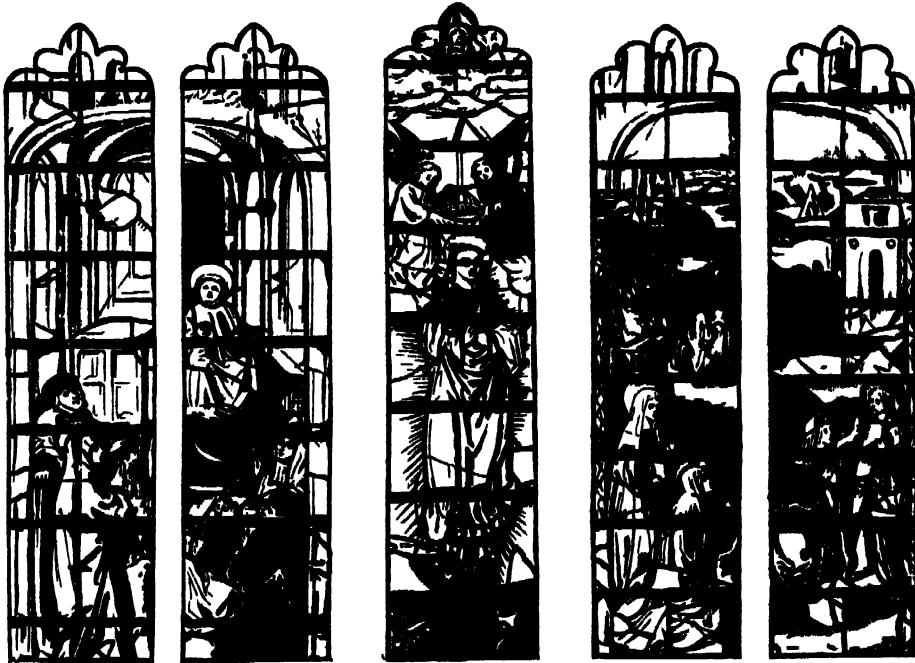
Apostles, twelve prophets were selected, each of whom bore a scroll with a suitable text, and all these had been worked out, as they appear at Fairford, as far back as 1310, which is shown by Queen Mary's Psalter in the British Museum. Thus St. Peter commences the Creed: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth;" the prophet Jeremiah responds, "Ye shall call upon the Father who made Heaven and Earth." The fourth window in each aisle shows a similar correspondence, for one contains the four Evangelists, the other the four great Fathers of the Church, Jerome, Gregory, Ambrose, and Augustine. The clerestory depicts on the south side notable professors of the Faith, and on

the north side notable persecutors; and the little devils in the tracery of these windows are wonderfully quaint and vigorous. The west window, which is devoted to the Last Judgment, must at one time have been the finest as it is the largest composition in the whole series, and its lower lights, which are original, are intensely characteristic of mediæval ideas. The Archangel Michael, in golden armour, has the scales of judgment in his hand, and is weighing a human soul against a crimson fiend; at the angel's feet the dead arise and the redeemed are admitted into Paradise by St. Peter, who therefore, as thus attending to his special duty, does not appear in the circle of the Apostles round the throne of God in the upper part of the picture. On the other side is shown what a scroll describes as "*Judicium dampnatorum*," full of weird fancies and lurid scenes which quite outdo the strange conceptions of Wiertz. In the windows north and south of this are its Old Testament parallels, the Judgment of David upon the Amalekite who slew Saul, and the Judgment of Solomon.

It is now necessary to speak of the injuries which the glass has received in the course of its long history. The local tradition is that it was at one time necessary to its security to remove it from the windows and bury it. At any rate it must at some time have been removed by an uninstructed person, who transposed certain of the figures and caused considerable confusion with many of the pieces. When a piece was broken or fell out it was replaced by ordinary white glass. This, however, was preferable to the fate which has befallen the great west window. A memorable hailstorm in 1704 did such damage to the west windows that at an expense of two hundred pounds all the windows were secured with a wire lattice. A modern firm of stained glass manufacturers some years ago set to work to restore the west window in the worst sense of the word, removing the fragments which must have remained, and, by putting in a production of their own, invited a comparison it would have been wiser to avoid. They are also credited with having altered the tau crosses in the east window to the Latin form, a surely unnecessary proceeding. In the latter half of 1888 and the beginning of 1889 the windows were carefully restored by Messrs. Lavars, Westlake, and Barraud at a cost of three thousand pounds, to which sum the Queen has contributed. It is satisfactory to put on record the careful and reverent way in which the work necessary to the preservation of these priceless works of art has been carried out. The windows would have fallen to pieces if they had not been releaded, but this has been done in the village under the vigilant supervision of the Vicar, the Rev. F. R. Carbonell. In the process every effort was made to restore misplaced fragments to their right places and make the windows as perfect as possible, but not a scrap of modern work was allowed to be introduced. All that was done was to remove the white glass previously spoken of and replace

it with pieces of a smoky brown tint, which while they clearly indicate how much of the original glass remains, do not offend the eye by a glaring contrast.

The founder of this church was John Tame, a wealthy woolstapler, whose



THE EAST WINDOW OF THE LADY CHAPEL.

trade with the Low Countries probably led him to a knowledge of the beauties of stained glass and to the production of these Fairford windows. Of this there is no record, but the tomb lying midway between the altar of the church and that of the Lady Chapel is understood to be his. All honour is due to his name, but the reader will probably take more pleasure in the knowledge that John Keble was born in this parish, of which his father was vicar, and that the glorious Fairford windows had a share in colouring the mind of the sweet singer of the "Christian Year."

HAROLD LEWIS.

ST. MARY'S, OXFORD, AND ST. MARY'S, CAMBRIDGE.

TWO UNIVERSITY CHURCHES.

CHIEFLY from the rapid succession of academical generations, the historic traditions of Oxford bear no proportion to the historic appearance she still presents. Such as there are chiefly relate to great men's lives before they began to be great, or to behave and be treated accordingly; like the stories of Milton's Cambridge birchings, or of Johnson throwing his shoes out of window at Pembroke. But for actual collision with stirring historical event, Oxford incurs it now and then; and did so very signally at the time of the Reformation and Rebellion. And St. Mary's Church—which forms, with the Divinity School, the theological centre of Oxford, though not the ecclesiastical—is perhaps in closer contact with history, and more likely to witness stirring scenes, than any other university or college building. It is, indeed, connected with romance, through poor Amy Robsart, and with romance of singular beauty and inaccuracy; but the last scenes of the lives of Ridley and Latimer, and the final choice and agony of Cranmer six months afterwards, are history of sifted exactness and the deepest tragedy.

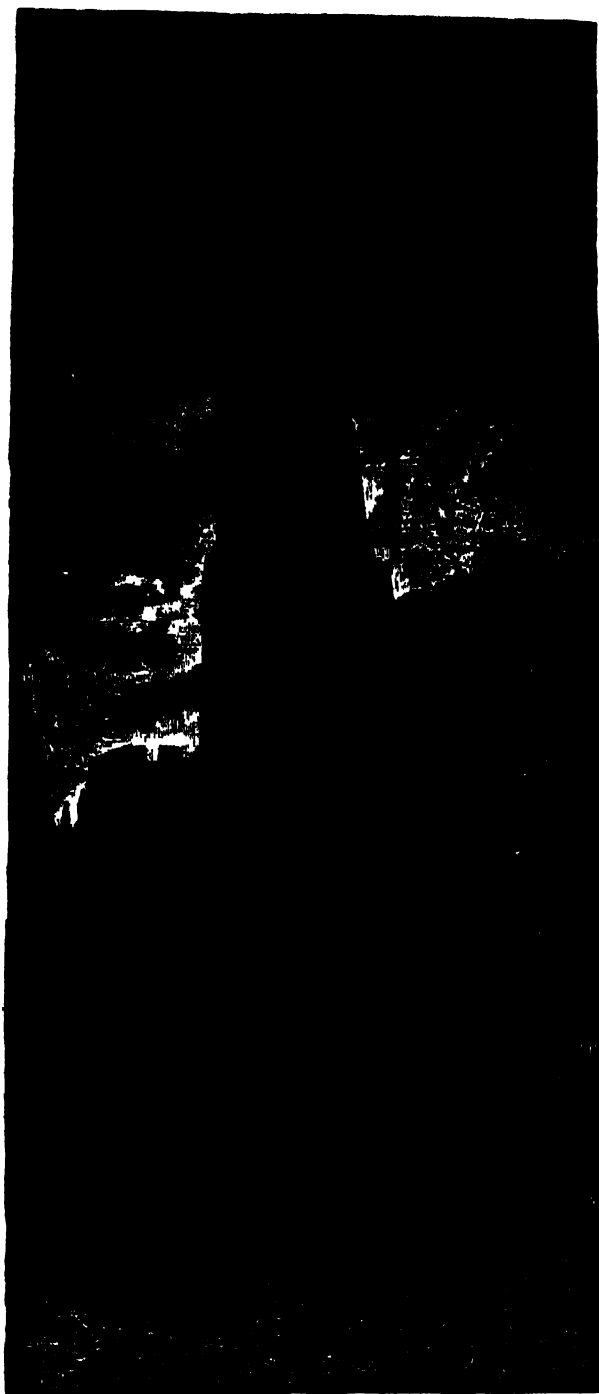
We have always—that is to say for nearly fifty years' residence, with much foreign travel—considered St. Mary's among the most beautiful churches in the world of its size; and it is more happily situated than most others of its importance, both as to approach and as to nearer and more distant prospect. It is the centre of the Oxford picturesque; its most aspiring of all spires asserts itself from every point like a gnomon to the whole University, and has always seemed to us to have a cheerfulness and brilliancy of its own in fine weather which does not sink below pensiveness in the darkest Oxford mixture of rain and waters. As a part of any distant view of the city, the Radcliffe dome commands the eye from its greater massiveness, so that Oxford may be numbered among the cities which leave a final impression of a dome and a river, like Rome, London, Florence, or Jerusalem.* We know few better representations than Turner's showery picture from Hincksey meadows, with the wet gleam flying over the beautiful spire.

Some kind of structure, of the nature of a congregation-house and chapel, must have existed from very early times, certainly as early as 1201, on or close to the site of St. Mary's tower and spire. These, beyond all doubt, were built

* The Kedron is seldom in evidence below the Dome of the Rock, but the dominion of the structure over the valley is the point.

about 1300, with Adam de Brome's chapel in the north-west base of the tower.* It is a part of the historical picturesque of the building to bear his name, as almoner of Eleanor of Castile, the true wife of Edward I., who "drew forth the poison with her balmy breath" from his good right arm. Her bossy pomegranates line the pinnacles and panels of the spire with peculiarly good effect; and it might have been better if, for her memory's sake, the Decorated style had always been adhered to.

The chancel was built between 1460 and 1472, the nave about 1488, and the external walls of Eleanor and Adam de Brome were then renewed. This noble interior is long and lofty, with five windows on each side. At the east end the original decorations and stall desks are preserved, as well as the sedilia with canopies and cornices, adorned with the vine leaf and the Tudor flower. The reredos has been half destroyed by a quantity of bad Italian woodwork, of which we can give no certain account, as nothing is said of it or of its expenses by Anthony à Wood. It must be attributed to Laud and Dr. Morgan Owen, we fear, with the gateway and its twisted columns. But for



ST. MARY'S, OXFORD.

the chancel, its historic associations are grave. This is not the place to speak of the Oxford martyrdoms, or of those of the Roman Catholics of Edward VI.'s or Elizabeth's reign, or of the sad heredity of persecution to death which, in truth, had descended on the Church from the old Imperium of Rome.

* Now fitted for the Bishops' Court, and used a robing-room by the heads of houses.

But here, before the altar, Ridley and Latimer suffered the degradation which preluded the stake; and here, beyond all doubt, Cranmer made final and categorical confession of his faith in the Apostles' Creed and the Old and New Testament; therein to die, since better might not be. The niches of the mangled reredos had then their statues, which doubtless looked down impassively on the transactions below, like heathen gods of the third century on analogous proceedings in a Roman basilica.* The nave of the church was finished in 1488, eight years after the then new Divinity School. It was the great time of the earliest Oxford Perpendicular architecture; many excellent works were going on at the same time, and the Divinity School was delayed because its workmen were removed, we know not how long, to the Royal works at Windsor and Eton under William of Waynflete. For such serious undertakings the University invited contributions, and the Prince of Wales and Charles VIII. of France were among the donors: the thrifty King of England gave forty oaks; and the completed works must have given Oxford a first look of splendour unknown in the ancient days, when fellow-students had huddled *al fresco* under ramparts and in wall towers, or at best, slept three or four to the truckle-bed; read chained books in fireless libraries; and fought the townsmen with swords, bows and arrows.

We remember the rebuilding of the upper part of the spire in 1850, when a second set of pinnacles was added, under loud remonstrance from the common-rooms, who all assumed an intensely accurate sense of architectural proportion for the nonce, if they had it not. Common-room opinion is no more in Oxford, and all we can say of it here is that it was sometimes wrong and sometimes right, and that very much fun has perished with it, which will never be replaced by the suburban tricyclists who now conduct University instruction from ten to four daily. *Æsthetic* feeling was again roused in 1865 on the subject of the Laudian Porch to the south door. As an adjunct to a Decorated Gothic church, it is certainly as incongruous as any combination of stone and mortar can be. Twisted columns from St. Peter's, a Rococo-Renaissance pediment and fluted concha, with Madonna to match, have always been a trial to Gothic purists. But historical association for once held its own, and the queer structure yet remains to bear the names of Laud and his chaplain, Dr. Morgan Owen. As the Madonna was made an article of accusation by the Parliament against the former, he may be said to have paid for the whole concern in every sense.

A much more ancient building forms a part of the north-east chancel, though separated by a narrow passage within. It was originally used as a Congregation House, as early as 1200; and formed, with what preceded Adam de Brome's chapel, a central prytaneum for University assemblies and archives. An upper

* See Isaac Taylor "Restoration of Belief," p. 68.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HILLS & SAUNDERS.

ST MARY'S, OXFORD, FROM THE NORTH

CASELL & COMPANY, LIMITED.

storey of Edward II.'s time points to this; and it must have been a kind of treasury and library, till Duke Humphrey built the long room over the Divinity School, which is now the reading-room of the Bodleian. This St. Mary's chamber or chapel (lately used by unattached students) contains a beautiful vaulting, disguised by the Perpendicular windows in the north. It is no use criticising styles, or declaring our sympathy with the Oxford saying, that St. Mary's east window, also Perpendicular, is like an immense gridiron, only comparable with the celebrated one in Christ Church Kitchen. There is only the more reason for pressing on the good work of completing it in rich colour, which would lessen the effect of the mullion bars. Funds are collecting for this purpose, and, as Mr. Parker pointed out, it is otherwise an important one; because the arms of donors and notables might be collected in the smaller lights above. They are scattered and unnoticed in the building. For instance, only the "rebus" of Walter Lyhert, Le Harte or Le Hert, Provost of Oriel, and afterwards Bishop of Norwich, remains on one of the corbels of the chancel; but, left thus by itself, there seems no meaning nor "modus" in his "rebus." It should certainly be collected with other ancient insignia in some great window. The completion of the glass in this church would be a step of real importance in architecture.

There is an account in Froude (vol. vii., 278) of the sad pageant of the funeral of Amy Robsart in the chancel, September, 1560. Half the persons present must have had a vivid remembrance of Cranmer six years before. We have only space to say that though one may desire to err always with Scott, one must draw the line somewhere. And it is certain that Lord Robert Dudley, husband of Amy Robsart, and accomplice in her death, but not Earl of Leicester till after it, was married to her at Shene publicly and in presence of Edward VI., by that monarch's diary, eleven years before; that Cecil also noted it as a marriage of ill-omened passion; that Amy, Lady Dudley, always lived, in reputed ill-health, alone at Cumnor; and was there murdered by persons interested in Dudley's marriage with Elizabeth. There had been a lame and fruitless inquiry, and "the gorgeousness of the ceremonial," says Froude, "was intended to disarm suspicion."

The pulpit of St. Mary's is the last feature which demands our notice, or rather, the last thing we have room to notice; and Scott leads us to it again. It is impossible to say whether, as stated in "Woodstock," General Harrison ever occupied it sword in hand, and with buff-coat, boots and spurs. He cannot have done so on any marked occasion and yet escaped chronicle, as he has done. But he was in Oxford when Cromwell and Fairfax were there, A.D. 1649; and on that occasion they sat in doctor's red robes on the left and right of the Vice-Chancellor in the then Convocation House. They probably did not lay by

sword or spur; and Harrison was presented to them as a Master of Arts, in all probability without putting off his. Further, the General could do just what he liked in St. Mary's, which was closed and under repairs; and he was exactly the man to improve the ceremonial he had just gone through, if he met a few Ironsides desiring a word in season on his way from Convocation.*

There is nothing to be said about the one or two forgotten tombs (one in the altar form with a slab of Purbeck marble and matrix of a brass), or the many forgotten graves in the chancel. Few Oxford men, old or young, would wish for a spick-and-span restoration. The latter would think the money better spent in exhibitions or examinations; the former would rather wish, considering the associations, that the present pensive state of substantial repair should continue; reinforced, perhaps, chiefly by a good rich east window, doing what it can for the faint memory of the donors and builders of five centuries. As George Herbert sings:—

“Only some herald, who that way doth pass,
Finds their crack'd names at length in the church glass.”

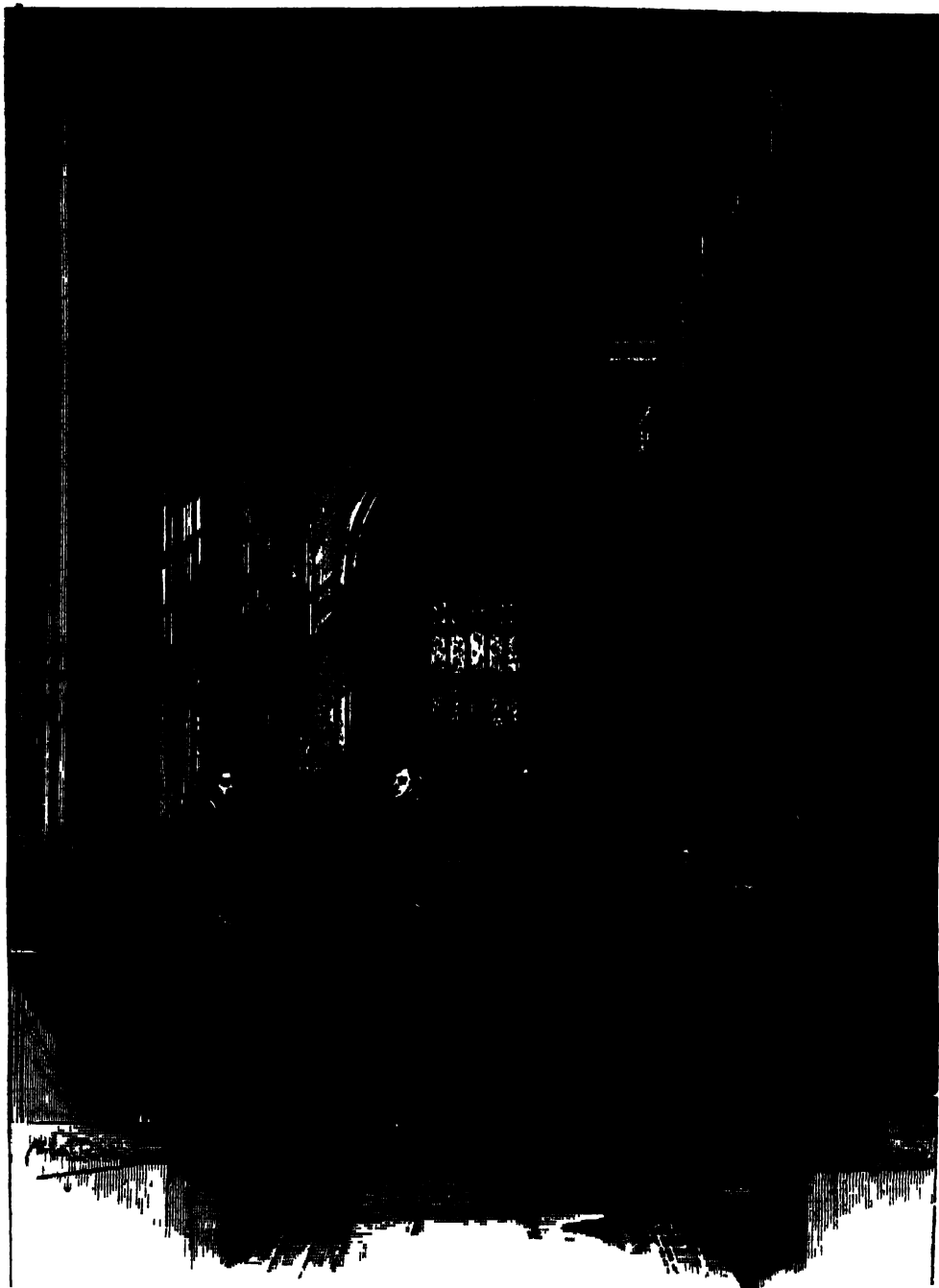
R. S. TYRWHITT.

Oxford and Cambridge have a strong general resemblance, but differ much in detail. This is true not only in their internal order, but also in their external aspect. Each is situate in a valley; but at Cambridge this has well-nigh expanded into a plain, while at Oxford the limiting hills shelve down to the outskirts of the town. Each is washed by a river; but the Isis at Oxford, though in a narrower valley, is a broader and a finer stream than the Cam at Cambridge. Considering the situation of the town, the general view of Oxford is remarkably picturesque; no dome like that of the Radcliff, no spire comparable with that of St. Mary's, graces the dull outline of Cambridge. The new tower of St. John's College Chapel is heavy and incongruous; its University church has only a western tower, simple, though not unpleasing in design; but this is of no great height, and is often dwarfed in distant views by the neighbouring mass of King's College Chapel. In short, the church, though we are far from wishing to disparage it, is in many respects inferior to St. Mary's, Oxford, both in its architecture and in its historic associations.

St. Mary's, Cambridge, is the church of a parish as well as of the University. Its full title is St. Mary's the Great, to distinguish it from another and smaller church and parish with the same dedication. As it is close to the market place, and in the centre of the town, it was often called in old documents *Parochia*

* See the admirable account of the visitation of Oxford by the Parliament. Camden Society, by Professor Burrows.

Sanctæ Mariæ ad forum. Formerly a hostel with the same dedication stood opposite to the west end, not far from the site of the present Senate House. According



ST. MARY'S, CAMBRIDGE, LOOKING EAST.

to the old registers of receipts and payments, and the lists of goods, the church in former times appears to have been exceptionally rich in plate, jewels, robes,

and vestments, and there were several chapels. The old rood screen disappeared in Archbishop Parker's time, and the woodwork of the chancel during the last century, but a richly carved oak chest for the parish deeds has been preserved.

There was once a south porch, but this was destroyed early in the present century, and a vestry east of the present south aisle has also disappeared. There are no monuments of interest in the church. An altar-tomb has been taken from the south aisle since the middle of the last century, and the matrices of three or four brasses exist in the nave. But few of the minor details have any special interest, though the peal of eight bells, "perhaps the finest-toned in the Eastern Counties," must not be forgotten. There are few sounds sadder, yet sweeter, than when the stillness of a summer night is broken by a muffled peal, indicating that one of the more eminent resident members of the University has passed to his rest. In connection with the tower it may be mentioned that the famous "Vicar of Bray" was earnest in promoting the building.

At what date a church was first built on this site is not known; but there was already one in the thirteenth century, for it was granted by King John to Thomas de Chimelye in 1205. Near the end of that century, in 1290, it suffered in a fire. The damage was repaired; but this must have been great, for many years elapsed before the work was finished. But in 1478 the church was rebuilt; some portions, however, of the older structure are incorporated in the present chancel walls. Caius informs us with singular minuteness "that the first stone of the new edifice was laid on the 16th day of May in that year, at forty-five minutes past six o'clock, *post meridiem*.* The work appears to have progressed but slowly, a large part of the expense being defrayed by the University. Services, however, according to the Proctors' books, were carried on as usual, probably in the chancel, and in 1488 John Alcock, Bishop of Ely, preached in St. Mary's *bonum et blandum sermonem*, which lasted from one in the afternoon till past three! What would be said in these days of short sermons?†

By 1519 the body of the church was finished, but it remained without a tower for nearly a century; this not being completed till 1608. As a monument in the church records, John Warren, the builder, "with the church his own life finished." St. Mary's, as it now stands, is a fine example of a late Perpendicular structure of a type common in the Eastern Counties. It consists of a lofty nave with aisles, separated from the chancel by a rather high and wide arch; the nave arches are also large, and above them is a clerestory. The walls internally are enriched in places by panel-work, so that the church originally must have presented a rather grand interior. At the end of the aisles are chapels, of which the northern now serves as a vestry, the southern contains a choir organ.

* Le Keux, *Memorials of Cambridge*, "Parish of Great St. Mary's."

† Sanders, *Notes on St. Mary's Church* (*Cambr. Antiq. Soc.*), p. 11.

The aisles are prolonged westward, so as to be flush with the outer wall of the tower. The western doorway was rebuilt in 1850, when an ugly insertion of the eighteenth century was removed; the exterior of the chancel was repaired a few years later, and in 1863 the interior of the church was very thoroughly restored, but at the same time was deprived of its distinctive and peculiar features. These, however, dated only from the last century. In 1735 galleries were put up in the two side aisles and across the western end of the church. Then, in 1751, the chancel arch was blocked by the erection of a sort of open chamber, supported on arches, all of wood. Cole thus refers to it: "By the advice and contrivance of my worthy friend, James Burrough . . . the Chancel is quite altered, and the Church appears to much less advantage than it used to look: for the Stalls and a fine screen are taken down in the Chancell, and a Gallery built with an arched top of wainscott, highly ornamented indeed with Mosaic carving, but very absurd in the design." Cole's verdict upon it is just: anything uglier than this extraordinary structure could not well be imagined. Of course, it completely shut out the east window, and only by looking through the arches on which it rested could a view of the communion table be obtained. The Vice-Chancellor occupied a kind of desk in the middle of the front row of seats; on either side sat the heads of houses. From this circumstance the gallery, in University slang, was irreverently styled Golgotha. The arrangement of the floor of the church, which probably dated from the same epoch, was no less peculiar. Beneath the galleries, and projecting a little beyond them, were the usual pews, but within them was an oblong space of considerable size in the middle of the church, sometimes called "the pit." A seat ran round it on the outside of the pews, and benches were placed on its floor. Facing the "Golgotha" gallery, and nearer to the western one, rose a large and lofty pulpit. Within this a spiral staircase was ingeniously contrived, so that the preacher, after disappearing through a door at the base, presently rose up in the pulpit like a slow Jack-in-the-box.

Almost all this disappeared at the last restoration. The side galleries were perforce left, because without them there would not have been sufficient room for a large congregation. The western one was taken down, and there is now only a sort of "minstrels' gallery" under the tower arch and in front of the large organ, a restored work of Father Smith. Handsome oak seats were placed on the floor of the church, a new pulpit* was erected near the chancel arch, and the chancel itself was fitted with stalls. Since then a reredos has been erected, the gift of the late Bishop of Durham, and the east window filled with good modern stained glass. The Vice-Chancellor and Doctors now occupy the chancel stalls

* It has proved a difficulty to find a good position for this, and there is an arrangement for moving it about.

with some of the front seats in the nave, the other graduates of the University sitting behind the latter, and yet further back are places for some of the undergraduates, the remainder sitting in the galleries. Ladies related to the Uni-

versity graduates are accommodated in the south aisle; the north one belongs to the parishioners.



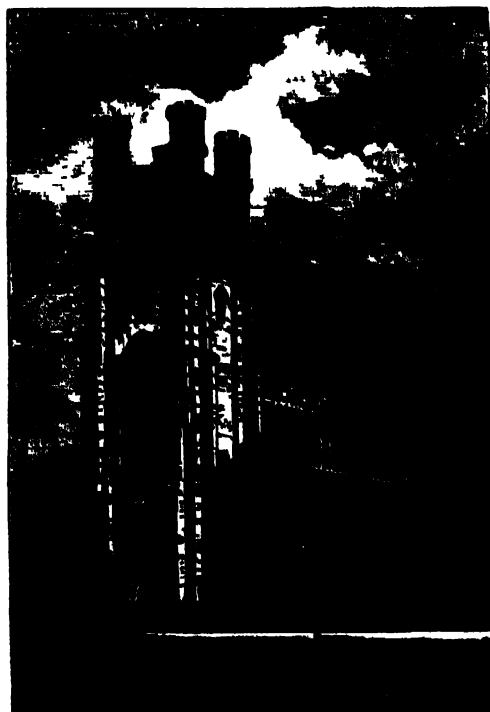
PORCH OF ST. MARY'S, OXFORD.

The present arrangement of the interior much more closely resembles its ancient order than that initiated in the last century, and still remembered by many of the older graduates. The rood screen—once a conspicuous ornament of this church—has not been, and could not well be, restored, but the Doctors have returned to their original position. It must, however, be admitted that the change has not been wholly gain. The older arrangement, ugly and ritually improper as it was, made the church better adapted for the purpose of the University—that is, for listening to a sermon—but unsuited for those of the parish.

If the church had belonged exclusively to the University there would have been no reason why, to quote the words of one of the critics, “everything” should not have “betokened that the whole congregation are assembled to hear the preacher,” for they came thither for no other purpose. But, inasmuch as it was used by the parish more frequently and for longer times than by the University, it was no doubt better that the latter should yield to the former.

As at St. Mary's, Oxford, many a learned and many an eloquent divine has occupied the pulpit as a preacher before the University, but as another contrast, this church has been witness of no great historical episodes. Perhaps, to some extent, this may be due to its having passed an unusual proportion of its existence under the hands of the builders; perhaps also to the fact that the life of Cambridge has been more placid than that of Oxford. In the past as in the present its work has not been either less important or less useful to the fatherland, but it has never attracted so large a share of popular attention. We find nothing to compare with the historic scenes in St. Mary's, Oxford, during the last days of the Marian martyrs, unless we quote the paltry dishonour of the bones of Bucer, and the idle superstition of the purification of the fabric from its supposed contamination. But for many years the church was at certain times appropriated to a purpose for which its namesake in the other University was speedily exempted. Here acts were kept, and other ceremonies of the *Majora Comitia*

(the great annual ceremony for conferring degrees) performed. This is an account of its condition, given in anticipation of Laud's proposed visitation in 1636: "St. Mary's Church at every Great Commencement is made a Theater and the Prevaricatours* stage, wherein he acts and setts forth his prophane and scurrilous jests besides diverse other abuses and disorders then suffered in that place. All the year after a parte of it is made a Lumber House for ye Materials of ye Scaffolds, for Bookbinders dry Fats, for aumerie Cupboards, and such like implements which they know not readily where else to put. The west windows are half blinded up with a Cobler's and a Bookbinders Shop. At the east end are Incroachments made by divers Houses, and the Vestry is lately unleaded (they say) with purpose to let it ruine or to pull it down."



ST. MARY'S, CAMBRIDGE

These unseemly exhibitions were abandoned in the earlier part of the eighteenth century. According to Wordsworth† "there were no public 'commencements' between 1714, when Roger Long gave his music speech in St. Mary's Church, and 1730, when John Taylor, M.A., made one in the Senate House on the occasion of the opening of that building." The houses which obstructed the west front have long disappeared, but some of those about the chancel were only destroyed some thirty years ago. The inferior tracery of the aisle windows, inserted in 1766, still remains, but the restoration of the interior of the church is now fairly complete, though it would be greatly improved if the clerestory windows could be filled by stained glass. The late energetic vicar, Dr. Luard, more than once urged the Colleges to supply this want. May he live to see it done, for this would mean among other things that the agricultural depression, from which their revenues have so seriously suffered, had passed away from our island.

T. G. BONNEY.

* The name given to a young graduate, who was annually chosen to recite a comic and often scurrilous speech.

† "University Life in the Eighteenth Century."

SWAFFHAM PRIOR AND THE TRIMLEYS.

TWO CHURCHES IN ONE CHURCHYARD.

THE history of the selection of churchyard sites is, in most cases, extremely obscure. Sometimes a halting-place on an ancient road became dignified by an altar or by a humble church, and thus interments gathered round it. At other times a place of British interment drew to itself those of other nationalities in succession. Where men had once buried they continued to bury; and as a consequence, once now and then, you may find in the same churchyard graves of Celts, Romans, and the great mixed race to which we belong, all along the line to the present day. When lords of manors built towers and churches it could not fail but that there were occasional heart-burnings about sites, and thus it came to pass that each manor or each parish would sometimes take possession of a part of the sacred enclosure for its own church. So great were the jealousies of lords about their territorial importance that, even at the time of the Domesday Book, we find parts of the same parish under different hundreds, in order (as it seems) that a lord in some distant hundred, who had a manor away from his home, might bring the men from it to swell his own muster. This may be one of several ways in which conjecture seeks to account for the phenomenon of "two churches in one churchyard."

The Eastern Counties of England have a full share of this peculiar arrangement, of which Swaffham Prior and the Trimleys are instances.

The former pair occupies a rather prominent position on the edge of the gentle chalk height which forms the southern border of the "never-ending fen." In the thick Cambridgeshire air the lead-covered lantern of Burwell, the adjacent towers of Swaffham St. Mary and Swaffham St. Cyriac, and their shorter sister, Swaffham Bulbeck, loom out rather larger than they actually are, and give a weird appearance to that which would be otherwise a depressing and monotonous outline.

In earlier days the most important part of Swaffham Prior was the hamlet of Reach, where ends the foss called the "Devil's Ditch," which runs across the open country from the fen at Reach to the thickets at Wood Ditton. Here the Prior of Ramsey had a cell, and here yet remains the ruin of a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin Queen St. Etheldreda, daughter of Anna, King of the East Angles. But the "populous city" of Reach is now merged in Swaffham Prior.

Of the two churches here, the towers present the most remarkable features.

St. Cyriac (Quiriacus) is the baptismal name of one Judas, a Jew, living in Jerusalem in the days when the Empress Helena was seeking for the true cross. It is said that for three hundred and twenty-six years there had been a memorial



SWAFFHAM PRIOR.

preserved in his family recording the place where the relic lay hidden, by means of which it was discovered. This circumstance made St. Cyriac almost as well known as St. Helena herself, though dedications to him are very rare. He is related to have suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Julian. The tower of St. Cyriac is square below and octagonal above, each face of the octagon having a belfry window; and up each angle runs a slender buttress, terminating in the tower parapet, which is of the beautiful flush flint and stone work common in the Eastern Counties. The rest of the church is rebuilt in a very tasteless way. St. Mary's tower is square below and octagonal in two stages above, but much earlier, being an excellent example of Transition Norman. The style of architecture seems to have changed whilst the two stages of the octagonal work

were being built; for in the lower stage the windows are semicircular, while above they have the Early English arch, though with Norman mouldings. Above, there is a window in each face of the octagon, below, in the alternate faces. This earlier work has survived the Perpendicular nave and chancel, which, after



ST. MARY'S AND ST. MARTIN'S, TRIMLEY, LOOKING SOUTH.

having been in ruins for many years, were in the course of restoration; but the work is now stopped. The family of Allix, long connected with the parish of Swaffham Prior, is descended from a well-known French Protestant refugee, Pierre Allix, a native of Alençon, a divine of great learning and piety, driven to England at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Burnet made him Treasurer and Prebendary at Salisbury, by which help he was able to continue his studies without intermission to his death, which took place in 1717.

The external circumstances of the Trimleys are widely different. They are placed on the light soil in the pleasant hundred of Colneis, between the estuaries of the Deben and the Orwell, where Roman remains are found in many places; and the name of Felixstowe records the name of Felix the Burgundian, the Apostle of the East Angles.

In Trimley St. Martin, the sole remains of the Middle Ages are two windows of the Decorated period, and a late Perpendicular doorway in the south wall. The date of these windows agrees fairly with the consolidation of the rectory of Altoneston, or Alteston, with that of Trimley St. Martin in 1362.

Davy suggests that the site of that church was near Grimston Hall, a manor held for some time by the family of Caundish or Cavendish. Roger Caundish, by will dated c. 1405, left profits out of the Grimston Manor for building a chapel to the honour of the Holy Trinity, on the left side of the church of St. Martin in Trimley.

The celebrated navigator, Thomas Cavendish, who died in 1592, was lord of this manor. When that learned iconoclast, Mr. William Dowsing, of Laxfield, visited the place, he made the following notes:—"Trembly, August the 21st, 1644, Martin's. There was a fryar with a shaven crown praying to God in these words: *Miserere me* (sic) *Deus*, which we brake down; and twenty-eight cherubims in the church, which we gave order to take down by August 24th." Davy in 1829



ST. MARTIN'S AND ST. MARY'S, TRIMLEY, LOOKING NORTH.

noted that "a ditch only now nearly levelled, separates the two churchyards."

Trimley St. Mary is more attractive. Here also is some Decorated work, the chancel windows being early in that style. The porch and the base of the tower are good specimens of their kind; and on a line of five shields above the tower doorway are the arms of Thomas de Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, and son of Edward I.; and those of the Mowbrays, in whom the earldom was till the reign of Richard III. The monogram M. R. is in another shield, and in another a three-branched lily in a pot. The Earls and Dukes of Norfolk were patrons of Trimley St. Mary till 1545, when the Duke obtained Castle Rising and other possessions from Henry VIII. in exchange for the manors of Walton, Trimley, Falkenham, with the rectories of Walton and Felixstow. Since that time the patronage of Trimley St. Mary has been in the Crown.

In 1644 John Ferror, rector, was deprived by the Long Parliament for observing the rules and orders of the church; refusing the covenant; saying that the king was abased; reproving his people for not kneeling at the Litany, and for putting on their hats in the church; and lastly, for refusing to assist in the rebellion; "saying that theft was now called borrowing." He was also imprisoned. The subsequent history of the Trimleys calls for no special notice.

ST. BOTOLPH'S; BOSTON.

A BEACON IN THE FENS.

BOSTON, though in England, is also in Holland, for this name is borne by the division of Lincolnshire of which it is the chief town. So far as scenery goes we might well be in the Netherlands. Since the Witham emerged from the gap in the hills at Lincoln its valley has broadened and broadened till it has now lost itself in the wide East Anglian fen, which banks alone preserve from inroads of the sea. The town stands about four miles from the mouth of the river. It is an old-world place, which, according to Stukeley, may claim to occupy the site of a Roman fort near a ferry over the Witham. But in any case it was a town of importance as long ago as the reign of King John, for it was incorporated in the fifth year of his reign. In the thirty-seventh year of Henry VIII. it was declared a borough to be governed by a mayor and corporation, who were privileged to hold weekly two markets and annually two fairs, and, during the same, Courts of *Pie Poudre*, at which the men of dusty feet, or the tag-rag and bobtail who on such occasions crowded into a town, might receive summary justice. Yet more: even in the reign of Edward III. it had contributed a quota of sixteen ships to the "Maritime Militia," and in that of Elizabeth the said corporation was empowered to hold a Court of Admiralty; so that in the days of the Tudors and earlier Stuarts Boston, though it had suffered from fire and yet more from flood, was a place of no small consideration, and held its head in Lincolnshire as high as its tower. Besides this structure it had formerly its religious houses, great and small, with friars black and grey and white, and its guilds or colleges, in number three. But they have all disappeared, and the church alone remains.

The name of Boston is a contraction of Botolph's town, which it received in honour of an English saint. What it was called in yet earlier days, if indeed it can lay claim to a greater antiquity, is doubtful. Botolph himself—a saint held in honour by seafaring folk—was one of two brothers of good English birth, who received their education in Belgic Gaul, in which one of them remained as Bishop of Maestricht. Botolph, however, returned to England, and found favour with Ethelmund, an English king, who granted to him a place called Ikanhoe, at which to found a monastery. There he died, at a good old age, in the year 655. But where Ikanhoe really was is a matter of much dispute. Some authorities place it, as would seem natural, at Boston in Lincolnshire; others assert it to have been at Bottlebridge—i.e., Botolph's Bridge—in Huntingdonshire; others again argue that it must have been in or near the



ST. BOTOLPH'S, BOSTON: THE INTERIOR, LOOKING EAST

county of Sussex, as Ethelmund was King of the South Saxons. To this, however, it is replied that he ruled over the South Angles. Be this as it may, Botolph's name seems to have been held in much honour in the Eastern Counties, for churches dedicated to him are not infrequent. Incursions of the Danes prevented the good man's bones from resting in peace; one part was carried off to Thorney Abbey, which some three centuries after his death had been dedicated to him and to St. Mary, another to Ely, and yet another portion to Peterborough. This happened in the ninth century, when the monastery was destroyed, after which no mention of Boston is found till later than the Norman Conquest.

It is almost certain that a church must have occupied this site from an early period; one indeed is mentioned in a grant to St. Mary's Abbey at York, which bears date 1090, but of the previous building no trace remains and no account, so far as we know, has been preserved. The present noble structure was begun in the year 1309, and progressed but slowly for nearly a century; the nave and aisles are Late Decorated; the greater part of the tower, the east end, and some of the windows are Perpendicular. According to Stukeley the first stone of the tower was laid in the year 1309 by Dame Margery Tilney, who put five pounds upon it, the same sum being given by John Twesdale, the vicar, and Richard Stevenson, a merchant, these being the largest donations. If money did not come in greater sums than this, the donors would have to be very numerous or the progress might well be slow; for the church, as it now stands, is of exceptional size, and is a grand one even for a region noted for its fine churches. It is sometimes said to be the largest in England without a transept; but in any case it measures two hundred and ninety feet from the western wall of the tower to the eastern wall of the chancel; and ninety-nine feet from the northern wall of one aisle to the southern wall of the other. The height of its tower is about equal to the length of the church, for it rises nearly three hundred feet above the ground. Three hundred and sixty-five steps—one for every day in the year—are said to lead to the summit, which commands, as may be supposed, a vast outlook over the wide plain of the Witham, once a dreary fenland, now drained and tilled, and in early autumn a golden carpet of ripening grain. Dim in the distance rise the wolds, low down on the horizon is the edge of the plateau, through which the Witham has cut its course, beneath the triple towers of Lincoln; but all between is one vast plain with its gleaming lines of dykes, its dotted chains of pollard willows, and its endless patchwork of fields. Eastward, after a very few miles, the level land gives place to the yet more level sea. Far away over the waters of the Wash does "Boston stump," as its tower is popularly called, serve as a landmark to the passing mariner. Some assert that it is

visible forty miles away from shore, though how this should be is a puzzle, for the distance of the horizon line from the summit of the tower cannot exceed some two-and-twenty miles. To lay the foundations of such a structure, in such a region as the fenland, must have been an anxious task for the architect, and no precaution was neglected, for we read that they rest upon a "very deep bed of clay," nine feet below the level of the



ST. BOTOLPH'S, FROM THE WITHAM.

adjacent Witham; that is to say, the masons excavated till they reached the great stratum of clay—a deposit of Jurassic age—some hundreds of feet thick, which underlies the whole

district of the Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire fens.

The design of Boston Church is comparatively simple. A western tower, a nave with aisles, and a chancel, the roof of which is rather lower than that of the nave. Besides these there is a south porch, with a "parvise" above and a crypt below, and to the west of this a large chantry chapel is built against the

aisle. This porch and the tower are the most elaborate features in the architecture. The latter is four storeys high, not reckoning the lantern. The basement is solid, plain, and comparatively low, and is pierced on the exterior only by a rather small western door. The next storey is very high, for it extends up to the level of the roof of the nave, and it is lighted by three large and lofty windows; the stage above is pierced by double windows in each side, but in the last one the windows are single. Above this come pinnacles and battlements, from within which rises a light octagonal stone lantern, crowned also with slender pinnacles, and supported by light flying buttresses, the whole forming a structure of singular beauty and grandeur. Perhaps no river in England, of like size to the Witham, flows by such towers. While yet its stream is young, it passes by the noble steeple of Grantham; in maturity it glides beneath the triple towers of Lincoln Cathedral, and here, where its waters begin to mingle with those of the sea, it almost washes the base of the tower of St. Botolph.

The tide ebbs and flows beneath Boston Bridge, a short distance below the church, and the western side of the churchyard—limited on this side, but ample in other directions—runs parallel with the channel of the river. Sea-going ships lie stranded by the wharves, one sign among many that the prosperity of the town has returned. For it has passed through an epoch of decadence. The Witham became choked up with silt, so that in the earlier part of the last century vessels of light draught alone could reach the town, and that only at high tide. But the enclosure and drainage of the fenland in the latter half of the eighteenth century gave an impetus to local traffic; then the port was made accessible by cutting a new channel for the Witham, and it is now linked by railways to the rest of England. Boston, at the present time, has a considerable trade with the North of Europe in hemp, timber, tar, and iron, a new dock, a flourishing fishery, and a linseed-cake company.

The interior of the church is not less, perhaps is more, impressive than the exterior. As in so many of the churches in the Eastern Counties, the dominant effect is that of height and space. The great nave consists of fourteen bays; the clerestory is comparatively—though not actually—rather low, and the correspondingly lofty aisles are parted from the nave by tall and slender clustered columns. A very high arch unites the lower part of the tower with the church, and the large chancel arch does little to interrupt the prospect from the extreme west to the extreme east. In the earlier part of this century the nave, as we read, was divided by a screen into two unequal portions—that to the west “forming a noble area,” while that to the east was “used for the performance of divine worship.” Then, as we are informed, the “altar was of oak, in the Corinthian style, which, though beautiful, much disgusts the eye of

taste, as not being in unison with the style of the building." Over it was placed a copy of the famous Antwerp Rubens—the "Taking Down from the Cross." All this was changed when the church was restored about the year 1853.* The screen and classic reredos disappeared with the pews, the latter being replaced by oak seats, but a considerable space at the western end is still unoccupied. The pulpit is a fine piece of woodwork of Elizabethan or early Jacobean age, which has a special interest as having been filled in its time by John Cotton, once vicar, afterwards one of the founders of Boston in the State of Massachusetts. He arrived there in the early autumn of 1633, but the new settlement had already received its name; that, it is said, was chosen—the date on record being September 17, 1630—as a compliment to Mr. Isaac Johnson, a Boston man, who was one of the chief associates with Governor John Winthrop, and was accompanied to the New World by the Lady Arabella, his wife. In graceful recognition of the early connection of the two towns, the good folk of the American Boston contributed liberally to the restoration of the church in which some of their ancestors had worshipped. The stone vaulting of the roof within the tower—an original intention completed at the last restoration—is not the least striking feature of the interior; also the woodwork of the nave roof, said to be of Irish oak, and the old stalls in the chancel with their quaintly carved *misereres*, will repay examination. Few monuments of interest remain, but there are effigies in stone of a knight and a lady, and the church formerly must have been extraordinarily rich in brasses, for in the flooring are many incised slabs from which the metal has been torn away. Most of these, as we learn from Stukeley, had disappeared before his time. Two, however, of considerable interest still remain at the eastern end; one represents a priest, vested in a cope ornamented with embroidered figures; the other a merchant. As his name was Peascod, his garment is profusely adorned with the pods of the pea. But the interior of Boston Church impresses the visitor as a whole rather than in its details; for, except those already named, and an old library in the chamber above the porch, there is little to notice. The church would gain greatly in effect if its windows were filled with richly-coloured glass. Probably there was no lack of this in olden time, but there is little enough now remaining. Another loss to the church, as a matter of interest but not of ornament, was a great clock bell, which could be heard, it is said, for six or seven miles round. This was "knocked to pieces" in the year 1710, without its destroyers even taking the trouble to preserve a copy of the inscription upon it!

Two other memories are connected with St. Botolph's: one, that of John Foxe, author of the "Book of Martyrs." He was born in the town, and no doubt

* During the incumbency of the Rev. G. B. Blenkin, the present vicar, to whom we are indebted for information on several points.

often worshipped in this church. But this, probably, would only be in the earlier part of his life, for after his election to a Fellowship at Magdalen College he spent some time in Oxford, and was also tutor to the children of



DISTANT VIEW OF "BOSTON STUMP."

the Earl of Surrey. Then, during the reign of Mary he was in exile, and settled down on his return in the household of the Duke of Norfolk, his former pupil. The other was a worthy of much later date, and noted for literature of a very different kind—Herbert Ingram, the enterprising founder of the *Illustrated London News*; he also was Boston born, and is commemorated by a statue. This stands in the market-place, which lies on the south side of the churchyard, and thus adds to the open spaces which enable the visitor to appreciate the magnitude of St. Botolph's Church. An old house at one corner is worth notice, but in Boston market-place, indeed in Boston town, the church dominates over every other object of interest.

T. G. BONNEY.

OTTERY ST. MARY.

A GREAT DEVONSHIRE CHURCH.

THE fine church that crowns the hill up which straggles the little market town of Ottery St. Mary is not, of course, to be compared in spaciousness with such churches as Holy Trinity at Hull, or St. Nicholas at Yarmouth. Relatively, however, to a town with a population of less than three thousand, it has abundant right to be styled a "great" church, as may be inferred from the fact that its seating accommodation is 1,100; that in length it is 163 feet 6 inches, and that the breadth of the choir and its aisles is 40 feet 6 inches, while these measurements take no account of the huge Dorset aisle, which, tacked on to the north aisle of the nave, and extending from the west end to the north transeptal tower, is almost if not quite as broad as the nave itself. Yet the size of the church is the least of its claims to a place in this work. To all who are interested in ecclesiastical architecture it is a building of peculiar interest, since it is not merely marked by some uncommonly fine features—among them a nave of exceptionally graceful proportions, an exquisite reredos, and a handsome screen—but, with the single exception of Exeter Cathedral, it is the only church in this, and so far as the writer knows in any, part of the country with transeptal towers. Nor is it less fortunate in its personal interests, seeing that it has the closest association with member after member of one of the most distinguished families in a county which has reason to be proud of its splendid roll of worthies—a family which has, indeed, produced more names of national eminence in three generations than almost any other that could readily be named. The common ancestor of this gifted stock was the Rev. John Coleridge, vicar of the parish and headmaster of the Free Grammar School here, who had some note in his day as a Hebrew and Latin scholar, and was yet more remarkable, to those who knew him well, for the amiable eccentricities of his character. His youngest son was the author of "Christabel," and he in turn, as all the world knows, became the father of Hartley and Sara Coleridge, and also of Derwent, his biographer. Another of John Coleridge's sons, James, though not himself of striking ability, became the father of Henry Nelson Coleridge, known to literature as the editor of his uncle's posthumous works, and who married his accomplished cousin Sara; and also of John Taylor Coleridge, who attained to eminence in the law, in which, however, he has been surpassed by his son, the present Lord Chief Justice of England, who succeeded him not only in the occupation of



OTTERY ST. MARY, FROM THE SOUTH WEST.

Heath's Court, but in that pious interest in the Church of St. Mary of which its restoration is an abiding memorial.

The man who heads this long list of famous names was one of the most eccentrically lovable individuals of whom biography has anything to say. A pedant of the purest water, he had the abundant amiability and the lack of humour which seem to be the almost inevitable notes of this variety of human character. Among the achievements of his scholarship was a Latin grammar, in which he quite seriously proposed to simplify the study for beginners by re-christening the ablative case the "quale-quaro-quidditive;" while one of his favourite methods of edifying his rustic congregation was to quote to them from the Old Testament Scripture in the original Hebrew, as "the immediate language of the Holy Ghost." The good man's memory, however, was cherished for better reasons than this, and by no one, perhaps, so fondly as by his youngest son, who was wont to liken him to Parson Adams, and who thirty years afterwards could hardly speak of his death without tears "O that I might so pass away," he exclaims, "if like him I were an Israelite without guile. The image of my father, my revered, kind, learned, simple-hearted father, is a religion to me."

The correspondence in more than one important particular between the church beside the Otter and the cathedral in the valley of the Exe is explained mainly by the circumstance that the greater part of the one is due to that Bishop Grandisson who had so much to do with building the nave of the other. The towers are quite distinct in character from the body of the fabric: they are Early English, and date from about the middle of the thirteenth century, when, according to the records, a church was consecrated here by Bishop Bronescombe. It must have been of considerable size to have had double towers of such massiveness; and it would be interesting to know how the need arose for Bishop Grandisson to engage in such extensive operations within some seventy-five years of its erection. As to his design in doing so, however, there is no obscurity: it was to found here a college of secular priests; accordingly, having made the structure worthy of its dignity as a collegiate church, and having at his own charge bought the manor from the Chapter of St. Mary at Rouen, to whom it had been granted by the Confessor-King, he obtained a royal licence from Edward III., and the college was duly established with forty members, and subsisted until Henry VIII. "reformed" the monasteries, when the greater part of its revenues was conferred upon Edward, Earl of Hertford, better known to history as the Protector Somerset, local feeling, however, being conciliated by the establishment of the Free Grammar School of which there has already been occasion to speak.

To Bishop Grandisson are ascribed the vaulting of the nave and choir, the clerestory, the Lady Chapel, the reredos, and the altar-screen; and the Dorset

aisle is said to be the only important addition made since. If so, it would seem that the church must have been a good deal tampered with as it fell into disrepair, for much of the work conforms rather to the Perpendicular than to the Decorated type. Of the Dorset aisle, which was added in the early years of the sixteenth century, it is believed by Cicely, Marchioness of Dorset and Countess of Wiltshire, it is impossible to speak more respectfully than as an irritating excrescence; and one is at a loss to conjecture what reason there could have been for an addition which is not only in the inferior style of the age to which it belongs, but also grievously mars the symmetry of the fabric. Yet those responsible for it no doubt gloried in their work, and even in these days there are some who see in its abnormal dimensions a matter for admiration, and who think the ceiling, with its diffuse fan-tracery and obtrusive pendants, more beautiful than the gracefully reticent vaulting of choir and nave.

On the whole, the exterior view is not so pleasing as the interior. The towers, though admirable in themselves, are, like those of the cathedral church of the diocese, and in much greater degree, disproportionately bulky, while one of them—the northern—is capped, rather than completed, by a low loaden octagonal spire; and it is when looking at the church from some of the outside points of view that one is least appreciative of the work of Cicely, Marchioness of Dorset and Countess of Wiltshire. Both towers are battlemented, with pinnacles at the angles; nave and choir and transept are alike provided with clerostory; and behind the chancel is a Lady Chapel, flanked on either side by a tiny chantry, one dedicated to St. Lawrence, the other to St. Stephen. The nave is divided into five bays, with an aisle on either side, and on the north-west side the Dorset aisle in addition; the choir, too, is of five bays, and this also has an aisle on either side. Over the arches, in both chancel and nave, are niches with ogee canopies, looking in their regularity, and their freedom from all trace of dilapidation, curiously incomplete without the effigies which once they sheltered. The western entrance resembles that of the cathedral in consisting of a central door flanked by a smaller one on each side, though in no other respect; the style here being much later and correspondingly inferior. The east and west windows, and several others, are filled with stained glass, but this is all of it modern; the old glass having, it is said, been destroyed by the Parliamentary forces in 1645, when Fairfax had his head-quarters here for some three weeks. The story, however, seems to have the sanction of no respectable authority; and it is as well to remember that it was to the interest of guardians who had systematically neglected their charge, to shift the blame of dilapidation to other shoulders. The long period of neglect came to an end with the drastic restoration of the interior with which Sir John Coleridge had so much to do. It was not till some years later that the exterior was taken in hand, but it

was not thought necessary to deal with this in the same uncompromising fashion, and the consequence is that it appeals much more successfully to one's sense of antiquity, though not of beauty, than does the interior.

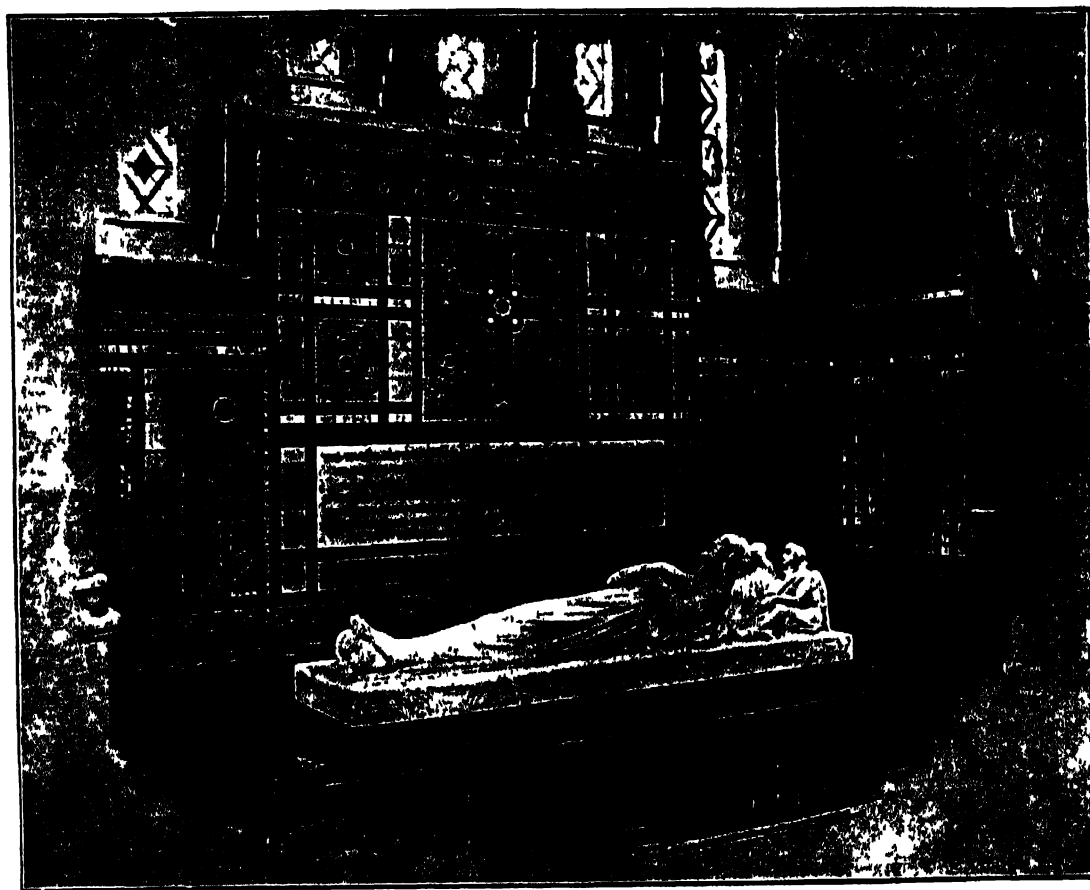
Since Sir John's day little has had to be done to the inside; the south



THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

transept, however, where the Lord Chief Justice has sittings, has been beautified by his lordship with mosaic work in "pious memory" of his parents, "as a thank-offering to God from their reverent and grateful son." Beneath the tablet which bears this record is the recumbent marble figure, by Thrupp, of Lord Coleridge's first wife—the head supported by two angels, the feet resting on an otter; this latter feature being a reminiscence of the family crest. "To the

fair memory," runs the inscription, "of Jane Fortescue, Baroness Coleridge, her husband dedicates this marble, thankful for his happiness, sorrowing for his loss, hoping steadfastly, through God's mercy, to meet her when the night is past in the perfect and unending day. 1878." The old family vault is in the church, but there have been no interments in the interior since the restoration, and



MONUMENT TO LADY COLERIDGE.

Lady Coleridge rests in the new brick vault in the north-west corner of the churchyard, separated only by a wall from the grounds of Heath's Court. In the Dorset aisle is a tablet to John Coke, who, as the story goes, was shot by his brother in 1632, and, until he took offence at the incredulity of a scientific generation, was wont to parade the church at night in protest against the fratricidal deed. But the most interesting memorials of the dead are two corresponding altar-tombs, said to be those of Sir Otho de Grandisson (a relative of the builder-bishop), who died in or about the year 1360, and his wife; the former on the north, the latter on the south side of the nave, both surmounted by an ambitious ogee canopy.

During the dark age of architecture the reredos was not only allowed to fall into decay, but was hidden out of sight; and it must have been treated with a good deal of "vigour and rigour" to have been brought to its present spick-and-span condition. It extends right across the choir, and, except for a vacant space of a few feet at the top, completely separates the chancel from the Lady Chapel. Across the summit is carried, with admirable effect, a line of shields, some of them in colours; among them is Grandisson's own. Nor did the bishop's altar-screen fare better than the reredos. Mutilated to begin with, it was finally subjected to the indignity of being confined within a wooden framework. It also has been energetically restored; and if scarcely "elegant," it is a handsome feature of the church, though incongruously large for its place in the little Lady Chapel. Here, too, is the gilded lectern which the bishop presented to his college. The quaint creature which enters into the design is no doubt meant to stand for an eagle; but it corresponds rather to the Apostle's definition of an idol, as "nothing in the world," than to any species of the feathered race known to the naturalist. The sedilia, in both chancel and Lady Chapel, are said to resemble those in the cathedral; the misereres in the Lady Chapel have been preserved, while the end seats in the choir are also of this character. Some old wood carving has been worked into the chancel-screen, and in the Dorset aisle may still be seen many of the original bench-ends, in various designs, among them the familiar "Tudor flower." Another remnant of antiquity is the curious old clock, which told to the congregation the phases of the moon as well as the time; the face of it is still on view in the south transept, though it is no longer on active service.

Between the greatest of the Coleridges and the church of St. Mary the connection is not an intimate one, and is practically confined to his childhood. Born in the school-house, his education was begun at Ottery, and, as a matter of course, he worshipped in the building in which his father ministered. But before he had completed his ninth year his father died, and soon afterwards he was entered at Christ's Hospital, whence he passed on to Cambridge, and thence out into the world, to enter upon the conflict in which he received such grievous hurts. Even during his life at Ottery, however, the signs of his greatness were apparent. Almost from his infancy he was given to day-dreaming and to indulgence in more or less abstruse speculation. "I never played," he says, "except by myself, and then only acting over what I had been reading or fancying, or half one, half the other. . . . Alas! I had all the simplicity, all the docility of the little child, but none of the child's habits. I never thought as a child—never had the language of a child." These years of his life were naturally not eventful, in the sense of being marked by important circumstance, though in another sense they were, since it is clear that his

mind, in this most sensitive period of its development, received ineffaceable impressions, from such influences as his father's piety as well as from the aspects of nature. But nothing more striking occurred in the course of it than an incident which he himself has narrated. "I forget," he writes, "whether it was in my fifth or sixth year, but I believe the latter, in consequence of some quarrel between me and my brother, in the first week in October, I ran away from fear of being whipped, and passed the whole night, a night of rain and storm, on the bleak side of a hill on the Otter, and was there found at daybreak, without the power of using my limbs, about six yards from the naked bank of the river." Small as the circumstance may seem, it must have been anything but a trivial experience to so gentle and sensitive a nature.

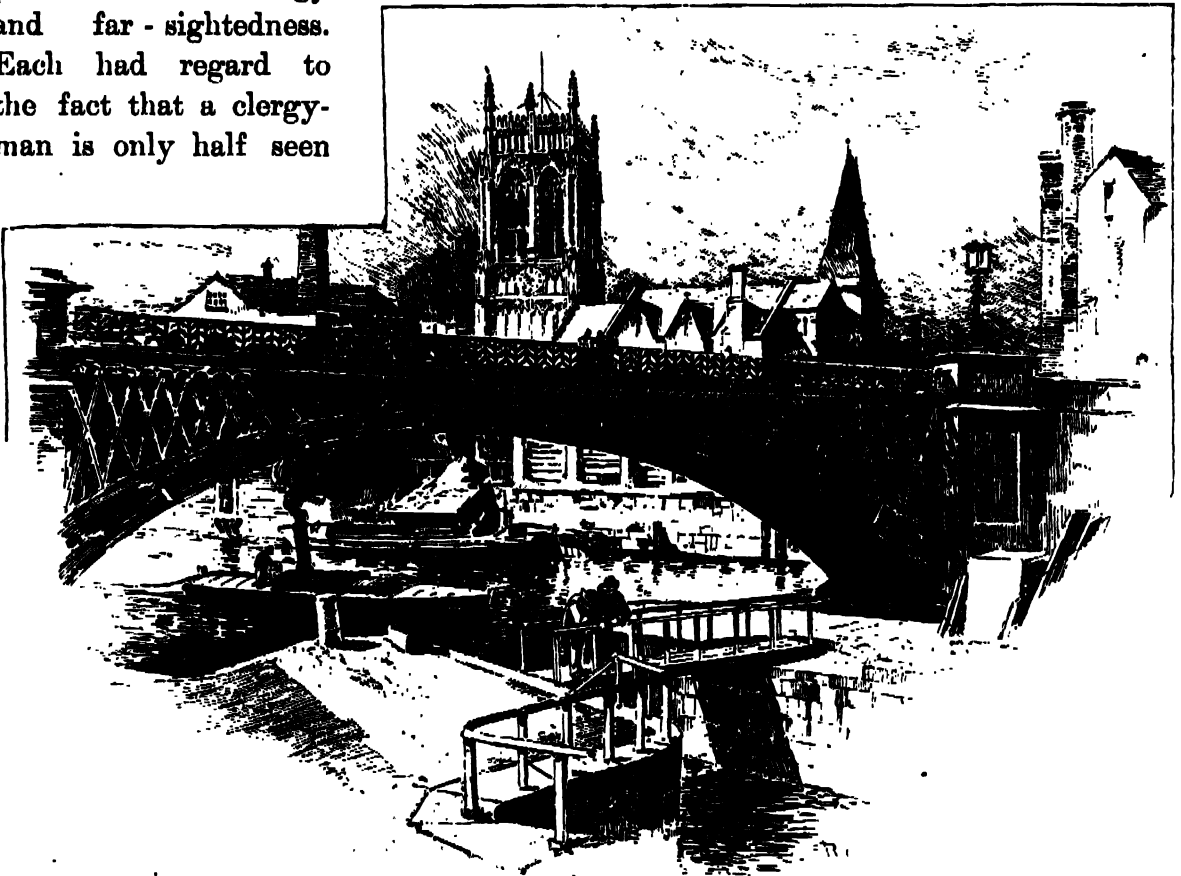
It is disappointing to add that since the house in which he was born and the school in which he sat at his amiable father's feet was demolished, which was done only three or four years ago, there exists, neither in church nor churchyard, nor in the town itself, any visible memorial of Ottery St. Mary's most famous son. The memory of Sir John Coleridge is preserved, not merely by the comely aspect of the south transept, but also by a monument in the churchyard, erected by "friends and neighbours," who did well, for if Sir John, outside legal and local circles, is known chiefly by his expostulatory letters to Arnold of Rugby, which give the impression of an entirely respectable but not too liberal mind, the church and town are under the greatest obligation to him. But to all who come on pilgrimage to the place it must be an unwelcome surprise to find absolutely nothing to commemorate the most profusely gifted man in a generation rich in genius—who approved himself a prince of journalists and critics; who might, it is permissible to think, have rivalled Sir William Hamilton as a philosopher, and surpassed Robert Hall as a preacher; who did write "The Ancient Mariner," and half a dozen other of the most magical pieces in the language, and might, perchance, under happier conditions, have won a place in the hierarchy of poets beside Wordsworth and Shelley. If he "sinned his gifts" by not making the most of them, he at any rate was never guilty of perverting them; and if his life was slurred by one lamentable fault, none the less is it true that his was one of the purest and most profoundly religious natures with which the race has been blessed. "Pardoned in heaven, the first by the Throne," might have been written more appositely of Wordsworth's friend than of Wordsworth himself.

W. W. HUTCHINGS.

LEEDS AND DONCASTER.

MEMORIES OF RECENT LABOUR

TWO names stand out from the list of English vicars of the present century. These are Walter Farquhar Hook and Charles John Vaughan. At Leeds in the one case, and at Doncaster in the other, Dr. Hook and Dr. Vaughan are more than memories. Their work there as vicars has left lasting proof of their energy and far-sightedness. Each had regard to the fact that a clergyman is only half seen

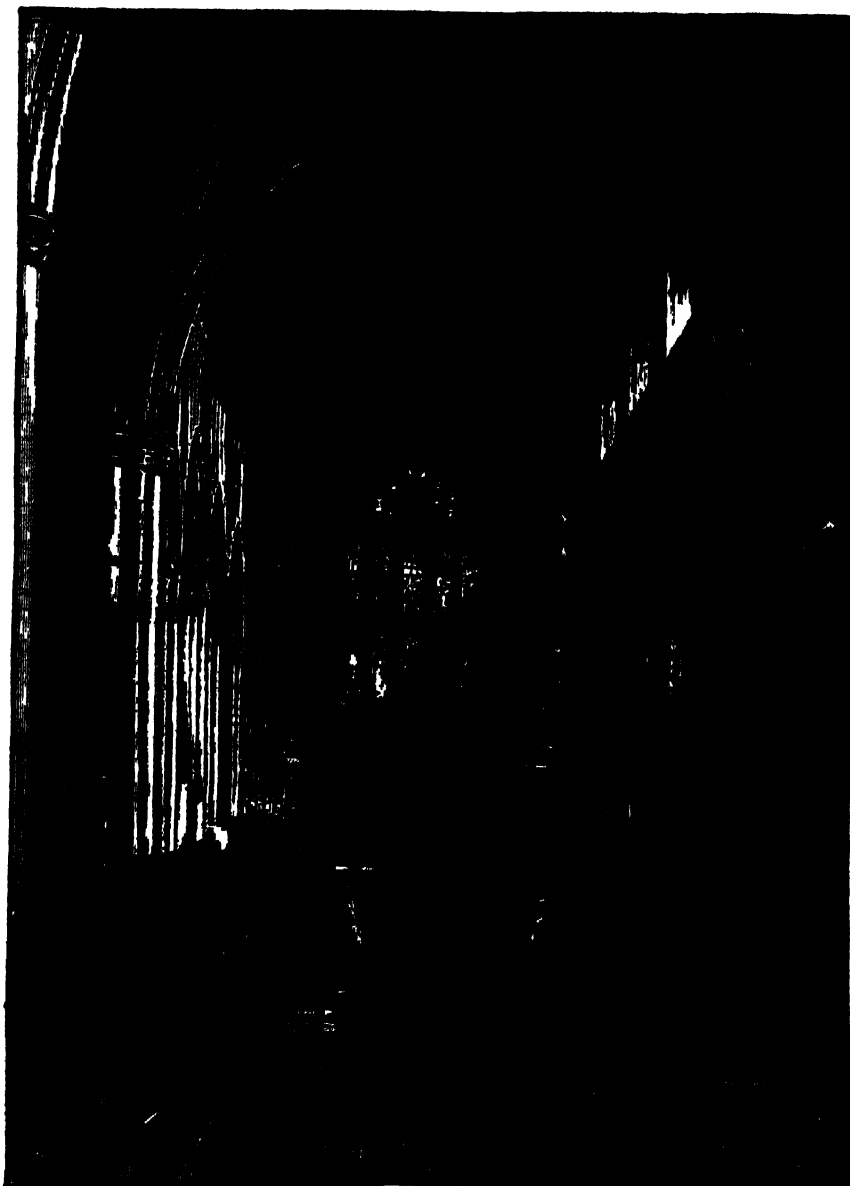


LEEDS, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

in his church, and that there are directions in the ordinary workaday life of a community in which he is as directly called to serve the Master as in any other. Each saw the importance of faithful attention to public duties as he did that of the zealous discharge of Church ordinances.

There was a marked sense of independence as well as strong individuality

in Dr. Hook. He might have had preferment in London in early life, but he declined to put himself forward as a candidate for any better position than that in which for the time being he found himself. And so it came about that



LEEDS: THE WAVE, LOOKING EAST.

when the vacancy at Leeds was mentioned to him—he was then Vicar of Trinity Church, Coventry—and he was asked to allow his name to be put forward for the post, he declined to take any steps to secure the appointment. He even refused to come to Leeds to preach a trial sermon. This made it necessary for certain of the trustees to go to Coventry and hear the preacher who had

been brought under their notice. But if Mr. Hook would do nothing in the matter himself, his friends did their utmost for him. Testimonials as to his fitness and worth were showered in from all quarters, and when the day of election came he obtained the position by sixteen votes out of twenty-three. His institution at Leeds took place on April 4th, 1837. He took his degree of D.D. at Oxford a month after, he being then in his fortieth year. The opposition to his settlement in Leeds was greater than is indicated by the votes at his election. Dissent was strong in the town—so strong that the elected churchwardens were Nonconformists, and, in several cases, Chartists. It was known also that Dr. Hook was friendly with the men who were responsible for the Oxford movement, and this told against him. He was, in fact, openly denounced as a Tractarian. Soon after his settlement a great meeting on the Church Rate question was held in the Cloth Hall Yard. The vicar was present. A violent speech was made against him, especially condemning High Church notions. Dr. Hook followed it up by saying, in his full, resonant voice, "I am glad to have this early opportunity of publicly acting upon a Church principle—a High Church principle—a very High Church principle indeed. I forgive you." And thereupon he turned to his antagonist and shook him warmly by the hand. From that moment Dr. Hook became a popular favourite, and, locally, among Churchmen and Nonconformists alike, he is still spoken of affectionately as "t'owd vicar." For several years, however, he was obliged to deal with wardens who were out of sympathy with the Church, and this was the cause of a good deal of administrative friction. Still his active and kindly manner began to tell in his favour. In addressing the wardens after one election, in which the successful candidates were chiefly Dissenters of the Radical type, he said he should have been better pleased if men belonging to his own denomination had been elected, "but I trust to you, gentlemen," he added, "to act in fairness." "Never fear, vicar," one of them shouted, amidst the applause of his colleagues; "never fear; we like thee, and we won't harm thy Church."

Dr. Hook found the Church in Leeds at an exceedingly low ebb, weak in resources and out of touch with the community. He raised it in popular esteem, and gave to it an impetus in the way of extension and aggressive work that it still retains. The present parish church of Leeds may in the structural sense be called his. Writing to a friend soon after his arrival in Leeds he said, "The parish church is the most horrid hole you ever saw—dirty, and so arranged that it is impossible to perform the Communion Service in the chancel, and, moreover, it is situated in the very worst part of the town, in a very sink of iniquity." Almost from the first he set his mind on a new building. The old church, portions of which were Norman, went back to an uncertain date. It was cruciform, the tower rising in the centre, and here and there were many

interesting features. The building was, however, inadequate to the needs of the congregation that Dr. Hook soon had in attendance on his ministrations, and there does not appear to have been any difficulty either in getting consent to the demolition of the fabric or in receiving subscriptions for a larger place of worship. The old site was chosen for the new church, which, like its predecessor, is dedicated to St. Peter. The cost of reconstruction was close upon £40,000 and was raised by voluntary contributions. A main object in view was to provide a large number of sittings—some three thousand—and the consequence was that the building had to suffer architecturally. Galleries had to be introduced, thus spoiling the effect of the interior, though, fortunately, care has been taken to support the galleries without interfering with the pillars forming the bays. The style adopted is that of the fourteenth century, showing a blending of the Decorated with the Perpendicular. The arrangement gives a clerestoried nave of four bays, with north and south aisles; transepts with tower; chancel of four bays, with tri-lateral apse and clerestory; aisles, eastern vestry, and a chapel on the north side. The principal entrance is through the tower, which is embattled with pinnacles, and rises from the north transept, reaching a length of 140 feet. In the south transept is the organ—a noble instrument—behind a screen of tabernacle work. The chancel is one of the most spacious in the county, and is raised six steps. Leading from it, at the end of the east aisle, is a cenotaph to Dr. Hook, consisting of an altar-tomb of red veined marble, supporting a recumbent effigy in white marble. The tomb was from a design by the late Sir Gilbert Scott. There are other notable memorial features, and much fine stained glass in the church. In the nave are many floor slabs, some of them of considerable antiquity, and retained, therefore, from the former church. When that church was destroyed there were recovered from the tower certain curious fragments which, pieced together, formed an almost perfect cross of the tenth century, and that is supposed from its lettering to commemorate Onlaf the Dane, who became King of Northumbria. Onlaf died about 950, and his “Villa Regia” is said to have been close to Leeds.

Dr. Hook did more than pull down the old parish church of Leeds and erect a more suitable building in its place; he broke up the parish itself, and made what had been one unworkable incumbency into several distinct charges. A busy clergyman, there were times when he preached as many as five sermons in the course of a week. His was a familiar figure also on lecture platforms, and in other public gatherings, and he did much for the social and educational needs of the town. Just before he left Leeds, on his appointment as Dean of Chichester, a great meeting, composed of citizens of all denominations, was held to bid him farewell. On that occasion he received numerous addresses, and along with one from the citizens a casket containing 2,000 guineas. ▲

casket with £270 was given to Mrs. Hook by the ladies of the town. Other presents came from most unexpected quarters, and one that was valued highly was a pair of boots to the retiring vicar from a poor cobbler, who regretted his inability to send anything else. Dr. Hook appreciated the opportunity for literary work that now came to him, and among other results of the change from Leeds to quieter surroundings was the "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury." Four other more lucrative Deaneries and a Bishopric were offered to him in succession, but he preferred to remain at Chichester, and there he continued at work until his death on October 20th, 1875. Mention has already been made of the cenotaph to his memory in the parish church he built. Another Leeds memorial to him is All Souls' Church, built at a cost of £20,000, from designs by Sir Gilbert Scott. Of this church a son of Dr. Hook is vicar.

The parish church of Doncaster, like that of Leeds, is a modern structure, raised on an old foundation. Doncaster, however, had to build anew, not from choice, but from necessity, its parish church having been destroyed by fire early in 1853. The fire was not an unmixed evil. The result has been the erection of a church worthier of the town than that which was burned down. The old church, at the same time, was possessed of one feature which redeemed a good many faults. This was a magnificent central tower, whose noble and graceful proportions were regarded with just pride by the inhabitants, and were well known to ecclesiologists. It has indeed been said that it was the reputation of this tower that caused the scheme for rebuilding to be taken up so heartily in various parts of the country, that in a very short time £30,000 was subscribed. To this amount £10,000 to £15,000 was added without difficulty, thus meeting the full cost of the new building. Sir Gilbert Scott supplied the designs, and it is admitted that in the parish church of Doncaster we have one of the best examples of his skill in this branch of architecture. The church is dedicated to St. George, and is in the Decorated style. Cruciform in plan, it consists of clerestoried nave with aisles; transepts with central tower; and chancel with chapels. The church, which has a general width of 65 feet, is as long as the tower is high, about 170 feet; but although this exceeds the length of the old church, the building is apparently smaller, from the fact that the walls are carried much higher, the nave rising 75 feet. The effect of this internally is very fine, giving a cathedral-like aspect to the building. The south chantry, which is of more elaborate work than the rest of the church, was rebuilt at the sole cost of the representatives of an old Doncaster family, and is used as a baptistery. It contains a handsome font of serpentinous marble. The tower takes up an area of 34 feet, so that it is wide in proportion to its height. The



DONCASTER, FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

east window has eight lights, with wheel tracery in the head. It is one of the largest in the country, being 48 feet high and $22\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide. The wheel has a diameter of 15 feet. The window is filled with glass representing the Passion and the events leading up to it, and is a memorial to the Rev. Dr. Sharpe, who was schoolmaster and curate in Doncaster, and subsequently vicar. The decoration of the chancel, together with the reredos, is "the grateful and loving gift of eighty-eight of those Graduates of Oxford and Cambridge who here prepared themselves for Holy Orders under the instruction and guidance of the Rev. C. J. Vaughan, D.D., Vicar of Doncaster." There is great variety in the stained glass throughout the church, nearly every window showing the work of different artists. The pulpit is a handsome piece of work in marble. Nearly eight feet in diameter, it forms part of a circle, and is enriched with arcading. The organ stands unrivalled for sweetness of tone, and is next to the grand organ of York Minster in size. The foundation stone of the church was laid on February 28th, 1854, just a year after the destruction of the old church. The new building was open for service in October, 1858. There are fifteen hundred sittings.

Dr. Vaughan became Vicar of Doncaster in 1860. He had the year before resigned the mastership of Harrow School, where he had laboured for fifteen years, and had done much to raise the school in popular esteem. He achieved great success as a teacher, and men who studied under Dr. Vaughan at Harrow are as proud of that fact as are the men whose privilege it was to have Dr. Arnold as their guide at Rugby. The teaching power was strong in Dr. Vaughan at Doncaster, and here it took a unique form. He was called in the summer of 1861, as he has frequently been since, to preach before the University of Cambridge. His subject was "The Choice of Professions," and in the course of some remarks he then made on Church work, he said: "Where is the experienced pastor who would not gladly take under his general direction from time to time three or four candidates for Holy Orders? Great joy would it carry to the heart of one parochial clergyman—for *him I can answer*—to receive applications of such a nature, to find that there were men of blameless character, of steady purpose, of open mind, and of true devotion, who were willing to take up their abode in his parish before ordination, to see what he could show them, and to render him such services in his schools and amongst his poor as Church order may permit and mutual convenience arrange." The appeal made in this touching and kindly fashion had an immediate response. A small band of earnest and willing graduates rallied around Dr. Vaughan that very year, and the work—first at Doncaster, then at the Temple, and now at Llandaff—has been continuous. It is in the fullest sense a labour of love with Dr. Vaughan, "the joy of his life," to quote a letter from a vicar who has participated in it. Since

leaving Doncaster it has been the custom of Dr. Vaughan to hold a triennial gathering of the men who have thus passed under his care, and these gatherings mean to those privileged to share them "the most encouraging and most delightful of quiet weeks." They take place either at Oxford or Cambridge, and are attended by from one hundred and fifty to two hundred members. Every Advent Dr. Vaughan issues what he calls a "Record" of the informal organisation. In this he gives a short address, the names and positions of members, and a few particulars regarding "those whose work is ended."

In another way than Dr. Hook at Leeds, but quite as effectively, did Dr. Vaughan infuse a needed vigour into Church operations at Doncaster and raise the tone of public life. He did good service for elementary education in the establishment of parish schools, and for instruction of a higher grade by the resuscitation of the Grammar School of the town. To him also is largely owing the Doncaster Infirmary. He entered heartily, in fact, into all public movements for the benefit of the town during his stay in Doncaster, and this, with the teaching he had undertaken and the faithful discharge of his parochial duties, left him but little leisure. He, nevertheless, found time for contributions to literature, and the magazines of the period were frequently enriched by articles from him. But as at Harrow, so at Doncaster: when he had put a new and vigorous life into the place he one day startled the community by resigning his office. In advising the Mayor and Corporation of Doncaster on July 1st, 1869, that he had agreed to accept the Mastership of the Temple, his words were: "It is an office of no emolument, but it opens to me the prospect of some usefulness for the later years of my life." How useful Dr. Vaughan's career has been in the literary sense since this letter was written is well known. He is now Dean of Llandaff as well as Master of the Temple, and he is one of the Deputy Clerks of the Closet in Ordinary. But he was never a man who sought preferment or honours. He could have been Bishop of Rochester before he went to Doncaster, and a year after going to that town he had the offer of a still greater prize of the Church in the see of Durham. But it was "*Nolo episcopari*" in the one case as in the other, and it was in keeping with the self-denial and modesty of the man that when a sum was raised in Doncaster, to present a testimonial to him on leaving, he declined to be made the object of any demonstration or to accept any gift. By his desire the money was invested and the interest goes to the purchase of prize books in connection with Doncaster Grammar School.

W. S. CAMERON.

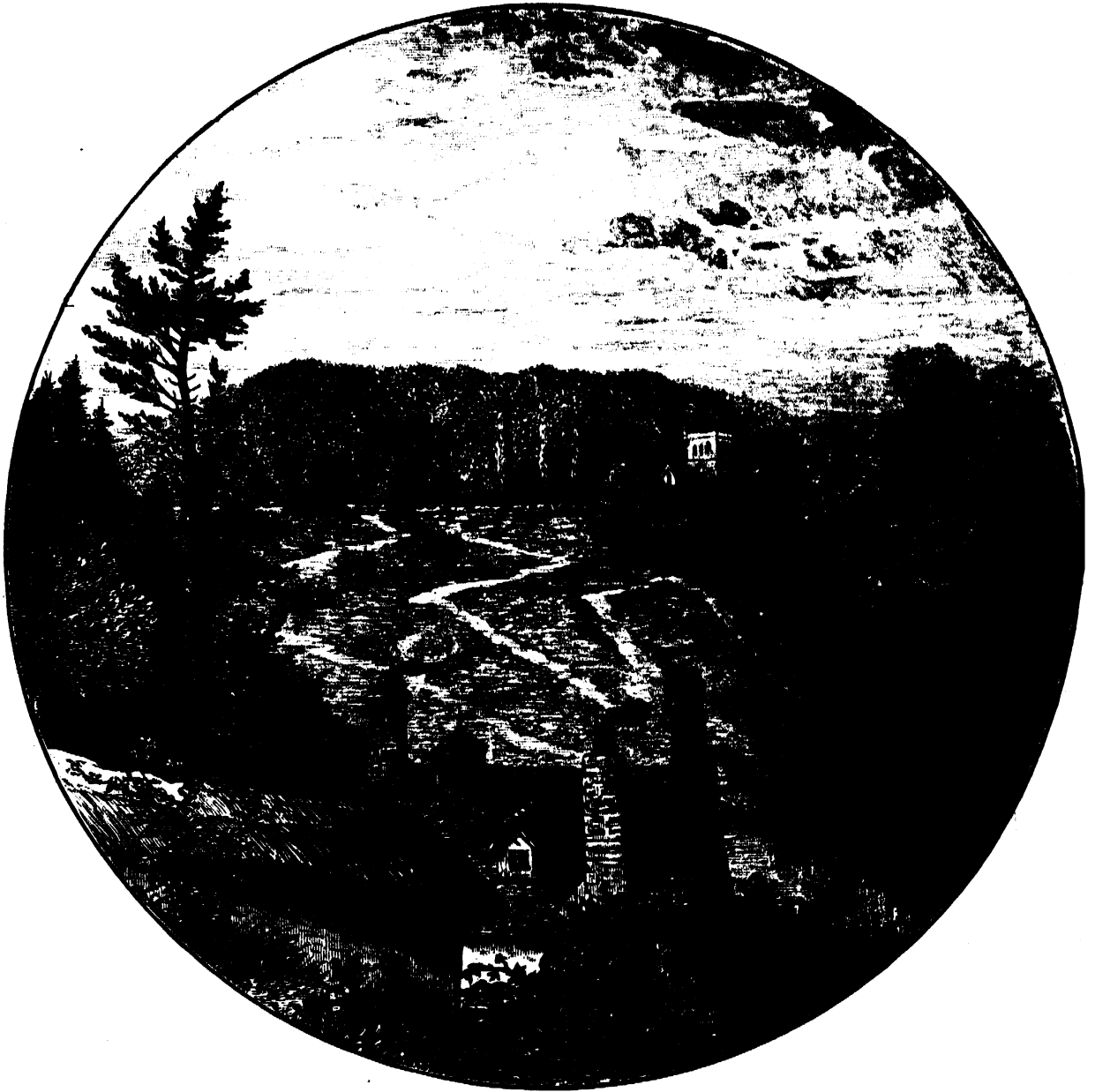
AMESBURY.

AN ANCIENT SANCTUARY.

IF far-stretching, though much curtailed, Salisbury Plain resembles, as in its rolling expanse of downs it truly does, the billowy ocean, the hollow in which Amesbury lies, in the verdant valley of the River Avon, is the type of a quiet haven, protected from the rough winds by natural ramparts, and shadowed by remnants of noble woods. This solitary upland of Wiltshire has resisted, with very fair success, the ruthless encroachments of latter-day civilisation, and the traveller may still ride for hours without meeting any human beings but the taciturn shepherds watching their wandering flocks. But Salisbury Plain is not what it was a quarter of a century ago, as the coursing men will sadly prove to you by descanting upon the growing scarcity of hares. Railways, however, have not yet planted a station very near Stonehenge, and miles upon miles of virgin herbage remain to afford the finest pasturage in the land, far removed from the dust of beaten tracks. All the countryside hereabouts is redolent of the ancient history of this realm. The excursionist from Salisbury has not proceeded far from that delightful city, with its surroundings of fat, green water-meads, before he has Old Sarum on the eminence at his right hand: the commanding position held probably by British warriors before the Romans made it their *Sorbiodunum*. Upon this site it is supposed that there was a cathedral in the time of King Alfred; but the importance of the place reached the lowest ebb when the old ruins were doomed by the Reform Bill of 1832 no longer to scandalise representative institutions by returning members to Parliament. Further ahead we have *Vespasian's Camp*, a finely-wooded eminence above Amesbury, where a gallant stand was made against the conquering Romans; and a mile and a half distant is wonderful Stonehenge, most carefully preserved to this day, although the General Committee of the British Association, in 1886, found it necessary to call attention to the danger which some of the stones ran, not from the destroyer Time or even from the vandal "Tripper," but from the insidious burrowing of the humble rabbit.

In this secluded neighbourhood in olden times a pious sanctuary was found in the nunnery, upon whose ground now stands the fine abbey residence occupied by Sir E. Antrobus; and the square-towered church is the central point of many interesting associations of the past. In all the old documents, and in comparatively modern books, Amesbury is written *Ambresbury*; but that name has long fallen into disuse. The once flourishing market town is now reduced

to the proportions of a considerable village, beautiful in its scenery, peacefully quiet in its daily life. Lysons supposes that it was named after the monk



DISTANT VIEW OF THE CHURCH.

Ambrius, or Ambrasius, who founded a monastery upon the hill, where certain massacred British chieftains were buried in the fifth century; and there are suggestions of other derivations. The House of Nuns, which afterwards gave retreat to many eminent women, was founded in 980, and the romance of it is believed to have begun with its establishment; for the chronicles inform us

that its founder was Elfrida, the Queen of King Edgar, in expiation and atonement for the treacherous murder of her stepson, the unfortunate youth who asked for wine and received a dagger at the gates of Corfe Castle. The religious house, even from the first, was one of high rank, and the church, illustrated upon another page, was the Abbey Church in its most flourishing times. At one period, however, the massive tower was surmounted by a spire 60 feet high, but upon this feature violent hands were laid in the changing fortunes of this house of the Benedictine Order, placed under the patronage of St. Mary and of a long-forgotten Cornish monk, Melorus, or Melarius, whose bones were there laid to rest.

In these days a more charitable view is taken of the inner life of those old monasteries and nunneries than our forefathers cared to encourage; and it may be that the sisterhoods of Amesbury figure in the annals as the victims of scandal. The monastery kept its independence till the reign of Henry II.; but we are bidden to believe that the evil reputation of the nuns penetrated to the Court, even the Abbess resting under the direct accusation of immorality. The royal ire was forthwith raised, and the community was dissolved, the erring Abbess being sent about her business with a pension of ten marks, and the nuns distributed here and there. The Augcan stable thus cleansed, the establishment was made a cell, subordinate to the Abbey of Fontevraud, in Anjou. Abbess Johanna de Gennes and a couple of dozen nuns were thereupon imported to restore the sanctity of Elfrida's foundation, and the new departure was signalised by a grand ceremony of induction, with the King and his courtiers as chief spectators. Thenceforth Amesbury increased in splendour, strength, and character, and so became a fashionable retreat for royal and noble ladies. The poet laureate seems to borrow from it the idea of his sanctuary for sinning Guinevere:—

“But she to Almesbury
Fled, all night long, by glimmering waste and weald,
And heard the spirits of the waste and weald
Moan as she fled, or thought she heard them moan.”

Not much of substantial fact is known as to the causes or incidents of the early romances of Amesbury. One of the earliest dames mentioned in connection with it was Eleanor of Brittany, granddaughter of Henry II., and sister of Prince Arthur. She was one of the nuns of Ambresbury, died a nun, and was buried there in 1240. Forty-seven years later another Eleanor, Queen dowager of Henry III., took the veil, with her worldly dower confirmed to her. History speaks well of this royal recluse, who literally came out of the world, and devoted herself to good works. She was strict in orisons and vigils, and foremost in charitable actions. Out of her dower she devoted large

sums to the poor, distributing every Friday the sum, then considerable, of five pounds in silver. The Queen dowager remained a humble sister under the rule of the Abbess of Fontevraud until her death in 1291 or 1292, and much of her correspondence, written in Norman-French, is preserved. In letters to her son, Edward I., she describes herself as "Eleanor, humble nun of the order of Fontevraud, of the convent of Amesbury," and in one of them it is evident that, even in that cloistered retreat in the Avon valley, some anxious considerations occasionally troubled the breasts of these devoted women. "Sweetest son," wrote Eleanor, "our Abbess of Fontevraud has prayed us that we would entreat the King of Sicily to guard and preserve the franchise of her house, which some people wish to damage." The King, her son, travelled into Wiltshire from Scotland, to take part in the great funeral accorded Eleanor, though her heart was deposited in the Church of the Friars Minor in London.

The next royal princess who became a nun resident at Amesbury was Mary, sixth daughter of Edward I. This lady brought with her into seclusion a train of thirteen noble ladies, and it was said that the step was taken sorely against the will of the King and Queen. Whatever vows were made in those days by grand dames entering nunneries, that of poverty was evidently not absolute; hence, beside the liberal allowance of one hundred pounds a year, the King ordered the Sheriff of Hants to see that forty pounds' worth of oak timber for fuel from Chute and Buckholt Forests were duly delivered for his daughter's use in the nunnery; twenty casks of wine yearly moreover had to be delivered by the bailiff of the port of Southampton. In after years the income of the royal nun was still more increased, and she seems to have acquired considerable power in the convent, one record suggesting that she was even Prioress; but she was often at Court, roamed hither and thither on pilgrimages, and was anything but a prisoner. She was probably a strong-minded woman, since she wrote a practical letter to her brother Edward II., vigorously taking sides with the members of the sisterhood who wished the Prioress to be chosen from themselves, and not imposed upon them from the Continent by the Abbess of Fontevraud. The Princess Mary lived to an active old age, and her half-sister Leonora, ninth daughter of Edward, lived with her, and died at Amesbury in 1311. Amongst the list of Prioresses was Sibilla de Montacute, of the pedigree of the Dukes of Manchester.

The last Prioress or Abbess was Johanna Darrell (1539). Many attempts were made to persuade this dignitary to deliver the monastery into the King's hands, but she was obdurate, declaring that if the King actually commanded her to go from the house she would go, though she begged her bread; and for pension she cared none. But if the Lady Abbess was obstinate the King was relentless, and his final mandate put an end to further resistance. Queen

Katharine of Aragon lodged here (1501) on her progress from Exeter to London after landing in England. A programme is extant full of details as to how and when the Queen was to be received on her arrival from Shaftesbury, and how treated on resuming her journey to the next stopping place at Andover. At the grand dissolution of the monasteries Amesbury was granted to the Earl of



THE CHANCEL, FROM THE SOUTH SIDE.

(From a Photograph by Poulton and Son, Ltd.)

Hertford, who was afterwards the Protector Somerset; and with it were bestowed arable land, sheep pasturage, meadows, dove-houses, fishery in the Avon, and daily waggon loads of firing from forests and woods that had been granted to the monastery by Henry II. The tower of the church attached to the monastery was

rich in lead sheathing, and it was this which attracted the cupidity of the Crown spoliators, who stripped the church within and without, and destroyed the spire.

Amesbury Church (St. Mary's), however, survived the destruction of the spire, and was thoroughly restored and reopened in 1853. It has already been stated that before the dissolution it was the Abbey Church, and it has since been the parish church, the register dating from 1579 for baptisms, and 1590 for marriages and burials. It is a well-proportioned structure of flint and stone, of cruciform design with the massive square tower at the intersection; and it has a nave of three bays, transepts, and south aisle. In the upper portion of the walls of the nave the remains of Norman windows may be recognised, but the general character of the architecture is Early English. The arches supporting the tower are lofty and boldly spread, and the three arches marking off the south aisle are, in their degree, in harmony with them. Other arches indicate where, in former times, there were chapels on the north and south side of the chancel, and there is now on the east side of the north transept a memorial chapel which is used as a vestry. Before the last restorations the chancel was divided from the body of the church by a handsome screen of carved oak, and at that time the old east and west windows were replaced by the modern substitutes. In the north transept is a double piscina, and there are two in the south aisle, while in the chancel is a stone credence supported by angels.

There are no plans or sketches in existence to enable us to form an idea of the appearance of the monastery, but from its importance, from our knowledge that the buildings, precincts, gardens, orchards, fish-ponds, and burying place covered twelve acres of ground, it must have been one of the finest establishments of its day. When it was diverted from its religious uses by the coercive policy of Henry VIII. the receivers of the confiscated property converted the once sacred refuge into a country residence, and the property in time passed into the possession of other families until Charles, third Duke of Queensberry, became owner. He spent large sums of money upon improvements, including a Chinese house and bridge, and fine canals in the gardens. The hospitalities of Amesbury were notable during the *régime* of this Duke of Queensberry, who was loyally assisted by the wit and beauty of the Duchess, a daughter of the Earl of Clarendon and Rochester. The poet Gay was a welcome visitor here, and the Duchess, taking up his cause against the King and Queen *à propos* of the dispute about the opera of *Polly*, incurred the royal anger, and was forbidden the Court. Gay, indeed, wrote to Swift that to the Duchess he owed his life and fortune; and her grace in a postscript tells Swift she should like him to come to Amesbury; she will not add that he will be welcome, because she does not know him and may not like him; but if she does not she will soon tell him so. There were many subsequent invitations for Swift to visit Amesbury, but he does not appear to have done so. Amesbury Abbey, with its domain of five thousand acres, was purchased by Sir E. Antrobus in 1824.

WILLIAM SENIOR.

ST. PETER'S MANCROFT, NORWICH.

A FAMOUS CIVIC CHURCH.

ANTIQUARIES are by no means unanimous as to the meaning of the word Mancroft, which is the distinctive name of the parish of which this noble church is the boast and pride. The discussion of a question which has been asked and answered in various ways for generations need not be entered upon here; the less so as it is not one that is likely to be settled once for all, nor does it much interest any but local archæologists. This is certain, that shortly after the Norman conquest Ralph of Wader caused to be built, in the new town recently established as a settlement for the Norman adventurers who had been attracted to Norwich, a church which was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. This church appears to have been from the first the most important parish church of the city, and at its first foundation it seems to have been amply endowed. The endowment, however, had hardly been assured to the benefice before an attempt was made to appropriate the resources to other purposes, and when Waldo, one of the Conqueror's chaplains, had been made rector of the parish, and some time afterwards determined to bury himself as a monk in the Abbey of St. Peter, at Gloucester, he surrendered all his worldly goods to the monastery, and desired to include in that surrender his ecclesiastical property also, not excepting the rectory at St. Peter's Church. Hereupon the Abbey attempted to deal with the whole income of the Norwich benefice as if it had been conveyed in perpetuity to the religious house, and the attempt would have succeeded if the Bishop of Norwich for the time being had not interposed and been strong enough to prevent the carrying out of so shameful an act of plunder. Unfortunately the robbery was only deferred for a little while. The Abbey of Gloucester succeeded at last; for in that age the religious houses were very powerful corporations, and to resist their invasions involved almost always a long and expensive litigation—in other words, a protracted war in which the weakest went to the wall.

So goes the story, and there is some truth in it. Some truth and not improbably some fabrication too. Be it as it may, the parish continued for well-nigh three hundred years to have its rectors, and the church continued to be substantially the same church which Earl Ralph had built in the Conqueror's days. The services were evidently carried on with some splendour of ritual; the staff of "chaplains" or assistant clergy appears to have been large, and the annual income accruing from fees, masses, and the like, was so considerable that the

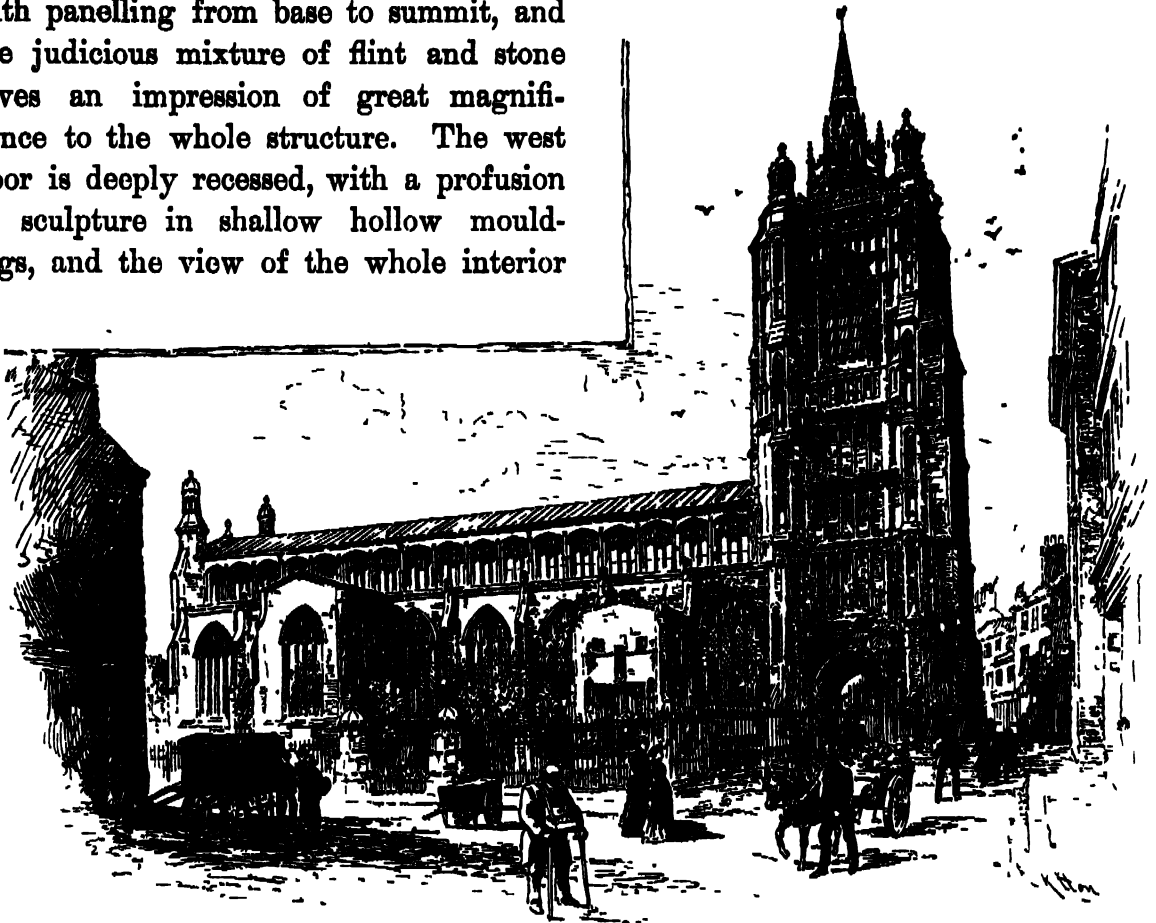
revenue derived from the ancient endowment was once again attacked—this time successfully; and in the year 1389 the tithes, land, and house property were alienated from the benefice and made over to a newly started religious corporation called "The College of St. Mary in the Fields," at Norwich, which it must be remembered was in no sense an educational foundation, but merely an improved kind of monastery with a new name. From that time to this the "Parish Chaplain" or "Minister" of St. Peter's Mancroft has had to live as best he could, and since the Reformation—in consequence of the very serious diminution of his income which that event brought about—he has had to live very poorly indeed, unless he has been fortunate enough to hold other preferment *in plurality*, or has been blessed with some private resources. Not even a house is provided for his residence.

The parish of St. Peter, by the increase of the Norwich trade and manufactures, had become during the fourteenth century much more populous than heretofore, and in 1375 the inhabitants determined to increase their churchyard, which was inconveniently and scandalously small. This was effected accordingly. A truly wonderful and terrible little patch of ground to serve for centuries as the burial-place for the largest parish of what in the fourteenth century was the second city in the kingdom. Some years later the inhabitants, grown wealthy and ambitious, bethought them that, having provided for the accommodation of the dead, it was time to think about the living; and there appears to have been much talk about a new and grander church, and vague intentions here and there of which we catch some echoes that come to us like very confused traditions of the past. It looks as if the parishioners were not a little indignant that their revenues had been taken from them, and as if certain angry and violent persons had openly declared that the church might as well be pulled down as be left all bare of maintenance with the funded income of its clergy robbed shamelessly. But whatever may have been said or threatened, nothing was done for half a century after the great theft. At last, however, in 1430, the old Norman church was actually pulled down and a new church, much more spacious and imposing in appearance, was begun.

The work went on for well-nigh twenty-five years, and it was not till 1455 that it was declared to be finished. Being finished, the church was consecrated with the usual ceremonial; and there it is now standing up proudly as one of the stateliest parish churches in East Anglia, and in its salient architectural features presenting the same appearance that it presented four centuries ago.

The style of architecture which prevailed in England at the time when St. Peter's Mancroft was built is that which is known as Perpendicular. Of this work the tower of the church is a splendid example. It is ninety-eight

feet high, and surmounted by four turrets or pinnacles at the angles, and a low timber *flèche* which stands for a spire. This tower is richly covered with panelling from base to summit, and the judicious mixture of flint and stone gives an impression of great magnificence to the whole structure. The west door is deeply recessed, with a profusion of sculpture in shallow hollow mouldings, and the view of the whole interior



ST. PETER'S MANCROFT, FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

from this western doorway is extremely fine. In churches of the Perpendicular period we look in vain for "the dim religious light," the massive pillars and mysterious half concealments which appeal so forcibly to the imagination when we visit the churches of a more remote antiquity. Accordingly in St. Peter's Mancroft everything seems to be displayed with a kind of boastful ostentation, as if the architect were inviting us to take our fill of gazing, and were anxious to let in all the light he could upon his work, since there was nothing which he desired to hide. Under the tower, which is at the west end, is a sort of large porch with a groined vaulting and side arches, over which is a western gallery open to the church by a fine tower arch through which the great west window is seen. The usual entrance for the visitor is by the north porch, which has a groined vaulting of stone with panelling and tracery, and a room over it with a good stair turret in the angle. The southern porch is less elaborate.

Standing under the tower arch at the west end, the visitor's first impressions

are generally of a very mixed character, and he is often led to ask if St. Peter's Mancroft, as it lets in the light upon him from its sixty windows—great and small, high and low—was meant to serve as a place of worship originally, or not rather intended as a great hall for civic assemblies where the citizens might meet together to see and be seen. Four hundred years ago the windows were all filled with stained glass, and on walls and roof colour and gilding gave the eye everywhere something to rest on with pleasure. Pictures and shrines and banners, and sculptured forms and costly hangings and ornaments, each with a story or a suggestion, were to be seen wherever one turned. There still exists in the Record Office a complete inventory of the vestments, plate, altar-cloths, books, embroidery, banners, and other furniture which were to be found in the church at the close of the fourteenth century. The list fills three folio pages of very minute writing, and shows that the splendour and pomp of the ritual at St. Peter's in those days must have been such as very few parish churches in England could have vied with. Even after the wholesale pillage and the furious iconoclasm of the sixteenth century had done their worst upon the church two centuries later, and a clean sweep had been made of the precious works of art which once were the pride of the Norwich citizens, we find that as late as 1552 there were nearly nine hundred ounces of plate remaining in the hands of the churchwardens, though there were good reasons for suspecting that this was but a fragment of what ought still to have been in the custody of the responsible functionaries. Now there is only bareness, except where two or three poor modern windows go a little way towards toning down the glare which at our first entering the building is almost painful.

The ground plan of St. Peter's Mancroft is of the simplest character. A parallelogram of 132 feet from east to west by 64 feet from north to south is divided along its whole length by two rows of light and elegant pillars, seven on each side, supporting as many arches, and making the church to consist of a nave and two aisles. The westernmost of these pillars stands at half the distance from the west wall that it does from the next shaft, and so the arch that spans the space between this pillar and the west wall is only half the width of the other seven arches. As has been said, at the west end of this parallelogram stands the tower, and opposite to it, as at the east end, is the chancel, where the architect allowed the smallest possible space for the celebration of the sacred rites, for it measures no more than 18 feet deep by 23 feet wide. As the tower and chancel may be regarded as *annexes* to the great parallelogram on the east and west, so on the north and south, besides the porches already noticed, there is on each side a chapel thrown out; the one called Cosin's Chapel, from the name of the founder, the other dedicated to the Virgin Mary. These chapels project only 11 feet north and south of the line of the church,

and are no more than 15 feet wide, but they serve to justify the description usually given St. Peter's Mancroft, which represents it as being a cruciform church.

The north and south walls of the church are pierced each with eight windows of four lights. The tracery is of course Perpendicular and uniform throughout. The arches which rest upon the pillars dividing the aisles from the nave are 35 feet high from the pavement. They support the clerestory, which rises ten feet above the roofs of the aisles, and is pierced with thirty-four windows, seventeen on each side. The tracery in these is uniform throughout, and they have short transoms on the head. While there is nothing that requires notice in the roofs of the aisles, the roof of the nave, on the other hand, deserves the special attention and admiration of the visitor. It is an extremely fine example of the open timber roofs of the fifteenth century, of which so many specimens may still be found in the county of Norfolk. Over each of the seventeen windows a sort of wooden vaulting like a stone roof is carried, supported upon shafts which are brought down to the bottom of the clerestory windows. The effect of this is that the wall-plate of the roof seems to be hanging in the air and to be held up by the wooden groining which in reality it helps to support. All along the line of the roof are figures of angels carved in oak—sixteen of them at the eastern end with wings extended, the remaining twelve with wings closed behind them. There is no chancel arch; but the ascent to the altar was originally made by seven broad steps, which have been greatly narrowed in modern times. The result of this is that the ancient gradual approach to the sacarium, which must have presented a very imposing appearance, has been entirely done away with, and the steps are now so steep and narrow as to be actually dangerous. The reredos which has recently been given to the church is of carved oak, and is conspicuous for its ugliness. The original vestry under the east window and behind the altar has two doors, one on each side the altar, and communicates by two staircases with the corner turrets at the east, which are very remarkable, with curious open canopies well worth notice. Under this vestry are two chambers which served as the sacristy of the church. Here the vestments and valuables were kept. In the vestry itself is a curious piece of sculptured alabaster, coloured, consisting of a number of female saints in a group.* In the northern angle at the west end of the nave stands the font, which has apparently been at one time sumptuously sculptured, but is now quite plain. It stands under a very remarkable canopy supported by pillars, forming a baptistery on a raised platform, with room to walk round the font; the upper part of the font, which was removed some years ago, was Elizabethan,

* A representation of it may be found in Cotmorin's "Ancient Sculpture" (Plate 77).

but all the lower part, as well as the font itself, is genuine Perpendicular work. The bench under the windows of the aisles, enriched with panelling and shields, should also be noticed.

All the woodwork now in the church is modern; it is of carved oak, and was introduced to replace the old square pews in 1855. The organ is an unusually fine instrument, and pronounced by experts to be by far the most powerful organ in the city, not excepting that in the cathedral.

But the glory of St. Peter's Mancroft Church is the unrivalled peal of bells, which are unsurpassed for richness of tone and sweetness by any in Britain. They are twelve in number, and were provided at the expense of the inhabitants of the parish—not by a rate, but by a public subscription—and were rung for the first time on 21st June, 1775, after the performance of a “grand Te Deum and Jubilate, with the chorus from the ‘Messiah,’ and the Coronation Anthem, by a band consisting of about thirty gentlemen, accompanied with the voices of the Cathedral choir, to a genteel and numerous audience.” The tenor weighs 41 cwt., and is 62 inches in diameter. The whole peal weighs 183 cwt. 2 qrs. 24 lbs., and the total cost, including the fixing of the bells to the tower, amounted to £1,238 19s. 2½d. In the late John L'Estrange's work on the “Church Bells of Norfolk” there are some interesting memoranda upon the earlier bells which were formerly hung in the belfry; and in the churchwardens' accounts—from which Mr. Walter Rye has published many valuable extracts—some curious entries are to be found which they who are interested in such matters will do well to refer to.*

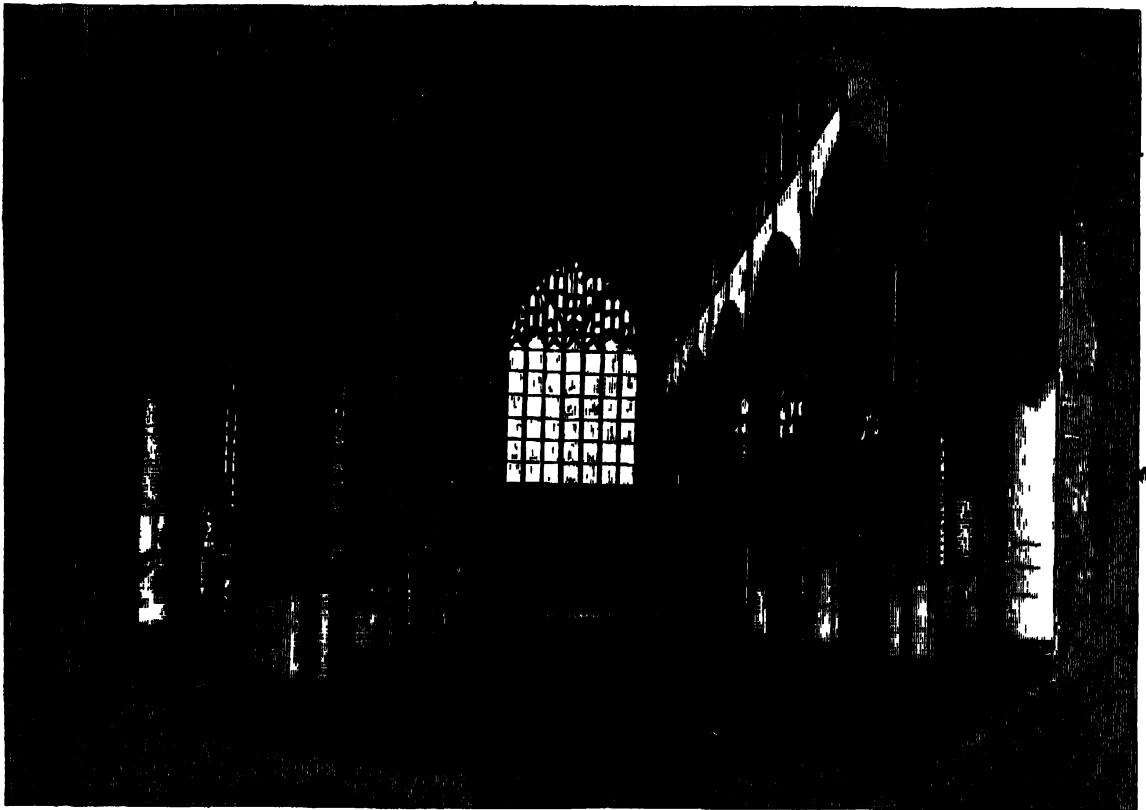
The monuments in this church are of very little interest and of no merit. They are for the most part in memory of local magnates, and of no great antiquity. The only brass remaining is a poor Elizabethan one of Sir Peter Rede, a resident in Norwich, who died in 1568. Sir Thomas Brown, the famous Norwich physician, lived and died in this parish. Here he wrote his “Religio Medici,” his “Vulgar Errors,” and other works which will last as long as the English language is read. He was buried in St. Peter's; his portrait hangs in the vestry, and there is a monument to him on the south wall of the chancel which should not be passed over. The list of mural tablets, effigies, and other records of interments in this church, given in Blomefield's “History of Norfolk,” is bewildering and not a little saddening when we think of how small a number of them now remain.

The registers of the church date from 1538, and have been well kept from the first; they are in a good state of preservation, and contain some entries which are noticeable, as all parish registers do. In the year of the Great Plague at

* “Norfolk Antiquarian Miscellany,” vol. ii., part ii., p. 321.

Norwich (1579) no fewer than two hundred and fifty-four persons were buried in St. Peter's churchyard. How they managed it one finds it difficult to explain.

What may be called the personal history of those connected with this church is singularly void of interest. If we except Archbishop Parker, who was born in St. Saviour's parish, it may safely be said that Norwich has never produced a great man; nor has any one of her own citizens during the whole course of her history ever done any conspicuous act of munificence such as the citizens



ST. PETER'S MANCROFT: THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

of London, Bristol, Exeter, and our other ancient towns have exhibited again and again. Among those who by their ministrations have been connected with St. Peter's Church in ancient and modern times there is only one whose name deserves to be mentioned. Thomas Tenison, successively Archdeacon of London, Bishop of Lincoln, and Archbishop of Canterbury, was chosen "Upper Minister" of St. Peter's Church in 1674, at a salary of £100 a year. He appears to have held the appointment barely two years. He had some reputation as a preacher, and was a man of courtly manners; he knew how to make and keep his friends, and he received his reward when he was promoted to the Primacy of the Church of England on the death of Archbishop Tillotson in 1695. Of the other ministers

who preceded and followed him there is not one who can be described as more than worthy, estimable, or respectable. It is a very poor record, but it would have been strange if it had been otherwise.

Even the small maintenance fund which still remained for the support of the officiating clergy of St. Peter's was swept away by a stroke of the pen in the sixteenth century, nor has a single private benefaction been left to supply the want during all the intervening time. The income, chiefly derived from small seat rents, is wholly inadequate for the position. Meanwhile there stands this grand and stately church on which the parishioners have always been ready to spend money for their own glorification, and they are proud of a sacred building which they may emphatically call their own.

A. JESSOP.

ASHFORD.

THE HOME OF THE SMYTHES.

ASHFORD is memorable, according to Shakespeare, as the birthplace of that "headstrong man of Kent," John Cade. In recent years it has become an important centre of railway works, but the most striking feature of the old market town is after all its fine church, with the lofty Perpendicular tower which forms so prominent a landmark in the countryside. Go where you will, from the grassy terraces of Eastwell, from the chalk downs where the pilgrims' road winds its way along the hillside towards the shrine of St. Thomas, from the lanes and fields of the pleasant Weald below, that beautiful tower, with its graceful proportions and four tall pinnacles, meets your eyes.

The church itself, dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, dates from the reign of Henry III., and was probably erected about the middle of the thirteenth century. It is a fine cruciform building of Early English style, 136 feet in length, and in its broadest part 100 feet wide, and has north and south aisles, transepts, and three chancels. Both its great size and the number and regularity of its massive columns make the interior singularly impressive, and with one exception—the widening of the aisles in 1827—the building has undergone little alteration in modern times. Some parts of the arcades were rebuilt late in the fourteenth century, but the original form of the arches was retained exactly, and the whole church was thoroughly repaired about 1475, by that valiant knight and stout partisan of the White Rose, Sir John Fogge of Repton. He it was who, "to prove the sincerity of his faith in God, his zeal for the common people, and special devotion to the House of York," raised the central tower to its present height, and then, as a further proof of his loyalty to Edward IV., founded a college or choir of priests to pray for himself and his wife Alicia, for the souls of the King's very dear father and brother, Richard Duke of York, and Edmund Earl of Rutland, and of all the faithful people in the county of Kent who had been slain in battle in defence of the King's right. "*Hanc ecclesiam renovavit, cum campanili quod funditus ædificavit . . . ad laudem Domini cui laus sit nunc et in ævum,*" are the words inscribed on the tomb where the good knight, wearing the Yorkist collar of suns and roses, sleeps by the altar of the church which he helped to make one of the finest in Kent.

Sir John Fogge's tilting helmet still hangs on the wall of the Repton Chapel, and the brass of a Countess of Atholl who in the fourteenth century married a gentleman of Ashford, which Weever describes as the "greatest glory and

antiquities of the church," may also be seen in the chancel, although in a sadly mutilated condition. But the most imposing monuments in Ashford Church are the tombs of the Smythes, who were the lords of the manor in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They stand at the east end of the south transept, in a space formerly railed off as the Strangford aisle, and are splendid specimens of Jacobean work. The oldest and by far the finest of the three is that of Customer Smythe, the founder of the family whose history forms so interesting a page in Kentish annals. The younger son of a Wiltshire yeoman, John Smythe, of Corsham, Thomas Smythe came to London at the age of sixteen to seek his fortune. There he prospered so well that about the year 1553, soon after the accession of Mary, he married the only child of a wealthy Kentish merchant and Lord Mayor, Sir Andrew Judde, the founder of Tonbridge School. At the same time he became collector of the Customs of the Port of London, and when eleven years later the great increase in the value of the Customs caused a change to be made, he obtained the right of farming the Customs of London and the neighbouring ports for the yearly sum of £20,000. This post, which he held for eighteen years, was no doubt a lucrative one, but Queen Elizabeth, careful not to lose a chance of filling her purse, repeatedly exacted larger fines, and in the last years that he held office he paid the Treasury as much as £42,000. On one occasion when a certain Caermarden, whom Camden calls "an understanding and subtil fellow in the mysteries of Customs," supplied her with secret information as to the increasing value of the receipts, several of her chief advisers—Burghley, Leicester, and Walsingham—ventured to remonstrate with their royal mistress for lending ear to so inconsiderable an informer. Upon which Elizabeth rebuked them roundly, saying "that she was Queen of the meanest subjects as well as of the greatest, neither would she stop her ears against them, nor endure that the farmers of the Customs should, like horse-leeches, suck themselves fat upon the goods of the Commonwealth, whilst the poor Treasury waxed 'lean.'"

None the less, Customer Smythe enjoyed a large share of Elizabeth's confidence and favour. Twice over she honoured him with visits—once at his house at Deptford, "the stateliest mansion ever seen in those parts;" the second time at Westenhanger, a royal manor near Ashford, which she graciously bestowed upon him. This fine old moated castle, with embattled walls and nine towers, had been adorned and enlarged by Henry VIII., and was now further improved by Customer Smythe, who lived here in great state during the last years of his life, and entertained his neighbours with magnificent hospitality. His sons married Kentish heiresses, his daughters became the wives of substantial citizens. By right of his wife he was already lord of the manor of Ashford, and he lost no opportunity of adding to his extensive estates. He had other sources of wealth

besides the revenues of the Customs, for his active mind was continually engaged in trading and mining speculations. He was the chief contriver in a company for working mines of tin, lead, copper, and silver both in Cornwall and in Cum-



ASHFORD, FROM THE NORTH-WEST

berland, and the introduction of the copper trade into this country is said to be chiefly owing to his exertions.* Full of energy and foresight, careful to amass wealth, but wise and liberal in expending it, a kind husband and loving father, a man too of refined tastes, who counted the most cultivated scholars of the day among his friends, and proved a generous patron of poor authors, Customer Smythe was an excellent type of the London merchant.

Unfortunately, like most of Queen Elizabeth's servants, the Customer lived to experience the fickleness of royal favour. In the last years of his life her demands became more and more exacting, until at length he found himself unable to obey her commands. In a touching letter to his old friend Lord Burghley,

* J. F. Wadmore, "*Archæologia Cantiana*," vol. xvii.

written on the 16th of October, 1589, he craves him humbly to free him from the heavy burden of her Highness's displeasure, and declares himself unable without utter ruin to enlarge his last offer, even though he holds her Majesty's favour "the true grounds of all comfort upon earth as God's in heaven." But Elizabeth turned a deaf ear to the entreaty of her old servant, suffering as he then was from "a sick boddye, a diseased minde, and trembling hand." He was forced to resign the post he had so long held, and a year and a half later he died, on the 7th of June, 1591. In his will he desired "that his body should be buried in the parish church of Ashford, without any of such vain funereal pomp as the world, by customs in times of darkness, hath long used, but rather that all superfluous cost be spared and the same bestowed upon the poor." His wife, Dame Alice, who was sixty years old at the time of his death, survived her husband two years, living in the London house which he had left her, "provided she do not marry again." She was buried with her husband in Ashford Church, and a stately monument was raised to the memory of "the best of fathers and the most beloved of mothers" by the Customer's eldest son, John Smythe, "in memorial of his duty and affection."

The great Customer and his wife rest on a sarcophagus of marble under a richly decorated canopy flanked with Corinthian pillars and obelisks, and crowned with the leopards and lions of the Smythe arms. The effigies of the sleeping pair are finely carved in alabaster. He wears the furred gown of the London merchant, and a tight-fitting cap on his head. The beard is pointed after the fashion of the day, the features are noble and refined. In his hands he holds a book, while Dame Alice's hands are clasped as if in prayer. At her feet lies a tiny child, her little son Andrew, who, born in the first year of her marriage, only lived a few months. On the base of the tomb are small effigies of the six sons and six daughters who lived to grow up; Symon, the youngest, who was slain at the siege of Cadiz in 1597, holding a skull in his hands.

A second monument records the memory of Customer Smythe's eldest son and successor, Sir John, who is represented in armour kneeling at a desk with his wife, wearing a ruff and hoop. All we know of him is that he served as Sheriff in 1600, was knighted at James the First's accession, and died in 1609, leaving an only son Thomas, who, together with Westenhanger, inherited vast estates from his mother, Elizabeth Fineux, of Herne, one of the richest heiresses in Kent. The third monument in the church commemorates Sir Richard Smythe, the Customer's fourth son, who was Privy Councillor, Receiver of the Duchy of Cornwall, and Commissioner of Revenue to Prince Charles. "A juste officer in his accomptes, which he perfected with much contentment where he was trusted," is the inscription on the tomb where he lies on a marble cushion, supported by effigies of his three wives and five children, in one of whom we

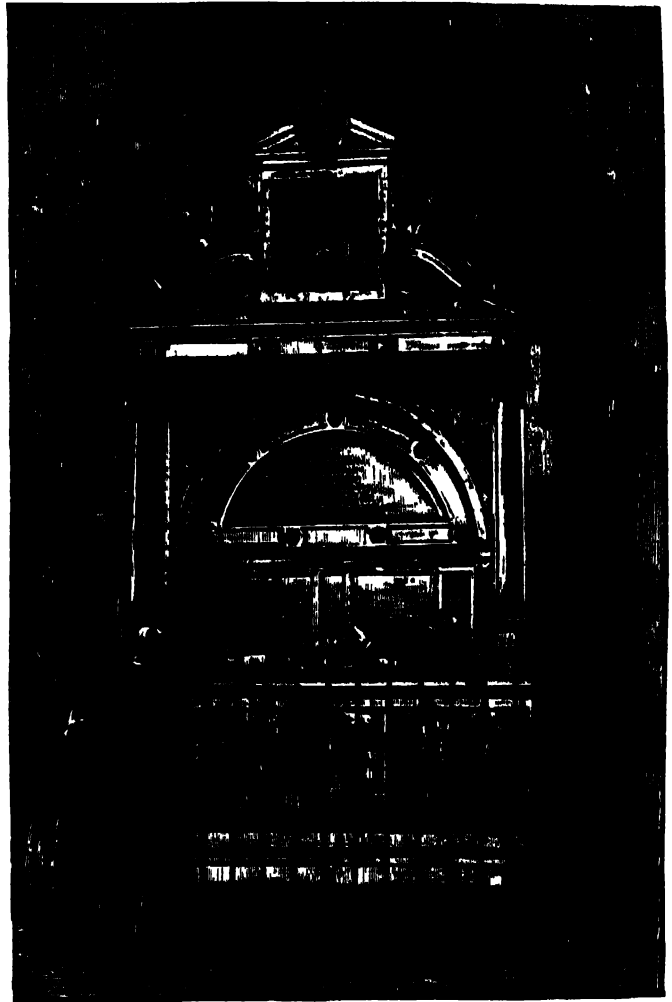
recognise the little dwarf daughter to whom he left a double portion of land and money. Sir Richard bought Leeds Castle from the St. Legers in 1616, and rebuilt the dwelling-house of that ancient pile on a splendid scale. Unfortunately his fine Jacobean hall, with its handsome mullions and oak panelled rooms, was pulled down early in the present century, and a carved oak mantelpiece is the only trace of his work now to be seen at Leeds.

But the most illustrious of Customer Smythe's sons is not buried at Ashford. This was the third, Thomas, who inherited his father's energy and abilities, and became Governor of the East India Company. He went to Russia as Ambassador in 1614, and the inscription on his monument describes him as "a prime undertaker for the noble design of the discovery of the North-west Passage." In his declining years he retired to Sutton-in-Hone, where he had built himself a palatial residence, and where a noble alabaster effigy, bearing a marked likeness to that of his father at Ashford, adorns his tomb. His widow married Robert, first Earl of Leicester, and his grandson became the second husband of Lady Dorothy Sidney, better known as Waller's Sacharissa. A connection between these two illustrious families already existed, for young Thomas Smythe, of Westenhanger, as soon as he came of age married Lady Barbara Sidney, and in 1628 was made an Irish peer with the title of Lord Strangford. He lived in great splendour on his estates, as his father and grandfather had done before him, but died very suddenly in 1635, at the age of thirty-six. His only son Philip, then a babe of a year old, came to live at Penshurst after his mother's death, under the guardianship of his uncle Lord Leicester. There, when he was barely sixteen, he married his cousin Lady Isabelle Sidney, against the will of her father, who "disliked the union of such near relations," and was probably already aware of his nephew's headstrong disposition. The results justified his worst fears. The young Lord Strangford soon showed the most ungovernable temper, quarrelled with his father-in-law, and the moment he came of age took lodgings in Covent Garden and entered on a course of the wildest extravagance. In vain Algernon Sidney tried to reform his brother-in-law's ways. He only repaid him with the basest ingratitude, and after dissipating the whole of his vast fortune was forced to retire to Westenhanger, where his young wife died soon afterwards of a broken heart. She was buried in Ashford Church. "Maddam Strangford, June 28, 1663," is the brief sad entry which records her burial in the parish registers. Her husband married again, and after obtaining the leave of Parliament to sell his estates, died in 1708, leaving his widow and son so destitute that they were compelled to live abroad and applied for the poor peer's pension to save them from actual starvation.

Only one other Lord Strangford is buried with his fathers at Ashford. This is Percy, the sixth Viscount, who, after serving with distinction as

Ambassador to several foreign courts, bought back his ancestral home at Westenhangar in its then dilapidated condition, and tried nobly to retrieve the fallen fortunes of his house.

He filled the large windows of the south transept above his ancestor's tombs with the Smythe coat-of-arms, and his own name is now recorded on a brass close by. But he never lived to rebuild the castle, and his son, the last Lord Strangford, died childless in 1869. The great house of the Smythes is now a picturesque farm, a mere fragment of what it was in olden days. The Norman turret, which bears the name of Rosamond's Tower, has been turned into a hop kiln, the moat is filled up, and grass grows in the quadrangle where St. George and the royal arms of England once looked down from the grand portal. The glory has departed from its walls, and little but the name is left to speak of its past splendours. But the tombs of the Smythes remain to keep alive the memory of the great Customer. They were freshly painted and restored at the close of the last century by Sir Sidney Stafford Smythe, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, the great grandson of Sacharissa, and last member of the Sutton branch of his family, which became extinct on his death in 1777.



TOMB OF SIR RICHARD SMYTHE.

JULIA M. ADY.

CHENIES.

GRAVES OF THE RUSSELLS.

THE extension of the Metropolitan Railway from Rickmansworth to Chesham brings Chenies within more convenient distance for the pilgrim who desires to visit the graves of the historical Russell family. Although the mausoleum is no longer open to all comers, as it was not many years since, and admission is now only granted in response to written applications of a *bona fide* character, there seems to be no diminution in the number of strangers who visit the model village of Cheneys, or, as it is more commonly spelt, "Chenies." In truth there are other things besides the marble tombs in the chapel worth seeing on this ridge, which is a spur of the Chiltern Hills. The valley of the Chess is a lovely combination of silver stream, wooded slopes, and stately homes in the midst of deer parks, and Chenies is but an item in its winding course. You may tramp many a weary mile in many an English county before meeting with a village so perfect in its ordering of architecture and conduct as this. There is something of a solemn, half sacerdotal character in the one wayside hostelry, which the place possesses, and you open its closed door almost with bated breath—so severe is the repose of the house in which Matthew Arnold, Froude the historian, and many a titled legislator have annually sojourned while enjoying the incomparable trout-fishing which the Duke of Bedford gives to his personal friends. A compact clump of elms upon a trim village green throws endless shade upon a Gothic fountain that is never out of condition, else would it be out of harmony with the school-house, and the picturesque cottages that both receive and impart a distinct character by association with all the surroundings. The gabled windows, the diamond panes in their settings of lead, the half-timbered fronts, and the slender chimneys assort well with the typical cottage gardens, in which fruit, flowers, and vegetables are in due proportion, marking in the old-fashioned way the calendar of the seasons, and where a beehive or a woodstack is not necessarily an element of slovenliness.

You turn aside upon the gravel walk across the village green making for the church to the right, beyond the shrubberies, or to the old manor house which, at the top of the slope, bars the way in that direction. The Plantagenet kings had a castle here, but the present building is understood to be only a wing of the grander manor house built by the first Earl of Bedford. The green quadrangle is cool and quiet as a cloister, and the building is in excellent preservation. Across the field at the back of the manor house there still stands

a battered old oak that may have been there even in the times of the Plantagenets, though it is believed to have been planted by the hand of Elizabeth.



THE CHURCH FROM THE RECTORY GARDEN.

The rare old tree looks of incredible age, and, hollowed though its venerable trunk truly is, it still rears a hale and hearty head of leaves to summer sun and autumn storm.

It is because the casual visitor, intending perhaps to visit the mausoleum only, invariably pauses on the brow to take in all the antique features of the manor house, that we too have halted in the gravelled way before passing into the church. One does not linger long in this sacred building, which, handsomely restored by the Duke of Bedford, looks very new, and, to the mere sightseer, proportionately uninteresting. But it would not be amiss on emerging from the silence of the adjoining building, should the reader be fortunate in obtaining the requisite permit to look at the font, and at the old brasses on the walls, relics of the pre-Reformation era. On the north side, separated from the church by a screen, is the private chapel, the mausoleum giving entrance to the graves of the Russells. The stone tablet over the east window records the name of the founder in the words, "This chapel is built by Anne, Countess of Bedford, wife to John, Earl of Bedford, A.D. 1556." If the face of the effigy on the tomb, which is the earliest monument, is in anywise a portrait, this lady must have

been a woman of a marked and even stern character. Little, however, seems to be known about her. She was the daughter of Sir Guy Sapcote, a Huntingdonshire landowner, and her mother was a Cheney—the Cheney through whom the estate found a name and transfer to the Russells.

The history of the family with which the Lady Anne married is not obscure. The Battle Roll vouches for the Rozels as accompanying William from Normandy. In the early part of the sixteenth century (the Russells being settled in Dorsetshire) the heir was one John Russell, and he, amongst other accomplishments, had brought back from a foreign tour a knowledge of the French language. This helped him to fortune, taken in conjunction with a seasick Archduke and a gale of wind in the Channel; for the Archduke Philip, voyaging to Spain, was so tempest-tossed and sea-sickened that he ordered the vessel to be put into Weymouth. There were reasons for detaining them until the Court had been communicated with, and Sir Thomas Trenchard invited the party to his country house. John Russell was Trenchard's cousin, and his conversational French was a welcome addition to the host's means of entertainment. The King (Henry VII.) invited the Archduke to stay with him, and Russell accompanied him to Windsor, where his praises were so said and sung by the foreigner that His Majesty received him into his household. The young man justified the favour shown him, and made the most of his opportunities. He fought for Henry VIII., he did diplomatic service, he shone in the tournament, and he was knighted after the storming of Morlaix in 1522, where he lost an eye. The sculptor who wrought the effigy in the mausoleum has recalled this loss in the drooping eyelid. The new knight was afterwards sent abroad on important state business, and was present at the Battle of Pavia. Later we find him at Calais with Henry, at the public reception of Anne Boleyn by the French King. As Privy Seal, Sir John Russell with the Duke of Norfolk heard the charges against this ill-fated lady in her disgrace. At the birth of Prince Edward he was made Baron Russell of Cheney, and afterwards became Earl of Bedford. To the lands and mines of the Abbey of Tavistock, bestowed at the dissolution, were added the lands of Woburn.

No need is there in detail to catalogue all the occasions upon which the vaults beneath the tessellated floor of the mausoleum chapel were opened; and for the history of the most prominent members of this noble house, are there not the common chronicles of the times in which they are conspicuous figures, and, best of all, the chapter on "Cheneys and the House of Russell" in the fourth series of *Short Studies* by Mr. Froude, wielding the graphic and enthusiastic pen of an admirer? Opinions will no doubt always differ with regard to some of the monuments around the walls; but all must agree that the oldest is, in its beauty, almost beyond criticism. It is at the upper or eastern end. The

recumbent figures of Lady Anne and her husband — hands folded and eyes open—are beautifully sculptured in fine alabaster, the pink veinings of the rich material creating a suggestion of purple over the structure.



CHENIES: THE INTERIOR, LOOKING EAST.

central monument is another painted tomb, that of Francis, the wise Earl who fought for the Petition of Right in the House of

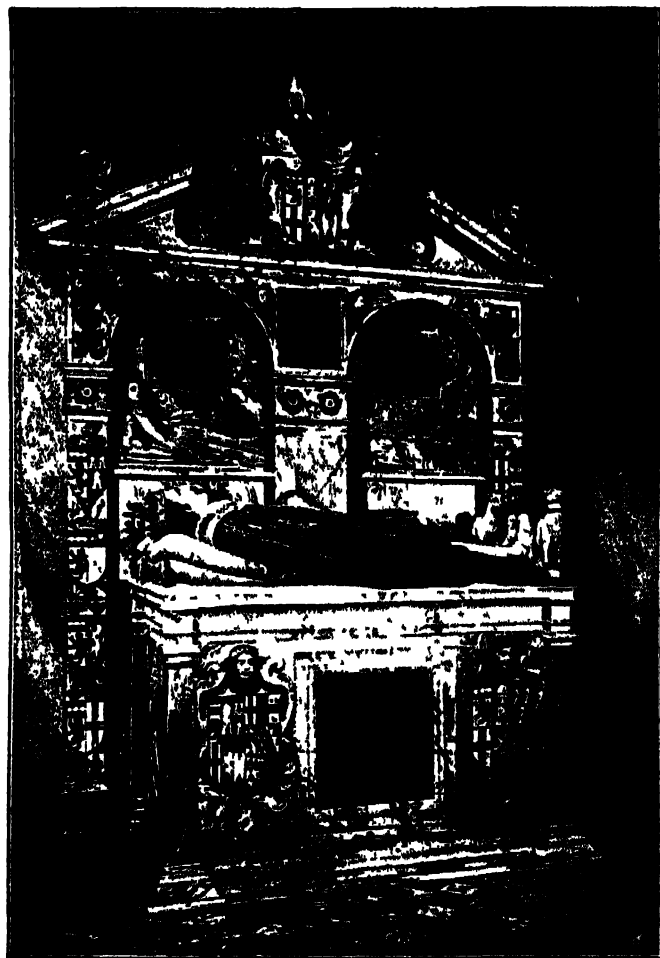
Lords, as Eliot and Pym had done in the House of Commons. Upon the pavement by one of the side walls are the plain stone figures of a knight in armour, and his dame, and this monument was transferred from the church. The principal tomb, perhaps, in the mausoleum is that of Earl William Russell (afterwards Duke) and the Countess (Anne Carr), but it is not the most agreeable or dignified. It was their son who died for the cause of constitutional liberty in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and this historical incident is by far too much

This is the middle monument of three at this end of the chapel, and its purity of material brings out with unpleasant force the gaudy reds, whites, and yellows of the adjoining tomb, whose alabaster is daubed with glaring colours. This is the monument of Francis, the Earl who succeeded John, and his Countess Margaret. On the other side of the



THE MAUSOLEUM CHAPEL.

represented in the memorial. The parents of the martyr are shown in theatrical attitudes, and in the centre of a row of medallions of their children is that of the unfortunate Lord William, who with his wife lies in the Choney vault, while their monuments are in the mausoleum.



TOMB OF LORD FRANCIS RUSSELL.

When Mr. Froude wrote his *Short Study* he referred to "the last Russell for whom the vault at Cheneys has unlocked its marble jaws, the old statesman who filled so large a place for half a century in English public life." This reference was to the Lord John Russell of the first Reform Bill, the Earl Russell of later days, who was buried at Cheneys, where his son, Lord Amberley, with his gifted young wife, had been prematurely laid to rest before him. But one other eminent member of the house of Russell has since been lowered into the shades—Lord Amphil, the well-respected English Ambassador at Berlin.

Here by right should have been placed the next Russell who was gathered to his fathers, the Rev. the Right Honourable

Lord Wriothlesley Russell, Canon of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, Chaplain to the Queen, and Rector of Cheneys for fifty-six years. But he chose otherwise. Before he died the churchyard had been closed, and a new burial ground opened at the eastern end of the manor house. There seems to have been some local prejudice against this God's acre, and the death of a young convert, shortly before his own decease, suggested to the octogenarian rector that he should be himself buried near his young villager, and so by example remove the prejudice which he deplored. Not, therefore, in the historic vaults of Cheneys, but in the humble burying-ground of the parish, the hard-working rector, who was beloved by all the country side, was committed to the earth.

WILLIAM SENIOR.

LOUTH.

A TALL SPIRE IN THE PLAINS.

CONSPICUOUS among the many grand churches which beautify the flat country of the East of England—fitting monuments of the faith of our Forefathers of the Fens—stands that of St. James, at Louth. The little town which contains this one object of interest lies in the far east of Lincolnshire, about eight miles from the sea. Other churches there were here in pre-Reformation times, of which records are preserved but no traces left, and religious life has evidently been active enough in the Viking-descended population, for one hermitage and four or five religious guilds—including one of Corpus Christi, which annually got up a grand procession—are mentioned in the history of the town. Unfortunately of their local habitation nothing remains: chantries and bedo-houses have alike disappeared. Rather remarkably for the size of the place, Louth formerly possessed two very large churches, under the patronage respectively of St. Mary and St. James. Of the former, the original parish church, the churchyard still remains, but not a vestige of the building itself appears above ground. As far as can be ascertained, the growth of the town in an opposite direction made it no longer useful, and about 1529 mass was said for the last time, and “its organ, lead, timber, images, worshippers, and ornaments”—including a silver-gilt cross weighing 237 ounces—were removed to St. James’s. In the church account-book we twice find two shillings, and once twenty pence, paid for the Holy Ghost appearing in the kirk roof! so it is probable that a little change had become desirable. What could not be utilised in the new church appears to have been publicly sold, and we find the three bells “fetched” £25 11s. 7d., and “our Ladye’s Crown” £3! In 1552 the remaining part of the church was used as a school, to which Edward VI. gave a charter; after that it was a “poor man’s lodge;” gradually it fell into ruins and became a quarry from which people might help themselves.

The church of St. James stands more in the town, at one end of the principal street. At first sight it appears to have been wholly built in the fifteenth century, but closer inspection shows this not to have been the case. The first church on this site is thought to have dated from about 1170, but of this there are no visible traces. It was rebuilt about the middle of the thirteenth century, and of this edifice the arches and part of the pillars in the nave were utilised in the work two centuries later, and are still to be seen. The most interesting remains of this second church are the beautifully carved floral arches over the

north and south doorways, though unfortunately they are overshadowed by the later work. These arches are of the same date and style as that over the south doorway at York, and the entrances to the Chapter Houses at York and Southwell. Viewed from the outside, the church appears long and low; the great height of the spire, and the unbroken double row of windows in nave and chancel, no doubt add to this effect. The windows, which are Decorated, are divided by buttresses, each surmounted by a crocketed pinnacle, and a larger one of similar design marks the junction of nave and choir. The great east window, which, by the way, is placed very low in the wall, is Perpendicular, and the tracery forms a very graceful cross. At each side of the window is a buttress, with a niche and richly carved canopy.

The nave and side aisles are battlemented, but on the gable over the east window the battlement is replaced by a balustrade pierced with quatrefoils, and adorned with crockets; the apex is surmounted by a cross wreathed with a crown of thorns. "The tower, in conjunction with its spire, is, however, the crowning feature of the church, and perhaps is unrivalled for beauty of outline and gracefulness of proportion. Grantham and Coventry may vie with it in point of height, and the former has finer detail, while the latter is more highly ornamented. Each, in its way, may be considered the best example of its kind; Louth for beauty of outline, Grantham for beauty of detail, and Coventry for elaborate richness."* The height of the steeple is generally given at 294 feet, of which the octagonal central spire is 147, including the cross at the top. The tower consists of three divisions, the lower one corresponding with the height of the nave, into which it opens by an arch on the eastern face. The west side is occupied by the principal entrance to the church, and above it a window of five lights, and the two others have each two pointed windows. The two upper divisions are alike on all four sides, each side having two deeply recessed pointed windows; those of the top storey have crocketed ogee hood-moulds of bold character. At each corner of the tower are two buttresses, broken at each storey, and parallel to the arches of the upper windows, by crocketed pediments, and diminished in size at each break. They form the base of the four graceful octagonal crocketed pinnacles, 52 feet in height, which rise from the parapet at the top of the tower, and each of which sends a flying buttress to the central spire. The parapet is pierced and embattled, and has three pinnacles on each side about one-third the height of those at the corners, and each resting on a gargoyle. The spire has crockets the whole length of every angle, but, except for one tier of windows near the base, the simple line is unbroken. The finial is modern. There is structural evidence inside the church that the tower originally stood detached.

* "Report of the Lincoln Diocesan Architectural Society, 1873." By James Fowler.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY POULTON & SONS

LOUTH FROM THE NORTH-EAST

There is reason to believe that the church as it now stands was one hundred years in building. The spire was last finished in 1515, and on the fifteenth Sunday after Holy Trinity, in that year, the weathercock was set up. It has been two or three times partially destroyed by "grete tempeste," but repaired according to the original design.

It is touching to think of the poverty and struggles in the midst of which this lovely steeple was reared. It was built at a time when monkish power, and church zeal in general, were on the wane. The little town of Louth seems to have never been overburdened with this world's goods, and in spite of using up the available stones of the former church, borrowing all round from the guilds little sums of £6 or £7, and actually pawning the chalice, the works were occasionally stopped by want of funds. Of course these small sums meant much more then than now.

Entering by the western door, the whole of the church is seen at once. It consists of a broad nave and choir, and side aisles continued the entire length of the two; there is no transept. The groining of the roof inside the tower is much admired. There is perhaps nothing specially worthy of note in the nave except the spirited carving of the brackets—both those on the pillars and those which support the beams of the roof—and some angels carved in the roof itself. The chancel arch is very wide, the wall above it is perforated by a peculiar little window. The roodloft must have been of unusual size and importance, as there are remains of no less than five doors into it on the southern pillar—three on the face to the nave, and two on that to the choir. The pulpit and reredos are modern; the former is well carved by a local hand. There are mutilated sedilia on the south wall, and on the east end of the aisle is a rather curious quatrefoil panel. A short distance down the aisle, on a bracket, is a small but beautiful figure of our Saviour, and near it are some traces of mural painting. The choir is Decorated and Perpendicular; it has some particularly well-carved bosses, some of crowned angels, others grotesque. In the adjoining vestry are two oak chests: on one are carved the heads of Henry VII. and his Queen; the other, which is older, has slits in the top for the reception of money, and is said to have been used for Peter's Pence; it is strongly bound with iron, and firmly fastened to a solid block of oak, so that it might defy the most energetic thief.

Although this church was under the patronage of St. James, we find no record of any shrine or relic of the saint, and considering that his bones, after their long wanderings, had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards, and were safely stored away at Compostella, it is scarcely likely that even a fragment would have been procurable. Possibly it was to supply this deficiency and provide a fitting object to receive the offerings of the faithful, that a splendid gilt statue of St. George was set up. Its situation cannot now be ascertained, but mention is more

than once made in the church books of the expense of regilding it, and it must have been of unusual size and magnificence. It is rather amusing to hear this very dubious saint referred to by a usually reverent Louth authority of



LOUTH: THE TOWER AND SPIRE.

more recent date, as "that notorious wretch St. George, whom superstition has canonised and history accursed." Times change!

About a mile and a half east of Louth stands all that remains of the once thriving and well endowed monastery of Louth Park, and that is little indeed. The walls of the chancel, and some scraps of the west front of the church,

constitute the whole ruin, surrounded by long ranges of grassy mounds. In 1873 the present owner* had these mounds opened out and thoroughly explored, and the plan of the church, and the position of cloisters, chapter-house, refectory, &c., were satisfactorily settled. It is much to be regretted that the pilfering propensities of the natives, among whom the love of quarrying from ecclesiastical buildings seems to have become hereditary, should have rendered it necessary for these very interesting remains to be almost immediately re-covered. In the course of the explorations several skeletons came to light, and, among them, one thought to be that of Richard de Durham, the Abbot who, about 1246, built the chapter-house, dormitory, and eastern side of the cloister. The body was in a stone coffin, along with some cinders, or perhaps charcoal, for disinfecting purposes. And there was another skeleton found, for the repose of whose soul no requiem had gone up to Heaven, no tolling bell had disturbed the air, no tear had ever moistened the earth. Crouched in a corner of the little prison, this erring monk or lay brother must have been left to settle his last account alone. Perhaps forgotten when the monks fled, perhaps intentionally abandoned, perhaps after sending up unheard cries for help, while pillage was going on above and around, he at last sank into silence, till the day when judge and prisoner, monk and robber of churches, shall be brought face to face, at "the time of the restitution of all things."

The abbey at Louth Park was a Cistercian house, dedicated, as all Cistercian houses were, to the Blessed Virgin. It was founded in 1139, by Alexander, the energetic and warlike Bishop of Lincoln. Two years previously he had induced a little colony of monks from Fountains to settle at Haverholm, but they did not like the situation, and begged to be removed. The spot then selected by Bishop Alexander was in his own park at Louth, and it occupies one of the highest sites in the neighbourhood. This accounts for what in the case of a Cistercian monastery is a unique situation. The love of the Order for a valley and a stream is well known. This was one of the first religious houses in Lincolnshire, and its endowment in lands, mostly in that county, must have been fairly extensive, but the monks do not seem to have had any talent for improving their property, for at the dissolution in 1535 its revenue had sunk from £246 9s. 3d. to £169 5s. 6½d. gross income, while the net income was only £147. George Walker was the last Abbot. It is said that the monks threw the abbey treasures into the fish-pond. In 1537 the site of the abbey with its buildings was granted to Thomas, Lord Borough, for his life, and two years later to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, as a reward for the assistance he rendered in quelling the "Pilgrimage of Grace."

Louth claims to be the place at which this insurrection took its rise.

* W. Allison, Esq., an enthusiastic archaeologist.

On the seventeenth Sunday after Trinity, 1536, it became known in Louth that the Bishop of Lincoln's Chancellor and Mr. Heneage, of Hainton, two of the King's Ecclesiastical Commissioners, were coming the next day to plunder the church. Only a few days previously the little nunnery of Legburn had been suppressed, and the townsfolk naturally feared for their many treasures in vestry and roodloft, and a guard was set to watch during the night. At nine o'clock on the Monday morning Mr. Heneage entered Louth, accompanied by but one servant, for his companion the Chancellor had been taken ill and left behind. As he rode up the street the alarm bell rang, and the people rushed out with arms in their hands. Heneage was naturally terrified. He sprang from his horse and took refuge in the church, but the men of Louth did not hold that the right of sanctuary should be extended to robbers of churches. The Commissioner was dragged into the market-place, and there made to swear, with a drawn sword at his breast, that he would be "true to the Commons!" The oath was passed round, and everyone in Louth, even strangers, swore to be faithful to the "King, the Commonwealth, and the Church." While this was going forward the Registrar of the Diocese arrived; he had accompanied the Commissioner, but had loitered behind him. He was immediately dragged to the Market Cross. His books were torn leaf from leaf and then burnt, and it was with difficulty that he escaped with his life. The example set at Louth was followed during the two next days at Caistor and Horncastle, where other Commissioners were at work. Melton, a Louth shoemaker, and a tailor, called "Great James," led an irregular army to capture them, and Doctor Mackerell, Abbot of Barlings, supplied provisions, and so the torch was lighted. It blazed away bravely for a while in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, but no general was forthcoming for the poor untrained bands, and finally they were dispersed by the Duke of Suffolk in a bloodless victory at Lincoln, and the effort came to an end, the Abbot of Barlings, the Vicar of Louth, four other priests, and seven laymen being executed at Tyburn in the following year.

CONSTANCE ANDERSON.

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